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The Christian Union

Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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HAMILTON W. MABIE, } EDITORS

THE OUTLOOK.

WE commence in this week's issue of The Christian Union a series of articles on our public schools and popular education. We shall spare no pains to make these articles thoroughly trustworthy. They are prepared by different gentlemen whose services have been secured for the purpose, but who will write anonymously that they may write the more freely. The Christian Union will hold itself responsible for all the facts stated in these articles. The first of these articles relates to the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward our public school system. If any statements shall seem to either our Roman Catholic readers or our Roman Catholic contemporaries erroneous, our columns will always be open to a courteous correction. If any of the deductions drawn from these statements, either by the writers of these articles or by ourselves in accompanying editorial comments, seem to our Roman Catholic friends to be illogical, unfair, or contrary to truth, we shall always find a place for a reply, provided it is courteous in tone and reasonably limited in length. We have no wish to excite prejudice or hostility against the Roman Catholic priesthood. We honor the Roman Catholic Church for the good work it is doing in the community among a large class whom present Protestant methods are apparently unable to reach. We desire the discussion which we are opening to be conducted in an entirely friendly spirit, but in one of absolute candor and frankness. We believe that a public school system, supported and controlled—absolutely and entirely controlled—by the State is the foundation of the Republic; that its preservation unshaken and unimpaired is essential to the perpetuity of the Republic; and that the Roman Catholic hierarchy—not the Roman Catholic laity, however—is determined to destroy that system and substitute one under the control of the hierarchy. Our object in these articles is to arouse the Christian and patriotic public, Protestant and Roman Catholic, to this fact; to make it clear by indisputable testimonies; and to point out the dangers to the Republic which it involves.

The first article in this series, prepared by a fine classical scholar and a man of thoroughly candid and catholic spirit, shows what the Plenary Council at Baltimore was, and what it demanded as regards secular education. These decrees are published only in Latin, they are not translated, and they are therefore practically inaccessible except to the clergy for whose instruction alone they are issued. A second article by the same author will show what that Council proposed as regards the higher education, especially of the clergy. Subsequent articles will take our readers into Roman Catholic schools, will introduce them to Roman Catholic text books and teachers, will show them the working of a divided public school system where the experiment has been tried, and will thus indicate what we may expect if our own system either should be broken up or should be allowed to pass, in whole or in part, under ecclesiastical control. We commend these articles to the careful attention of our readers, as presenting a subject whose real importance entirely overtops all the so-called political issues of the hour, and even transcends in its permanent relations to public and social well-being either the temperance or the labor question. For an ill educated community cannot be made temperate by law, nor a well-educated community kept under the rule of the rum power; and there can be no permanent diffusion of wealth which is not preceded by and founded on a diffusion of intelligence.

The little Presidential boomlet of Governor Hill, of this State, seems to have come to an end. At the Democratic Convention held in this State last week he was not even elected to the nominating Convention. The pressure of his gubernatorial duties afforded a cover for his political defeat which we rather suspect brings his political career to a close. That career illustrates the fact that securing the enthusiastic support of the saloon may give a politician a brilliant career, but one that is liable to be brief. The best elements of the party in the long run control it, because the managers of the machine are obliged to consult the silent vote, without which they can control the primaries, but cannot carry the election at the polls. The Democratic Convention will be held in St. Louis June 5, and, it can now be confidently predicted, will nominate Mr. Cleveland and indorse his late message on Revenue Reform as the platform of the party. On this platform the Democratic party will appeal to the people. It is not so clear what will be the course of the Republican Convention, which meets in Chicago June 19. At the present writing Mr. Blaine, Chauncey M. Depew, and Judge Gresham are the principal newspaper candidates, with some indications that the friends of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Depew will unite on one or the other of the two men.

As to the Labor Conventions and the Labor party, we do not believe from present indications that the party will poll a vote to produce any effect on the Presidential election. The Henry George movement, whatever it may eventually come to, will hardly be represented in any considerable numbers at the polls this fall, Mr. George, with what seems to us practical political sagacity, having identified himself with the Democratic party as the one which is moving in the direction of free trade; and absolute free trade is an essential part of his scheme for laying all taxes on land. Father McGlynn, it is true, adheres to the land tax labor party, but his constitutents do not adhere to Father McGlynn. And the Union Labor party, whose platform is intended to unite Grangers and workingmen on a general anti-monopoly ticket, by ignoring the tariff question as a sort of "local issue," is not likely to poll a much larger vote than that of the United Labor party. In short, the settlement of the great social problems of the future must, from present appearances, be wrought out by one or the other of the two great political parties, not by a new one formed for that purpose. As to the temperance question and the prospects of the Prohibition party we shall know more by and by.

There is apparently a fair prospect that the Republicans in the Senate will present a bill for dealing with the surplus—a bill which it is safe to predict will abolish the taxes on tobacco, will not abolish the taxes on whisky, and will make some modifications in the tariff, but of a far less radical nature than those involved in the Mills bill. We hope that they will have the courage and wisdom to pursue this course, that a clearly defined issue may be presented to the country in the Presidential election. The tariff discussion in the House has, according to all accounts, been one of real and even remarkable merit. But no one of the great newspapers has had the enterprise to furnish anything like adequate reports of it. The English papers are far superior to the American papers in this respect. We believe that there is an opportunity for one of our great dailies to make for itself a national reputation by affording really good reports of the debate on the tariff, and accompaning them with a fair paragraphical abstract in its editorial columns for busy readers, who want to vote intelligently and would welcome any journal which would help them so to do.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has decided that the Local Option law of that State is unconstitutional and void because of a defect in the title. This decision, we believe, is equally gratifying to the liquor dealers and to a portion of the Third Party Prohibitionists, the former being glad to have restrictive legislation broken down, and the latter rightly believing that if they can make a clear issue between absolute prohibition and absolutely free liquor they will by and by win. To us this decision, or rather the blunder which has necessitated it, seems very unfortunate. Under the Local Option law, 35 counties out of 83, that is, nearly one half the State, had voted prohibition; the advantage of prohibition so voted is that it is generally operative, the public sentiment which enacts being powerful enough to execute. The result of the decision is to leave Michigan a free field for the liquor dealers until next year, when it is probable the Legislature will re-enact the law with a valid title.

The Senate Committee have made their two reports on the Fisheries Treaty, being divided by strict party lines, the Democrats approving, the Republicans disapproving, the Treaty. This fact indicates the rejection of the Treaty, though by a very close vote. But it also indicates that the President will be sustained by his own party in refusing to adopt a policy of retaliation. The arguments of the two reports are those with which our readers are already familiar, and which have been presented in our columns by the advocates and the opponents of the Treaty respectively. Whether the Treaty itself is fair as a compromise, whether in it Canada concedes too little and the United States too much, as American opponents insist, or Canada too much and the United States too little, as Canadian opponents insist, we do not propose to discuss. But we repeat with emphasis what we have said so often before, that the question at issue between the United States and Canada should be settled by conciliation, and not by retaliation, and if the two countries cannot agree upon a basis of settlement, then the question should be settled by arbitration. It would be a public crime and a public disgrace for the United States of America, in this year of grace 1888, to resort to retaliation for the purpose of settling any disputed question of right between itself and a neighboring community. Mr. Nimmo, in a letter to the New York "Tribune," insists upon it that the Canadian Government has, in various ways, as by its tolls on the Welland Canal, for example, violated its own treaty provisions with the United States. This ought to be looked into, and if it be true, the violation should be protested against, and if the protest is insufficient other measures should be taken. Retaliation may be legitimate to enforce a right conceded by both parties to exist, or established by an impartial court of arbitration, but never to determine what is right while the question is still in dispute and unsettled.

For once, some interesting facts about farms have been collected by a State Bureau. Instead of preparing elaborate tables of the number of bushels of wheat produced in each township, or the number of sheep struck by lightning, or like useless information, which a sensible man either refuses to read or makes haste to forget, the Michigan Commissioner of Labor Statistics has investigated several topics constantly discussed, the chief of which is the extent of farm mortgages. He arrives at a result which is surprising—not surprisingly startling, but surprisingly hopeful. Of the 90,000 farms in the counties sending in reports, 47,000 are so far as the records show) mortgage free. The assessed value of these unmortgaged farms is $175,000,000, while that of the 43,000 that are mortgaged is but $80,000,000. The indebtedness of the mortgaged farms is less than one-half of their assessed value, being but $37,500,000. Thus we have it that the farm mortgages in the State cover but fifteen per cent. of the assessed valuation of the farm property. The Commissioner tells us that a great many farmers are in debt though no lien is recorded against their property. This is probably true. Nevertheless, the showing is better than has generally been supposed. Another table in the report shows that but seven per cent. of the farms are occupied by tenants. On the whole, the assertion, so frequently made of late, that farm land is being monopolized appears to lack foundation. Yet, as the Commissioner goes on to show, the burden which rests upon the poorer half of the Michigan farmers is by no means light. The average rate of interest paid by them is 7.2 per cent. and they are taxed on the full value of their farms, as if these were unmortgaged. The Commissioner recommends that the States of the Northwest follow the example of California, and permit the owner of a mortgaged farm to deduct the taxes which he pays upon the mortgage from the interest due to its holder. This is the same end which the Brundage bill seeks to accomplish in New York State.

The question of the re-election of Mr. Jasper as Superintendent of the Public Schools of this city is exciting a great deal of interest, and the postponement of the election will permit a candid and thorough discussion of a matter vital to the best interests of the city. The conviction is growing in the minds of intelligent New Yorkers that the machine element In our public schools is becoming altogether too pronounced and dominant, and that the best results of teaching are being lost under the pressure of a state of things which s said to be little short of a tyranny. Both teachers and scholars are held to a set of requirements which it is impossible to meet with honest work; either the work must be done imperfectly and by overdrill, or the failure to perform it must be concealed by evasion, if not by falsehood. This impression, whether true or false, is so general, and has received of late so much confirmation from some of the most intelligent friends of our city schools, that thorough inquiry ought to be made. There is nothing so destructive of genuine education as a tyrannical and mechanical system, a method which, instead of being a help and support, becomes a snare and a restraint; a method which converts the living teacher into a lifeless mechanism, and the living pupil into a mechanical recipient of that which is poured into him. By all means let us have a thorough examination of the present management of our city schools. No doubt Superintendent Jasper craves just this sort of examination, and would not desire a re-election unless it shall appear that the prevalent impression that our schools are given over to the grinding of the educational machine is false. The unfortunate personal issue which has become involved with this larger issue ought not to confuse the community as to the real question involved.

In connection with the series of articles which we have commenced this week on the subject of our public schools, we call attention to a letter from a correspondent in Pennsylvania reporting to our readers what that Commonwealth has done to intrench the public school system, and to protect it alike from sectarian strife on the one hand and from neglect or direct overthrow by those hostile to it on the other. We believe, as our readers know, in maintaining sharply the distinction between matters that belong to constitution and matters that belong to legislation. It appears to us, however, that the necessity of a public school system of education as a condition for the preservation and perpetuity of the Republic is so absolute that it is quite legitimate to provide by constitutional enactment that this system shall always be maintained inviolate, and shall never be diverted to sectarian ends.

Two or three weeks ago we noted the fact that public sentiment in Brazil had become urgent in favor of measures for immediate emancipation of slavery. Since then the Brazilian Parliament has approved a bill completely abolishing slavery, and it has been sanctioned by the Regent. It is said that the effect of this action on the Emperor of Brazil, who has been ill in Italy, was to give him new strength and to greatly improve his condition. Under the laws of 1871 and 1885 for the gradual abolition of slavery, the process would have continued for sixty or seventy years to come; under the law just enacted, human slavery in Brazil will come to an end forever in the present year. The reason of this hastening of the desired end is, as we understand it, the rapid and general recognition of the fact that the material interests of the country, as well as its national character, would be best subserved by the instant and complete removal of the barbarity of slavery. The Brazilian Catholic ecclesiastics have —to their honor be it said—done much to hasten the day of emancipation by urging it as the most fitting way of celebrating the Pope's jubilee year, and Leo XIII. has issued an encyclical expressing his approval and hearty appreciation of this jubilee honor. It is matter for rejoicing that Brazil has thus freely and fully recognized the fact that economical and political as well as moral and religious motives demanded the sweeping away of human slavery.

The Papal rescript touching Irish affairs has been practically without effect, except to arouse a good deal of indignation on the part of Irish Nationalists and to lead some English newspapers, in their partisan zeal, into utterly untenable positions. At a meeting of the Catholic members of Parliament, held in Dublin last week, a minute was adopted denying the competency of the Roman authorities to interfere with political matters in Ireland, refusing to be bound by their declaration, and hinting plainly that the aforesaid authorities had been grievously deceived in regard to important questions of fact, and especially with regard to improvements made on lands in Ireland. The advisers of the Pope have led him into a serious blunder. They are astute Italians, thoroughly posted in the details of European diplomacy, but entirely out of touch with the movements of modern life. There is probably no place in the world where more is known concerning the non-essentials of modern movements and thought, and less known concerning its main currents, than in Rome. The interference of the Pope in the recent German elections, and now in Ireland, will open the eyes of American Catholics to the real policy of the Papacy—a policy entirely at variance with the thought and feeling of our time, not only among Protestants, but among intelligent Catholics. The Pope is doing his utmost to justify Father McGlynn and to furnish him with converts.

There is a growing feeling of anxiety in Europe concerning the fate of Stanley. The last word received from him was sent early in August of last year from the camp of Yambunga. Since that time no news of any sort has come from him. A march of six hundred miles through a swampy country lay before him at the date of his last message. That march completed, he would have reached the country of Emin Pasha. In his last letter he declared that he expected to get into the region of Lake Nyanza by the end of August, and his arrival in that country ought to have been known soon after by Emin Pasha; the latter, however, had heard nothing from him so late as the first of November. There are many surmises as to what may have happened to detain him; but they are all mere guesses. It is suggested that he has been turned aside from the direct line which he had marked out, and compelled to make a long and tedious detour; that in making his way northward he may have missed Emin Pasha; that, having satisfied himself that Emin Pasha needed no aid from him, he has changed his expedition from its original purpose, and has turned southward with a view of exploring a new section of country. His thorough knowledge of the difficulties and dangers of the country, his familiarity with the tribes which he would have to encounter, and the fact that he was accompanied by nearly five hundred carefully selected, well-armed men makes it very improbable that he has been destroyed by ambush. Nevertheless, so long a time has now elapsed since news has been received from him that a feeling of anxiety is becoming very general.

No more important action has thus far been taken by the Methodist General Conference than that which defines the status of a Missionary Bishop. The fact that the standing of Bishop Taylor, who for a quadrennium has been planting missions in Africa upon the self-supporting plan, was involved has concentrated intense interest upon the decision. The position held by the Conference is that the difference between the Missionary Bishop and the General Superintendent is in the limitation, not of function, but of jurisdiction. In his own field the former is co-ordinate in authority with the latter, as a true bishop receives his support from the Episcopal Fund and must work in co-operation with the General Missionary Society. If a relation of harmony can now be established between the Society which has always represented the Church as its agent in missionary work and the "Building and Transit Fund Society" which has come into being to further Bishop Taylor's peculiar theories and operations, a perplexing problem will be solved. The calmness and clearness of the report adopted, the concessions made, and the practical unanimity with which the Conference reached its final action will doubtless go far to release the Church from the peril of a growing agitation which centered in this question.

The readers of The Christian Union will not be surprised to learn from our reports of the two Presbyterian Assemblies in Philadelphia and Baltimore, presented in another column, that the prospects of organic union between the Presbyterian churches North and South appear less bright than they did a year ago. Organic union should always follow, never precede, vital union, and the year's discussions have made it perfectly clear to the members of both bodies that there is not now vital union between the two. Their symbol of doctrine is the same, but not their faith; their system of government is the same, but not their spirit of liberty. The two elements which control in these great bodies will live in peace and in more cordial co-operation for the present than in a united body. And this, it is morally certain, is the judgment of the majority in both bodies. On the other hand, the discussion of the Principles of Union proposed by the Bishops of the Episcopal Church indicates a growth of vital union between these two organizations, whose real faiths are far more accordant than their doctrinal symbols, and whose real spirit of ecclesiastical liberty is far more accordant than their systems of ecclesiastial govern-

ment. Dr. Woodrow's case before the Southern Assembly is pending as we go to press, the Assembly having overruled a technical point made against his appeal from the decision of the Synod, and decided to hear the case on its merits.

We publish in another column a letter from an aggrieved correspondent in defense, or quasi-defense, of what is called Christian Science, a school which, if we understand it aright, is, in our opinion, neither Christian nor scientific. The foundation of Christian Science is the Berkeleyan philosophy, that matter is not real, that spirit is the only reality, that pain and sickness and all bodily conditions are not bodily conditions at all, but only mental imaginings of bodily conditions, and that, accordingly, if we believe that we are well, we are well; if we believe that we are painless, we suffer no pain. There is nothing new in this philosophy; it is simply a new form of an old agnostic doctrine, which has served a purpose, not only of delusion, but also of demoralization. The grossest sensuality and vice found, in the early centuries, a refuge behind it. We have in our own time known of people talking of men and women who were living in acknowledged licentiousness as having "pure souls." It is a natural reaction against materialism, but quite as false in its philosophy, and capable of quite as pernicious results. We advise our readers to have nothing to do with the so-called Christian Science.

Congressional Proceedings.—Last week the tariff debate developed a lively interest. Mr. Fitch, of New York, a Republican and a protectionist, declared in favor of the Mills bill. He believed the time had come when the people demanded a low tariff instead of a high one, and as he represented a district which was taxed by the tariff and not helped by it, he considered himself bound to subserve the interests of his constituents.——Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, made his much-looked-for speech against the Mills bill. He replied to Mr. Scott's argument that steel industries were inordinately protected. He, too, cited Mr. Carnegie's works at Pittsburg. According to Mr. Randall, the cost of producing a ton of rails is $28.41, of which $4.32 is spent for labor. In this case the labor bill is about fifteen per cent. The tariff is fifty-three per cent.——The ablest speeches yet made for protection were those of McKinley, of Ohio, on Friday, and Reed, of Maine, on Saturday. Mr. McKinley's was philosophical, Mr. Reed's light and satirical, though equally strong. The ablest Democratic speeches were those of Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Cox, of New York. As usual, Mr. Cox was humorous.——Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, denies the report that the Republicans have agreed upon a substitute for the Mills bill.——This week the tariff bill will be laid aside, and appropriation bills will be taken up.——The Republican Senators seem to be generally agreed among themselves to defeat the fisheries treaty, but they have taken no formal action as yet, and some of their number will probably suggest amendments.

General News.—Great floods along the Mississippi River have done immense damage to crops ($3,000,000 is the estimate of some), and have driven hundreds of families from their homes.——Emperor Frederick of Germany has apparently steadily improved during the past week.——It is rumored that the Prince of Wales is contemplating a visit to this country next year.—New Zealand has passed a law restricting Chinese immigration.——A jury has been obtained in the case of Kerr, accused of offering bribes to Aldermen in the Broadway Railroad matter.——A much-advertised interview with Mr. Blaine in some of the daily papers simply affirms that he has nothing to add to his letter declining to consider himself as a candidate for the Presidency.——English papers are earnestly discussing the alleged defenseless condition of England against foreign invasion. French papers ridicule the idea of a possible war between France and England.——The movement in favor of nominating Gresham as the Republican candidate for the Presidency appears to be gaining strength in the West.

NO REASON FOR COMPROMISE.

IF the claims respecting public education put forth by the Plenary Council at Baltimore, and given to our readers in another column, were the claims of the Roman Catholic population of the United States, the candid Protestant would be compelled to ask, very seriously, if some compromise might not be possible, if indeed harmony could be preserved except by compromise. But there is not the least reason for believing that the Plenary Council represents the sentiments of the majority of American Catholics. The Roman Catholic Church is not and does not pretend to be a representative body. In this respect it differs from all Protestant church organizations. We Protestants are so habitually accustomed to assume that every body of ecclesiastics speaks for the worshipers, that it is difficult for us to realize that in the Roman Catholic Church the hierarchy speaks not *for* but *to* the people. It does not represent what they want; it tells them what they must take. The Pope, the bishop, the priest, is a "father;" he commands his children, he does not consult them. The hierarchy claims to stand in the place of God; and God is not elected to carry out the will of his constituents, but reigns by independent and indefeasible authority. The Methodist General Conference, now meeting in New York City, is a body which perhaps more nearly than any other Protestant organization resembles, in the nature and extent of its ecclesiastical authority, the Plenary Council. But there is not merely a great difference, there is a radical contrast, between the two. The Conference derives its powers from and is elected by the Methodist churches in America, and therefore may be assumed to reflect their sentiments and opinions. The Plenary Council is constituted by a wholly un-American power in Rome; is absolutely independent of the Catholic laity; is neither elected by nor responsible to the laity; and therefore cannot be assumed in any sense to reflect its sentiments and opinions. The Pope appoints the cardinals; the cardinals elect the Pope; and the Pope and the cardinals control the Church. Even in the management of the vast properties which the laity by their generous contributions have built up, the laity have no voice. They are all placed under the control of a hierarchy in the selection of which the laity have no more part than their Protestant neighbors. We are not writing in criticism of the Roman Catholic system. Whether a church of Christ should be organized on republican or monarchical principles, whether the hierarchy should represent or rule the laity, whether they who are greatest in its ranks should be fathers and masters over the many, giving them commands, or servants of the many, receiving from them commands, whether, in short, the church of Christ should be an oligarchy or a republic, we do not here discuss. We only point out the fact that all Protestant churches are republics; and therefore their councils do represent the opinions of the membership; while the Roman Catholic Church is a self-perpetuating oligarchy, and therefore in no sense represents its membership. The Pope no more represents the members of the Roman Catholic Church than the Tsar represents the peasantry of Russia. It may indeed be that the Roman Catholic laity may feel themselves bound by their religious obligations to obey the decrees of the Pope and of the Plenary Council respecting schools. But to obey a divinely appointed master is one thing; to be represented by a humanly elected public servant is quite a different thing. The Plenary Council is not a convention of representatives of the Roman Catholic congregations; and there is, we repeat, no reason whatever for supposing that its decrees represent either the convictions or the wishes of those congregations.

If they did, they would carry great weight with them. In a republic the majority are bound to respect the sentiments of the minority, especially when it is so large a minority as are the Roman Catholic populations of the United States. If our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens objected to the American public school system, it would be very questionable whether we should have the right to put their children into the public schools, or even to do this indirectly by taxing them to support such schools. But though great regard is to be paid to the opinions of a large and reputable minority in a republic, no such regard is due to the opinions of a close corporation under the control of a foreign potentate. And the decrees of the Plenary Council are the decrees of a close corporation under the control of a foreign potentate. We ought to pay respect to the wishes of our German fellow-citizens, because they are our fellow-citizens. We have no right in our Sunday and our temperance legislation to ignore their hereditary education and ride roughshod over them, wherever we happen to have a Puritan majority. It is not thus that republican institutions can be maintained in a prosperous condition. But if a German Bund existed in America all of whose officers were appointed by Bismarck, were subject to removal by Bismarck, and were answerable for their action only to Bismarck, their opinions on public affairs would not be entitled to any political deference. And the mere fact that their salaries were paid by the voluntary contributions of American-Germans would not alter their relations to our political action. So, again, politicians act rightly as well as wisely in paying a certain measure of respect to the Irish vote—albeit they may sometimes pay too much. For the Irish-American is a citizen of America, and is entitled to be considered when Americans come to a conclusion on any public question. But if the St. Patrick's Society had all of its officers appointed by a head-center in Ireland, and were all responsible to it, the declared opinions of such foreignly appointed officials on any American question might properly be disregarded, if indeed they were not resented as an illegitimate interference in our affairs. The parallel may not be perfect, but it is illustrative. The Plenary Council at Baltimore represented, not American Catholic opinion, but Roman Papal opinion. And the opinion of the excellent Father who occupies the Vatican, and his Cardinal counselors, is entitled to just so much weight as that of any other foreign potentate of equally good character—and no more. We might not improperly resent it as an illegitimate interference with affairs which it belongs to us, not to him, to settle. We are certainly not bound to give heed to it as the expressed conviction or desire of our own fellow-citizens.

In fact, so far from having any good reason for believing that the demands of this Council represent the sentiments of American Catholics on the school question, there is abundant reason for thinking exactly the reverse. The Roman Catholic hierarchy and the Roman Catholic laity are not agreed on this subject. More than once the priesthood have made a direct attack on the public schools; and more than once, in violation of urgent persuasions, not to say absolute commands, from the pulpit, the laity have voted to sustain the schools. More than once some zealous but indiscreet priest has attempted to compel the Roman Catholic parents in his parish, by threat of excommunication, to withdraw their children from the public schools; and, on almost if not quite every such occasion, the rebellion against the order has been so general that, under orders of his wiser superior, the priest has been compelled to withdraw his order or suffer it to be disregarded. There are probably no better Roman Catholic parish schools in the United States than in New York City and Brooklyn; but even in New York City and Brooklyn it is perfectly safe to say that a majority of the Roman Catholic children are to be found in the public schools, and this in spite of strenuous endeavors on the part of the priesthood to coax or coerce the children of the Church into the schools of the Church. We venture to say that if any reader of this article will take occasion to talk in a friendly way with his Roman Catholic gardener or washerwoman as to the public schools, if he is skillful not to excite an ecclesiastical suspicion or a polemical spirit, he will get only words of grateful appreciation in reply. The one unpardonable fault with our public schools, in the mind of the hierarchy, is that they are so popular. The parish schools cannot compete with them.

There is, then, no reason for seeking a compromise with the Roman Catholic hierarchy on the subject of popular education. For that hierarchy does not represent any body of our American fellow-citizens, and does not pretend to do so. It represents a foreign, self-supporting, ecclesiastical corporation. Unless we are prepared to concede the right of that corporation to exercise authority over our fellow-citizens, we have no reason to consult with its officials in determining what is best for the Republic. Our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens we will consult; but for their opinion we will go, not to the Plenary Council at Baltimore, nor to the Vatican at Rome, but to the polls. That opinion has been often given, and it is uniformly in favor of the perpetuation of public schools supported by the State, controlled by the State, and open to all the children in the State.

We may hereafter attempt to show that, as there is no occasion for seeking a compromise with the hierarchy, so there is no possibility of finding such a compromise.

AN IMPERATIVE DUTY.

ONE of the vices of scholastic thought, which we are fast outgrowing by the substitution of a more vital conception, was the artificial and arbitrary division of life, character, and often of Deity, into parts which had little relation to each other, and which were sometimes antagonistic. The mediæval thinker, as a rule, failed utterly to see life as a whole. He saw certain of its activities, certain of its phases, with great distinctness, and discussed them with great vigor; but he missed the vital connections which unified and held them together. In the world of knowledge he failed to perceive the profound relations which exist between all departments; he separated one form of knowledge from another, and treated each as if it were independent of the others. So grammar and language, instead of being the results of vital historical processes, became abstract sciences or arts governed by their own laws, and separated by hard and fast lines from all other forms of human activity. It was not until the last century, when Herder and the men of his school began to meditate on these things, that it became clear that all kinds of knowledge are parts of the same development and are indissolubly united. When the scholastic thinker brought his method to bear upon the nature of Deity, instead of conceiving a coherent and harmonious character, he devised a series of abstractions, a set of attributes wholly artificial and often antagonistic one to the other. So we have a conception of the Deity in which one part of the divine character struggles with another part, and justice and love, instead of being bound together in a deep, vital fashion, which no man can fathom, are depicted as debating with each other and combating each other. When the mediæval thinker meditated upon society, he saw it divided into castes separated by permanent barriers, and he imagined it possible to foster the well being of one class apart from that of another.

Modern thought, at once more humble, reverent, and profound, has been able to grasp life as a whole, and has become conscious of the inadequacy and barrenness of any other conception. It has preserved the deep unity which holds all knowledge together and makes it one flowing stream instead of a series of rivulets widely separated, issuing from different sources and seeking different seas. There has come into it that deep and profoundly religious conception of Deity which dares not break the divine character into fragments, and which recognizes that, as no human character can be so divided and at the same time rightly conceived, neither can the divine character be so divided and rightly conceived. In like manner, modern thought has come to look upon society as a living whole, and upon governments and all forms of social organizations, not as abstractions artificially created, but as the outgrowth of vital processes, and as inseparable even in thought from that which enters into them. The vicious theories of political economy, which treated the economic side of society as a thing apart from religion and morality, is fast receding into the past, with all theories of its kind. It was once held that the laws which govern business and the great industrial activities of men have no relation to the laws which govern the moral well-being of society; that to confuse what was once called religion with business was to make a blunder of the most heinous sort; that religion and philanthropy were good things in their way, but were to be kept out of the sphere of business and political economy. This theory is a survival of the misleading conceptions of scholasticism. It is fundamentally untrue, and the salvation of modern society is coming through the perception of that untruth.

Political economy, the science of the well-being of society on the material side, has hitherto scouted the idea that the well-to-do section of society owes anything to the ill-to-do section. With criminals and paupers, with the helpless and the infirm, with those who are down in the race, it has refused to concern itself, declaring that while religion and philanthropy might concern themselves with such obstructive or incapable persons, political economy had nothing to do with them. No more dangerous doctrine was ever taught since error found its way into the world, nor has any untruth ever borne more terrible and abundant fruitage. It is beginning to be seen that the chief function of society is to preserve its members; that the work which it once relegated to little groups of religious or philanthropic people is its chief concern; that no society is safe so long as poverty and crime abound in it; that no State is safe so long as some men refuse to work and others live by crime. It is beginning to be seen that religion is not a profession, not a little current in the great stream of life, but that it is life itself when life comes to its fullness and perfection; that religion does not relate to a few duties, a few days, and a few activities, but to all duties, days, and activities; that it cannot be separated either from knowledge or from business; that all these must be embraced within it if it is to be adequate; and that none of these are safe or whole without it. Hence it follows that the saving of men is no longer the function of religion and religious people only; it is also the supreme function of society, and society will be neither rational nor safe until it looks all the facts in the face and provides for all the forms of life which are embraced in it. The saving of men is the most practical work which lies before the world to-day. Organized philanthropy can do something, organized religion can do much, but society itself must take hold of this great task if it is to be properly performed. No observing man doubts that we are now passing through great social changes, and while many are filled with forebodings as to the outcome of the present crisis, others see in contemporary movements the slow evolution of a new and sound conception of social life. They see a widening and deepening sense of personal responsibility; they see a new and profounder feeling of common humanity; they see the growing apprehension among men of the great truth that the well-being of every individual is the first and great interest of society at large; they see the possibility of a complete and rounded society instead of the chaotic, selfish, and dangerous social disorganization of to-day.

THE CREED OF ALL CENTURIES.

WE agree with what a correspondent has to say in another column respecting a Nineteenth Century Creed. No creed can embody the Christian belief of the present century; and as education becomes more general and faith more individual, this will grow more and more impossible. The creed that undertakes to represent many minds must be like a photograph that undertakes to represent many faces—somewhat foggy at best. And it can represent all only by very imperfectly representing any. The creed that is a bond of union must be very short and very simple. The creed that is long and intricate will be only a wedge to divide.

For ourselves we should be glad to have all Christian churches adopt the Apostles' Creed as their symbol of doctrine. It would be a real bond of union. It could be subscribed by Greek, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Baptist, Arminian, Calvinist, and even all evangelical Unitarians and Universalists. And it would sharply discriminate the Church of Christ from all Atheists, Deists, Positivists, and mere Humanitarians and Rationalists. It is all the creed, in our judgment, that the Church of Christ needs; and even that should be accepted only "for substance of doctrine." But we suppose we shall have to wait a long while for an age so catholic as to be satisfied with a creed so simple as this creed of all centuries.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

I—THE START.

OBEDIENCE is the start in all right living. It is the first step in all wise and right dealing with nature. If we are to understand nature's laws, if we are to enjoy nature's kingdom, we must obey her rule. It is the first step in the family life. The child's well-being depends upon the question, not what does he think about father and mother, nor how does he feel toward father and mother, but will he yield his will to father's will and mother's will. It is the first step in all peaceful and prosperous civic life. We obey first; we learn and we love afterward. France was not fit for liberty when she simply desired it, nor even when she was willing to sail through seas of blood and fire to achieve it. Not until the Frenchman learned to obey law did he learn to be fit fully for liberty. It is the first step in all social and industrial organization. No private in the ranks is fit for promotion if he is as a private disobedient. There is no business man that, having a hundred men in his employ, will submit to the man who says, I will obey the rules of the office when you will explain the reason for them. He must obey first and learn the reason afterward. We used to study the sciences in the text-books, getting the theory, with the idea that afterward we could go out into life and get the practice. We are reversing that order now, and are sending our young students into the laboratory to learn chemistry, into the observatory to use the telescope, into the field to analyze the flowers. They acquaint themselves first with the facts, and then go on to the theories. They learn nature by observing nature and obeying nature. We are beginning to introduce industrial education for the same reason into our schools, because we are beginning gradually to recognize that obedience is the condition of learning; and that boy who is working with tools, and who sees before him the result of obedience or disobedience in what he makes, is in the way of learning, because he is in the way of obedience.

Now, that which is true of every other form of life is true of the religious life. The question which addresses itself to every one is this, Will I be governed in life by my own self will, or will I be governed by the will of my Father which is in heaven? The question is not, What do I believe? nor, How do I feel? but, What will I do? It addresses, not our intellect, nor our emotions, but our will. Obedience is the first condition of entering the Christian life—the start of the Christian race. Belief is not a condition. Feeling is not a condition. Willing, resolving, purposing—that is the condition; and the only condition. It is true that there are some people of gentle nature, of amiable disposition, of flexible will, who never meet that issue clearly; they grow into obedience, they know not how. It is true there are some persons who get a glimpse of the glory and goodness and love of God, and who pursue after it, and then, finding themselves hindered and impeded in their way by obstacles that arise within themselves, learn through love to obey. But unless one has learned to say, Not what I will, but what thou wilt; unless one has learned to ask the question, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? he has not put his foot on the lowest step that leads up to the temple. This is the very beginning of Christian experience, and no man, no matter what his feeling, no matter what his belief, has begun the Christian race if he has entered it by any other door than this.

LOOKING BACKWARD TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

THE May meeting of the Congregational Club on Monday evening opened with the annual election, or, better, the annual re-election, of officers. The President, Mr. Roswell Smith, had wished to resign; but the committee who made up the regular ticket would not hear of it, and there was, of course, no opposition ticket in the field. The report of the Secretary, Mr C. C. Stimets, showed that there had been an average attendance during the year of 174—a gain of thirty over last year. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. Hope, showed a pleasing surplus of over $1,600.

The theme for discussion was "The Progress of Christianity in the World During the Past Quarter of a Century." The first speaker was the Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks, of this city, who resembles his Boston brother in height, and somewhat in rapidity of speech. His address was earnest and eloquent. The point of view, or rather the points of view, which he took to bring out the progress of the past twenty-five years was the outlook before the young man who entered college preparing for the ministry at the time he himself entered, and the outlook before such a young man to-day. The comparison, without any straining after antithesis or rhetorical exaggeration, was rich in contrast. To-day there was less definiteness regarding creeds. Formerly conversion meant something to the Methodist, and election meant something to the Presbyterian, which they do not mean to day. In every church there were hard and fast dogmas which the young minister must expect to defend if he would defend his religion. To-day this was true no longer. The era might be called one of "the decay of dogma." But Dr. Brooks did not like the expression. You might as well, he said, speak of the spring-time as the decay of seeds. It was not decay; it was the progress of life The change which had taken place was that which took place in the statue of Pygmalion when what was hard and cold before became endowed with warmth and life. The young man twenty-five years ago knew his catechism far better than the young man to-day; but the latter feels a glow which was comparatively infrequent among young men equally earnest twenty-five years ago. Then Christianity fastened itself to something in the mind. Now it fastens itself to something in the life.

The change which has taken place was shown in the class of reading which the young men of the two periods were doing. Formerly they read Renan and Strauss, since their skepticism attached itself to the fundamental facts of the life of Christ. To-day there was no more skepticism regarding these, and the defenders of Christianity now read Spencer and Mill, who, though more difficult to refute

nevertheless had been driven back to the only position upon which infidelity can stand, the position of materialism. And this, said Dr. Brooks, is a position which earnest men will reject. Such men always have been and always will believe in the life of the soul, the ideal of the heart, and these demand the religion of Jesus Christ, which speaks to these ideas and inspires this life as no other ever did.

Another change which had taken place was in the broadening of church work. Christ ministered to all sides of human life, and the Christian church was now emulating his example. There is, too, far more unity than ever before. It came from a belief in the unity and brotherhood of man, and showed itself in the wide sympathy in which the study of other religions was being carried on. Twenty five years ago we had not the largeness of thought for missionary work. This increased unity shows itself also in the relation of the denominations to one another.

The next speaker was Dr. A F. Schauffler, who took for his theme the progress of the churches in numerical strength, and the increased governmental power of Protestantism throughout the world. His talk was accompanied by references to charts which showed very graphically how the strength of the Roman Catholics in this country had increased very rapidly from 1846 to 1860, but had not kept up in proportionate increas ; how the population having no church connection was not holding its own; and how the evangelical membership had increased from one to every 14 5-10 in 1800 to one in every 6 in 1870, to one in every 4 8-10 to-day. Our Protestant population is now strongly in the ascendency, in spite of an alien immigration greater than that which overthrew the Roman Empire. Turning to Protestantism elsewhere, he showed that 457 000 000 people were now under Protestant governments, principally Anglo-Saxon, and that this meant that sooner or later Protestant and Anglo-Saxon literature and life would transform these countries.

The Rev. Dr. N. George Clark, Corresponding Secretary of the American Board, told in an interesting way the progress of missionary work, though he remarked that today the contributions of this "Protestant" country were but three mills per head for the saving of the millions of heathen. Yet this was three times as great as it was twenty-five years ago. During this period the churches had increased their power even more than their contributions. This increase was in a large measure due to the moral enfranchisement of women and the work which they were doing in foreign countries. It was also greatly extended by the educational work. There were now six colleges for men and two for women in Turkey, and nearly all the leading young men in Bulgaria have been educated in our colleges and are inspired with the spirit of American institutions. In India the change in church membership has been enormous, and the change in the spirit of the nation even greater. As Mozoomdar had recently said in The Christian Union, "What has vitalized Hindu thought is Christianity." It is Christ that rules India.

Dr. Henry C. Houghton followed with a brief talk upon the work of medical missionaries. These ministered first to the natural man and then to the spiritual man, and were fast breaking down the prejudices against our Christian civilization, and serving as an entering wedge everywhere. There are now 347 of these in the field. A high caste Brahmin had recently remarked to him that, though he was not a Christian, he would do all that he could for Christian physicians in India. Dr. Houghton was the last regular speaker. Among the informal talks was one by the Rev. E A Lawrence, who has just completed an eighty weeks' voyage around the world.

A WISE SAFEGUARD.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

As the common school question is one of governmental policy, it comes within the domain of practical statesmanship as well as of polemic discussion; and it seems to me that the proper course to take at the outset is to erect constitutional barriers, as the most effectual protection for our common school interests. That is what has been done in the quiet and unobtrusive but progressive State of Pennsylvania, and with the most salutary effect. It simplifies the problem, and forestalls and neutralizes the friction of open controversy, and greatly discourages *sub rosa* plottings. Our new constitution, which was adopted in 1874, by an overwhelming majority of the popular vote, contains the following comprehensive and effective provisions on this subject:

ARTICLE X.—EDUCATION.

"SECTION 1. The General Assembly shall provide for the maintenance and support of a thorough and efficient system of public schools, wherein all the children of this Commonwealth above the age of six years may be educated.

"SECTION 2 No money raised for the support of the public schools of the Commonwealth shall be appropriated to or used for the support of any sectarian school."

I venture to suggest that, if the common schools of every State in the Union were as firmly intrenched and protected in the organic law of the respective States, the coming battle with the subtle enemies of free institutions would be virtually deferred for a hundred years to come, by which time the threatened crusade would be postponed indefinitely.

While my hand is in, you will indulge me in the further remark that the remaining section of the same Article is as follows:

'SECTION 3 Women twenty-one years of age and upwards shall be eligible to any office of control or management under the school laws of this State."

It is not on the same specific subject, but nevertheless has an interest of its own. Respectfully, H. C. H.

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THIRD WEEK.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

It should be no matter of surprise that questions relating to the episcopacy, its powers and its *personnel*, have occupied much of the thought and time of the General Conference during the past week. The general superintendency is an essential part of the itinerant system. No Methodist will dispute this, or even discuss it, so firmly fixed is the conviction in the consciousness of the Church And for this very reason there is a profound jealousy of the prerogative and purity of the episcopacy. And yet it may be affirmed that an equal watchfulness exists lest any abuses should creep in to mar the influence and the authority of the office.

The public will hardly be convinced that the strong protests uttered during the session of Monday last (the 14th) prove that the Church is wholly given over to political intrigue. Where a hundred men are fitted to grace even so high an office, were their characters but known, and where the constituency covers so widely separated regions, there is need of free interchange of views concerning the claims of sections and the merits of candidates in order to any selection at all. It will be readily admitted that this comparison of opinions is proper, healthy, necessary. The activity of most men proceeds no further. But the activity of some men does proceed further, and becomes "pernicious." Unscrupulous ambition has no freer scope than here, and the charges of "combinations" and "log-rolling" might be struck from the docket, if common opinion may be trusted, could half a dozen men be persuaded to serve the Church in remote and perpetual retirement.

The strong current against questionable methods has been manifested in various ways. There has been an attempt to restrict the ballot to one name at a time; another to recommend a vote by orders, so that the voice of both laymen and ministers might be distinctly heard. These suggestions did not prevail, but served a purpose in calling out strong denunciations of unworthy methods. Several reports from the Committee on Judiciary, which have not yet been adopted, declare against the proposed curtailment of the episcopal power, whether by giving the presiding elders co ordinate authority with the bishops in making the appointments, or by making the presiding eldership elective by the annual conference instead of appointive by the bishop as now, or by assigning the bishops to specific districts, or, finally, by disturbing the life tenure of that office One innovation has been made. By a large vote it was decided that a majority of two thirds instead of a bare majority should be necessary to an election. This action is deemed unfavorable to the "slates" and "combinations." The postponement of the election until Tuesday will make it impossible to record the results this week.

After a spirited discussion the number of new bishops to be elected was fixed at five. Parts of two sessions were devoted to memorial services for the bishops and members of the last General Conference who have died during the quadrennium. At the close of the Conference of Philadelphia four years ago, Bishop Harris announced the hymn, Bishop Wiley offered the prayer, and Bishop Simpson spoke the farewell words—his own last public utterance. All three have ceased from their labors. To them must be added another name as venerable as theirs—Daniel Curry. Others of great worth, but less fame, have passed away. The words of the memorial were generous, loving discriminating, and were spoken by men whose reverence and affection for the dead added to the public tribute the gentler influence of personal attachment.

An event of the week has been the reception of Fraternal Delegates from the English and Irish Wesleyan Conferences, from the Canada Methodist Church, and from the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The English Wesleyans sent as their messenger the Rev. C H Kelly D D., one of the ablest ministers of the mother church, and his companion was the Rev. Wesley Guard, D D, a younger brother of the Rev Dr. Thomas Guard whose brilliant eloquence so often through many years astonished and inspired our American Methodism. These envoys of fraternity were welcomed in a great meeting on Wednesday evening, and delivered addresses full of interest and good will. On the succeeding evening the Conference received the Rev. S. A. Steel, D D, who bore the greetings of Southern Methodism, and charmed his auditors with the earnestness of his patriotism and the frankness of his affection. He pleaded, not for organic union between the two bodies, but for a practical as well as a sentimental fraternity. He was followed by the Rev E A. Stafford, LL B., pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Church of Toronto—a great church in every way—who in eloquent words described the progress of Canadian Methodism.

The three branches of American Methodism represented on the platform at the fraternal meeting number together 3 400,000 communicants. In essentials of doctrine and method they are agreed. Their spirit is one. Their difference is chiefly territorial. Will they ever become one in form as they are in spirit?

The action of Friday establishing in the Church an order of Deaconesses is deemed a decision of prime importance. This new plan for giving churchly sanction to the religious and philanthropic work of devout women who, either under the immediate direction of pastors or in a community association, may consecrate themselves entirely to such specific labor, opens to many opportunities long desired. Especially useful will this arrangement prove in the mission fields and in the great cities where woman's work in these days is so general and so effective.

A subject of deep interest has been the equalization of the representation in the General Conference as between the lay and clerical orders. The present ratio in the ministry is one to forty five members of the annual conference; the laymen are entitled to no more than two delegates for each conference. This seems inequitable, and yet no greater concessions could be secured from the conservatism of the Church at the time the principle of lay representation was acknowledged and the plan for it adopted. For years, however, the sentiment in favor of equalizing the numerical power of the two elements in the Church has been steadily increasing. The result of the discussions during the present Conference has been that a majority of both orders have decided to send down for the action of the annual conferences an amendment which, if adopted, will give the laity the equality of representation desired. There are serious doubts whether the result will not so increase the size of the General Conference as to make it unwieldy, and a logical outcome of equalization would seem to be a change in the ratio which would materially reduce the clerical contingent from each conference. No practical readjustment, however, can take place without the sanction of the annual conferences and of two thirds of the members of the next General Conference, and this will necessarily postpone the real change for eight years.

The Committee on Episcopacy reported on Saturday its conclusions touching the questions involved in the status of a missionary bishop The preamble and resolutions presented were lucid and conclusive. They corrected the deficiencies in former legislation, and have left a most perplexing subject in a condition which is apparently satisfactory to both sides of the controversy. The position and prerogatives of a missionary bishop are a matter for cold legal statement, but the warmth of personality has been in the case because the heroic William Taylor is the only missionary bishop in the Church, and it is his eccentric movement which has disturbed the clockwork regularity of the missionary machine Working outside of established lines, and elected to a position which was left without proper legislative enactments to limit it, William Taylor has construed liberally what others have defined more closely. It is little wonder that under the circumstances differences have arisen. It is believed that these have now been composed. The missionary bishop is declared to be a true bishop, not merely a superintendent of a mission. Yet he is not a General Superintendent, as are the regular bishops, nor can he be made such without an election *de novo*. He is limited in his episcopal functions to the territory to which he is assigned, in which field he is not subordinate to the other bishops, but co ordinate in authority with them. He is to work in co-operation with, though not under the control of, the Missionary Society, and is amenable to the General Conference for his character and his official conduct. Since he is declared to be a true bishop, his salary must be paid, not from the Missionary Treasury—a course proper enough before his status was determined—but from the fund raised for the support of the bishops.

Such is the legal statement upon these vexed questions; and it is fortunate, in view of increasing the number of these officers in the Church, that these conclusions are reached, and that by overwhelming majorities, at this juncture.

Certain other adjustments to bring Bishop Taylor's work into harmony with existing methods of administration are yet to be made, and some friction may be anticipated; but the conservative action thus far betokens successful solution of further problems.

The "time limit" has been under earnest discussion in the Committee on Itinerancy, and a recommendation to extend the pastoral term to four years is indicated. If a prophecy might be permitted in this record of things done, it would be that the recommendation for four years will be made, that the vote will be taken by orders, and that the proposal will be defeated by the *lay* vote.

The Christian greetings of the Centennial Assembly of the Presbyterian Church now convened in Philadelphia were received by telegraph, and were read to the Conference by Bishop Bowman at the close of Saturday's session.

Another week has passed, adding to the body of laws no foolish and some exceedingly wise legislation.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

CENTENNIAL MEETING.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

THE Centennial Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America began its sittings in Philadelphia on Thursday, and will remain together, no doubt, until nearly or quite the end of the month. It is a body of nearly five hundred men, most of them with an intelligent, vigorous, practical look which augurs well for the dispatch of business. Among them are men widely known, and men whose utterances on the questions of interest to be discussed will be weighty by reason of their position and recognized influence. There are also this year more attendants than usual who are not commissioned by their Presbyteries, but members of committees, speakers at special meetings, or interested spectators.

At ten o'clock on Thursday morning, May 17, the Commissioners and other Presbyterian ministers met at Horticultural Hall, on Broad Street, formed in procession, and marched through Broad and Walnut Streets and across Washington Square to the historic First Church, with which will always be associated the name of Albert Barnes, but which is now renewing its youth and doing noble service under the wise leadership of its pastor, the Rev. George D. Baker, D.D. The procession was unheralded by trumpets, and was simply a column of plainly dressed gentlemen, two abreast, but it was a long column, and the strength of Presbyterianism in this city was evidenced by the multitudes of spectators who lined the sidewalks and stood in close groups under the green leaves in the Square. The church was packed in every part, the spacious galleries being chiefly occupied by ladies. The pulpit was finely decorated with tropical plants. It was occupied by half a dozen clergymen, prominent among them being the tall figure and benignant face of Dr. Joseph T. Smith, of Baltimore, the retiring Moderator The services were opened with the Doxology, followed by a prayer of invocation offered by Dr. Smith. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, read the Scripture and announced the first hymn, "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne." Dr. McCosh, the venerable retiring President of the College of New Jersey, offered prayer. Dr. W. H. Roberts, of Cincinnati, the Stated Clerk of the Assembly, announced the hymn, "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord;" Dr. Smith's sermon followed, from the text 1 Cor. iii., 7, "So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." The closing prayer was by Dr. W. E Moore, of Columbus, Permanent Clerk of the Assembly. The benediction was pronounced by Dr Crosby.

The sermon by the retiring Moderator deserves more than the brief mention just made. It was in several respects remarkable. It was delivered without notes (though it had been written) with great ease of diction, and showed in some passages much rhetorical beauty It lasted a little more than an hour and a quarter, but was listened to with close attention throughout. After introductory remarks referring to the first Assembly, held a century ago (1789) in this city, and to Dr. Witherspoon's sermon on that occasion, from the same text with that chosen by himself, the preacher took a survey of the kingdom of God in the world and particularly of the Presbyterian Church, and then proceeded to expound the "affinities" of that church It was this latter half of the sermon in which the interest culminated. In the former part—to make no other criticism—there was the too common ignoring of early English Presbyterianism, in itself and as a factor in the Presbyterianism of America, but the latter and more practical part was broad, catholic, and hopeful in its tone, and called forth, even in the church, several irrepressible manifestations of agreement and delight. The first point touched upon here was that of Presbyterian unity in America, going back to the division of the eighteenth century, with a few words in regard to the failure to join into one church all presbyterially organized bodies—passing down to the division of 1837, healed in 1870, and including a kind and discreet reference to the impending negotiations with the Southern Church. There followed the essential oneness of Presbyterianism with other Christian bodies, with the universal Church on earth, with the civil Constitution of the United States, and with mankind at large.

Some of the most catholic sentences of the Moderator's sermon were the following, several of them received with applause:

As to the reunion of Old School and New School, in 1869: "Never was union more hearty and complete. There were no compromises, no submissions, and no cankering jealousies were left behind. All traces of the old dividing lines are to-day completely effaced, and the memory of them is preserved only by a few fossiliferous antiquarians, whose conversation is not with the living present but with the dead past."

As to the reunion with the Southern Church: "Judging from our past experiences, and remembering the attractive power of the standards when held in their integrity, while, of course, there will be oppositions and obstructions and delays, they will surely, and at the right time, come together again."

As to harmony within the Church: "As from our mount of vision we look abroad over its wide expanse to day, we see the Church united as never before. We have now no 'liberal subscription,' for we have no illiberal subscription; no 'broad, generous Presbyterianism,' for we have no narrow, ungenerous Presbyterianism; no 'elective affinities,' for we have no unelective affinities; no old school, for we have no new school. If here and there some echoes of the old battle cries still linger, they are too few and faint to disturb our repose."

As to unity with the Church Universal: "Presbyterian catholicity is not a mere sentiment, or a thing of formal profession and platform proclamation. It is a fundamental doctrine embodied in the very heart of our confession." "We are one of a great federation of Christian commonwealths, many in one. We do not outlaw any, nor treat them as 'aliens from the commonwealth of Israel,' because of their 'doctrine of baptisms, or of laying on of hands.' These 'first principles'—the A B C's of the primer—as the Apostle calls them, we have left behind with other childish things, and are going on to the higher lessons of the perfection beyond. We recognize the membership, the ministry, and the ordinances of all particular churches." "Beyond the truth we hold apart, we find in the larger truth we hold in common a broad enough basis for communion with the Church Universal. With all particular churches, even those most remote, we recognize some point of vital contact. We are at one with the Greek Church, the Papal Church, and every Church, as to the great distinctive doctrine of Christianity, the doctrine at this time most fiercely assailed—the doctrine of God. We worship the same God, Father, Son, Spirit, the great Three in One, the God of the earliest creeds, and of every creed. We join the Church Universal in its protest against atheism, materialism, pantheism, and godless scientism."

"We accept the historic episcopacy of the New Testament, of the earliest Fathers, of Waldenses, of Culdees, and Lollards, and all reformers before the Reformation; the episcopacy of Calvin, of Knox, of Wesley, of Cranmer, of Reynolds, and Usher, and the Fathers and founders of the Anglican Church. In common with all Christendom, we repeat the Apostles' Creed. In all union societies and common evangelistic labors, Presbyterians are always found in the front rank, for there is nothing in their creed, and nothing in their hearts, to prevent the fullest recognition and co-operation.

"We believe that the visible Church is one, one organically, one Body for the inhabitation of one Spirit. Because of the hardness of our hearts there has, indeed, been a schism in the body; and eye and ear have been saying to hands and feet, We have no need of thee. Because of our manifold infirmities, denominations were needful in the past, and are needful still, just as the stars are needful before the all-glorious sun appears, just as winter's gloom is needful to prepare the way for spring, gladness, and summer glory, just as Jewish types and shadows were needful to prepare the way for the great coming One. 'But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.' The visible Church is one. The day is coming when these schisms in the body shall be healed, and its external, organic, visible unity be manifested to the world. Then the mighty power which Episcopacy and Papacy derive from their external unity will belong to the Church Universal. Then, and then only, will the world believe in this hitherto unexampled working of the spirit of unity in Christian hearts, in this coming together in council and convention of those most nearly allied to each other, in this eager stretching out of hands toward each other by those farthest and longest estranged, in this earnest searching everywhere after agreements instead of differences, in this consciousness of the absolute necessity of the strength which comes from union in the battle of the great day of God Almighty against this mighty host arrayed under their one black banner, we hail the signs of promise, the morning star of coming day. May God hasten it in its time!"

In these utterances there is much that is cautious, diplomatic, some things perhaps not quite accurate; they are carefully worded, but, honestly spoken and accepted, they are significant of the temper in which all the difficult detailed problems of Christian unity must be approached if they are ever to be solved.

The keynote of Christian fraternity struck by the retiring Moderator in his sermon appears to be echoed among members of the Assembly at large, and it is in no contradiction to this that one is compelled to observe how slight the prospect is of any decisive action this year in the direction of union with other Christian bodies. The great question is, of course, that of reunion with the Southern Presbyterian Church (by its official name, "The Presbyterian Church in the United States"). There is an evident and widespread conviction in the Assembly that the sentiment in the Southern Church, owing to the attitude of some Northern bodies and newspapers, but still more to the untiring efforts of the stalwart opposers of reunion in the South itself, is distinctly less favorable to reunion than it was a year ago. This seems to be particularly true in the border States, so that neither is the influence of these States likely to be immediately exerted on the Southern Church, as a whole, in the direction of union with the Northern Church, nor is there much talk of the kind so common at the last Assembly in Omaha, that if the reunion of the two churches were long deferred, the Southern Church would disintegrate, and border Presbyteries and Synods would independently ask to be received by the Northern Church. This attitude of the Southern Presbyterians, of course, dampens the ardor of many Northern advocates of reunion, and seems to put any final action much further off than many supposed when the Committees of Conference were appointed in 1887. The only action thus far taken by the Assembly is to fix next Friday, May 25, as the day for consideration of the Committee's report. There was a warm little debate on the proposition to defer discussion of it until after the visit of the Southern Assembly, fixed for Thursday, May 24 The Committee, and some others, were desirous of immediate consideration, but the desire to avoid the delicate subject until after the guests should have been welcomed and entertained prevailed. There may not impossibly be some warm talk when the matter is at length before the body for debate.

The chief business of Thursday afternoon was the election of the Moderator. There were five nominees, but one, Dr. Christie, of St. Paul, asked and obtained leave to withdraw his name. The successful candidate was the Rev. Charles L Thompson, D D, of Kansas City, whose nomination, proposed by Dr. Howard Crosby and seconded by Dr. Herrick Johnson, rallied the representatives of the West and Southwest about it, and secured an ample majority. The next highest name was that of Dr. McCosh, who would probably have been voted for still more largely if it had been confidently supposed that he was adequate to the severe strain and the responsibility, at once arduous and delicate, of the Moderatorship. Dr. Thompson has already made the impression of a vigorous, capable presiding officer.

The Committee of Correspondence on Church Unity, whose especial duty it is to negotiate with the Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church with reference to the Bishops' proposed terms of union, is holding meetings, and will make a report of their proceedings to the Assembly. It is hoped and expected that this Committee will be continued for further conference. No one expects any striking immediate results from their interchange of views with the Episcopal brethren, but it is of great value to have the points of difference frankly and courteously stated and discussed, and it is by no means impossible that the outcome of this correspondence may, after a time, be a distinct step in the direction of the visible union in Christian work and mutual recognition of these two important bodies

It is difficult, however, to forecast so early the action of a large representative assembly, composed to a great extent of new material, and compelled to act promptly upon grave questions. By the time this letter appears in print some things will be more fully matured than they are to-day, and it will be easier to see whether the One Hundredth General Assembly is to be remembered for anything else than its centennial character.

CHRIST'S GOSPEL TO THE POOR.

BY THE REV. EDWARD JUDSON.

THE evangelization of the poor Christ regarded as a conclusive evidence of his own Messiahship. His response to John's honest doubt was, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them"—in other words, "The poor are evangelized." What is Christ's Gospel to the poor? It would seem good news indeed to the poor man to be told that the world's wealth would be divided to-morrow, and he would get his equal share; but is this Christ's good news to him? Did Christ awaken and constantly cherish the passions of envy, suspicion and hate in the poor man's breast? Did he advocate any nostrum by which poverty would be cured off hand? Did he clothe that great abstraction called the *State* with almost omnipotent functions? No. Even if the poor man should be suddenly lifted out of his miserable environment by a stroke of legislative sleight of-hand, would he not sink back again unless his character were changed? The race has always risen by slow and winding processes. Wise legislation may accomplish something, but it is not to be depended upon for the cure of economic sores. Social short-cuts only arouse suspicion in the thoughtful mind. We are reminded of the question which the suspicious old patriarch Isaac asked of his son Jacob returning too soon with the venison soup: "How is it thou hast found it so quickly, my son?"

On the other hand, Christ did not preach that we

were to stand calmly by and say to the poor man, "Your suffering is good for you. It will make you better." That is as bad as the Inquisition which screwed a man's thumb until the blood spurted from under the nail, and all for the good of his soul. To *let* a man suffer for his soul's sake is as bad as to *make* him suffer. If I see a man drowning, and hesitate to throw him a rope, is it not murder? That is not the Christian view, but only a caricature. None do as much as Christians to relieve the poor.

What, then, is Christ's Gospel to the poor? He imparts the great truth of the Fatherhood of God. This truth, when it has once floated into a man's mind, will proceed to change his character. And, as Dr. Chalmers used to say, character is the parent of comfort. Let a man become a true Christian, and his environment will, in the nature of the case, improve. The Bible lays down certain great principles as follows: "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed." "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his children begging bread." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." These great truths are sure to tell in the long run. Life is so short, and civilized conditions of existence, especially in our great cities, so complicated, that these principles may not always have time to work themselves out completely in every individual case. But let us be patient. Virtuous Christian behavior will begin to bear the fruit of physical comfort in our own lives; and in the lives of our children the principle will have a more ample realization. For the Bourbon king's "After us the deluge" let us substitute Schiller's "Es lebt nach uns"—people will be living after we get through. This may seem to some very thin comfort, but it is all the comfort there is. It may seem tedious and prosaic, but it may be set down as true.

Besides all this, the truths of the Christian revelation, when once taken into the heart, will breed contentment even in suffering. When Goethe was asked to visit America he said, pointing to his own breast, "America is here, or it is nowhere." Christianity gives a man an inward quietness which is independent of circumstance. Like the old minister, he learns to spell *disappointments* with an *h—His appointments*, and discovers that our earthly conditions are only the squalid, murky suburbs of the heavenly city.

The most convincing argument, then, for Christianity is that it cures social ills. If a church is not doing this it is essentially pagan, with perhaps a thin veneering of Christianity. It is supplying infidels with their best arguments. Mission work is the very chivalry of Christianity. It is the duty of individual Christians to carry light into the darkest places. They should

> "Haunt not the fringy edges of the fight,
> But the pell-mell of men."

And though they sometimes feel that they are left out on the skirmish line unsupported, let them remember that if they can realize the ideas of Jesus, even on a small scale, they will furnish an object lesson which will comfort Christian workers everywhere; and those who now deem their views impracticable will be the first by and by to say, "I told you so."

TRANSFORMATION.

By Joel Benton.

SUMMER has sunshine and banks of flowers,
And Summer is coming by coast and bay—
The golden circuit of all the hours
Is leading the pageant that drifts to May.

The merciless sway of the bitter blast
That binds the earth by an icy chain
Will pass like a shadow some cloud has cast
When the sun's new forces possess the plain.

The birds shall hasten with household ways—
How surely they make their prompt return!
The song of the bluebird has no delays,
And the breast of the robin begins to burn.

Bright are the banners they come to bear—
Hope's jubilant message inflames each soul!
The edge of the Winter they love to dare
From some fence or tree-top or frosty knoll.

I hear those notes which break the spell
Of forces that swept from the Northland down—
For Spring, with her annual miracle,
Has touched the fields and tinted the town.

In the robin's song who thinks of fears,
Or doubt, or darkness, or doleful days?
On this sunny prospect which rounds the years,
The film drops off from the skeptic's maze.

Oh, Summer has sunshine and banks of flowers,
And Summer is coming by coast and bay;
The golden circuit of all the hours
Is leading the pageant that drifts to May!

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH TOWARD THEM.

THE ACTS AND DECREES OF THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE.

IN TWO PARTS.—I.

I.—HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL.

WHILE we heartily deprecate the stirring up of sectarian animosities, we have nevertheless thought that a study of the attitude of the Romish Church in this country toward education may prove both timely and beneficial. Such a study must be interesting both to the student of history and to the practical man of the world, to say nothing of those men and women for whom nearly the whole of life is summed up in the two words—religion and education. The student of history must be glad to learn how the Church which has included both Gregory the Great and Leo the Tenth among her Pontiffs stands related to-day to a problem which has exercised her from her very foundation; and the student of American history in particular should be deeply concerned in the outcome of the labors of Marquette, and those other noble men who, whatever we may think of the faith they held, could nevertheless

> "translate the stubbornness of Fortune
> Into so quiet and so sweet a style."

The man of affairs, on the other hand, cannot be indifferent to the decrees of a Council which controls the votes and opinions of over eight millions of his fellow-citizens, when those decrees are hostile to that system of public education which he has long since come to look upon as the corner stone of his country's greatness. If, therefore, apology were needed for the following sketch, that apology has been already given.

The sub-title shows that we have taken as authority for our statements of fact the "Concilii Plenarii Baltimorensis III. Acta et Decreta," which acts and decrees were approved by the Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII, on the 10th of September, 1885, recognized by the Sacra Congregatio de Propaganda Fide on the twenty-first of the same month, and published by John Murphy & Co. at Baltimore in the following year. But before proceeding upon our appointed task it may be well to give our readers a definite idea of what the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore really was[1].

The growth of the Catholic Church in America has been remarkable in many ways. No matter what our religious opinions may be, we are compelled to admire the zeal and self-abnegation of the men who have built it up in the ninety-eight years that have elapsed since John Carroll was put at the head of the few and scattered "faithful" as first Bishop of the See of Baltimore. But, however much we may admire these qualities, this is not the place to dwell upon them; we can only call attention to the fact that from the first Synod of 1791 to the Third Plenary Council of 1884 we have a series of councils in the increasing number of whose members and the frequency of whose sittings a reliable measure can be found for the growth and prosperity of the church which they represented.

In 1829 we find the First Provincial Council meeting in Baltimore, presided over by Archbishop Whitfield, and attended by five bishops, one vicar apostolic, and certain distinguished theologians. In 1833 the Second Provincial Council came together, and we find four additional bishops, two of whom had, however, been consecrated prior to 1829. At the Council of 1833 there are no new bishops; at the Fourth, held in 1840, three new sees are represented; in 1843 three more appear; in 1846 we find six new bishops; in 1849 there are two.

But a national council was now a necessity, and in 1852 the First Plenary Council of the Catholic Church assembled in Baltimore. Archbishop Kenrick presided as Delegate Apostolic from the Holy See; under him were five archbishops and twenty-three bishops, the late Cardinal McCloskey being among the latter. This Council sat for eleven days during the month of May, and promulgated twenty-five decrees, which mainly related to ecclesiastical discipline.

A Second Plenary Council was to have been held in 1862, but the state of the country prevented its coming together. In 1866 the undivided church again assembled at Baltimore in Plenary Council. The second edition of its Acts and Decrees is now before us. We find them subscribed to by Martin John Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore and Delegate Apostolic from the Holy See, by six other archbishops, by thirty-seven bishops, by one administrator, by one procurator and vicar apostolic, and by two mitered abbots. The present Cardinal was assistant Chancellor to this Council. The decrees are very complete, and are divided into fourteen "titles," among which we notice a full and interesting exposition of the orthodox faith and certain special errors, also the speedy recognition of a new field of labor among the emancipated slaves. The position of the Church with regard to secret societies is also laid down in unambiguous language. The work of this Council relative to education will be treated incidentally hereafter.

We now come to the main field of our labor, the Third Plenary Council, held in Baltimore from November 9 to December 7, 1884. Archbishop James Gibbons presided as Delegate Apostolic. As subscribers we find the names of fourteen archbishops, fifty-six bishops, one vicar apostolic elect, three procurators, one archabbot, six abbots, and one superior-general. In addition to these the Council was attended by thirty-one superiors of religious orders, by eleven heads of seminaries, and by eighty-eight theologians—a total of 212 persons, not including the protonotaries, etc. Cardinal McCloskey and six bishops were absent on account of sickness. These figures may seem dull to many, but to our mind, at least, they speak volumes.

The decrees before us are divided into eleven titles, and are mainly concerned with the introduction of the canon law into this country. Only three pages are given to a discussion of "the Catholic faith," the work of the preceding council being apparently regarded as sufficient. A glance at the chapter "On Sacraments" will likewise serve to differentiate the work of the two great councils. In that of 1866 the theologian predominated; in that of 1884, as might have been expected from the growth of the Church and the complexity of its interests, the canonist.

But enough has been said upon these introductory topics. We now know what the Plenary Councils have been; it behooves us to study the action they have taken with regard to education. As they have chosen to devote separate decrees to the education of the clergy and to that of the laity, let us divide our subject likewise. We give this paper to a consideration of the decrees of this Council respecting lay education, reserving for a second paper those decrees which relate to the special education of the clergy.

II.—DECREES CONCERNING LAY EDUCATION.

"The friends of Christian education do not condemn the State for not imparting religious instruction in the public schools as they are now organized; because they well know it does not lie within the province of the State to teach religion. They simply follow their conscience by sending their children to denominational schools, where religion can have its rightful place and influence." So say the Archbishops and Bishops in their Pastoral Letter; but we find in the prize essay, "The Catholic Church in the United States," by John A. Russell, A.B., the following expression of what may be deemed current Catholic opinion:

"For thirty years and more the Catholic population of this country have been forced to pay tribute to a system of godless education of which not one can conscientiously take advantage. The Catholic protests against paying for the education of other than their own children were made in the earliest days of the Know-Nothing era, and were hurled back as arguments in favor of the enmity of Catholics to free institutions. But Know Nothingism has passed away, and the school question still remains in all its glaring injustice. Millions of money are annually taken from Catholics for the support of schools in which they have no interest. [The same is the case with bachelors and spinsters, childless couples, patrons of private schools, and that not unnumerous body of men, included in the above, who do not believe in free education. The gist of the whole matter lies in the answer to the question whether a system of public schools fosters the material and moral interests of a country. If the answer be affirmative, then all the classes above mentioned get a full interest on their money—they can only complain of the compulsion exercised upon them, and such a complaint is idle until men find something better than a government by the majority. It may finally be remarked that, in a country of universal suffrage, the affirmative answer seems inevitable, and that it has been made by men as widely apart as Matthew Arnold and Mr. Mill.] The Catholic considers it unfair to tax him for the support of schools from which all ideas of religion are excluded, nor can he accept those in which a false religion is taught; for between godlessness and error the choice is only slightly in favor of the latter."

Surely this language is unambiguous and well worthy of attention. But let us examine somewhat more specifically the charges brought against our public schools.

From the "Instructio de Scholis Publicis ad Episcopos Americæ Septentrionalis Fœderatæ" given in the appendix to the Acts and Decrees of the Third Council, we translate the following passages:

"Very often the Sacred Congregation for Propagating the Faith has been informed that the very gravest losses are impending over the Catholic youth in the United States of North America from what they call there the public schools. This sad information caused the aforesaid Sacred Congregation to determine to propose to the Bishops of that jurisdiction [*ditionis*] not a few questions which looked partly to the causes why the faithful allow their children to frequent non-

[1] For fuller information see the Memorial Volume of the Third Plenary Council, published by the Baltimore Publishing Company, 1885.

Catholic schools, partly to the means by which youths can be more easily kept from schools of this description. . . . And in the first place the peculiar methods of instruction in such schools ought to be considered. They have seemed, indeed, to the Sacred Congregation to be full of danger *ex se* and thoroughly adverse to Catholicism. For the pupils of such schools, whose very nature excludes all religious teaching, neither learn the rudiments of the faith nor are instructed in the precepts of the Church, and so are wanting in that knowledge most necessary to man, without which a Christian life cannot be lived. [From this it would seem that the Sacred Congregation has little opinion of the ability of "faithful" parents to give their children any lasting religious instruction—or can it be that it fears that the instruction they do give cannot stand the light of day?] For, indeed, in those schools youths are educated from their first boyhood, . . . at which age, it is evident, the seeds of virtue or of vice tenaciously take root. If an age so flexible, therefore, grow up apart from religion, it is doubtless a huge evil. Moreover, in the aforesaid schools, disjoined from the authority of the Church, teachers are employed from every sect indiscriminately, and, furthermore, there is no law to prevent their bringing ruin upon youth, so that they are free to sow errors and seeds of vice in youthful minds. Likewise certain corruption impends from this; viz., that in these same schools, or at least in a majority of them, youth of either sex congregate in the same room for having their lessons heard, and males are ordered to sit alongside of females on the same bench. All which things bring it about that youth is miserably exposed to loss on the side of faith, and morals are endangered. Unless this danger of perversion be removed, such schools cannot be frequented with a safe conscience. *Id vel ipsa clamat lex naturalis et divina*"

Then follow the measures of caution to be adopted. Catholics are to everywhere have schools peculiar to themselves, "by no means inferior to the public schools." Funds are to be supplied by the "faithful," the rich contributing in proportion to their means.

But the Congregation is not ignorant that Catholic parents can sometimes conscientiously send their children to the public schools. That, however, cannot be except for sufficient cause, and what such sufficient cause is must be left—*more Catholico*—to the conscience and judgment of the Ordinary, and will chiefly be "when either there is no Catholic school ready to hand, or when that which is at hand is too little fit for educating children in a manner becoming and suitable to their condition." This is suspiciously like a concession made to the rich, hardly conformable with the extracts given above. It is, however, only justice to add that this concession is accompanied by many admonitions and provisions against danger. The "Instructio" concludes with the proper menace to those contumacious parents who continue to patronize the public schools.

Turning now to the Acts and Decrees, we find that Title VI. reads: "De Catholica Juventutis Institutione;" in the Decrees of the Second Council the same subject is treated under Title IX: "De Juventute Instituenda, Pieque Emdienda." The insertion of the word *Catholica* and the greater length of treatment to be found in the latter decrees mark the increasing interest taken by Catholics in what is now the most important problem confronting them. Title VI. is divided into two chapters, on the parochial and higher schools respectively.

After citing the evils of a merely secular education and sundry texts such as "No man can serve two masters," and "He that is not with me is against me,' which can hardly be said to do anything more than beg the question, the Archbishops and Bishops decree:

"Therefore we not only of our parental love exhort Catholic parents, but we even charge them, by all the authority we possess, that they procure for their dearly beloved offspring, given to them by God, born again to Christ in baptism, and destined for heaven, an education truly Catholic and Christian; and that they defend their children during the whole period of infancy and boyhood from the dangers of a merely secular education; . . . and that for that purpose they send them to parochial or other truly Catholic schools, unless by chance the Ordinary judge that in a particular case something else can be permitted" (No. 196)

The First and Second Plenary Councils had already decreed in no ambiguous language the necessity of the establishment of such parochial schools. These decrees are cited by the last Council, together with the "Instructio" just quoted from and an Encyclical Letter of Leo the Thirteenth's to the Bishops of France; and, in accordance with all this, four decrees or statutes are declared, to impress upon the priest, the parish, and all Catholic parents the necessity of founding and patronising such parochial schools (No. 199)

This brings us to the second section of Chapter I., "Of the ways and means for promoting Parish Schools."

"And first as regards priests," say the archbishops and bishops and attendant theologians, "we have determined that the candidates for holy orders now in the seminaries be sedulously taught that one of the chief duties of the priest, especially in these our times, is the Christian instruction of youth, and that that is not possible without either parish schools or others truly Catholic. And so in the studies of psychology, pedagogy, and pastoral theology let special attention be had to the subject of the instruction of boys" (No. 201) The priest is then told to love his school "*sicut pupillas oculorum*" as the apple of his eye, to visit them frequently, and to teach history and the catechism himself, if possible He must take care also "that books compiled *(concinnati)* by Catholic writers be always used in the schools" (No. 201 fin.) And here we cannot help noticing a felicity in the use of the word *concinnati* which doubtless was involuntary on the part of the framers of the decree; for the ante-classical and post-Augustan word which they have chosen, properly means "skillfully fitted together," and when it is remembered that Catholic books are made by carefully paring and fitting facts, we think that the felicity of the phrase will be at once apparent.

The next section (No. 202) bids the laity consider the school as an integral part of the parish, "without which even the very existence of the parish in the future is endangered." They are to supply the schools with "a competent and generous sustentation." They are to join societies formed for the purpose of rendering such schools practically free by their contributions. Certain rights and privileges with regard to the schools, to be more accurately defined by diocesan statutes, are to be granted to the laity, "saving ecclesiastical rights as to appointing and dismissing teachers as well as regards discipline and direction of teaching" *(doctrinæ)* which saving clause, taken in connection with the future statutes, would not seem to leave many rights and privileges to the laity.

A Diocesan Commission of Examination is to be nominated by each bishop, to examine teachers and award a diploma without which no teacher can be engaged in any parish school. This diploma is to be good for five years and in every parish, and after the lapse of this period a second and last examination is to be required (No 203) Beside this board, school commissions, composed of one or more priests, are to be appointed for the inspection of schools, and such commissions are to make full reports to the bishop of the diocese (No. 204). Normal schools are also to be established whenever it is possible. All these decrees must be "pondered and observed with religious zal, that our parochial schools may more and more increase in number and worth, and daily stand forth, not only as a hope and pillar to the Church, but also an honor and glory to the Republic" (No. 207)

With regard to higher schools for Catholics of means, the "faithful" are implored "to accelerate that happy state of things in which there may be Catholic academies, colleges, and universities, as numerous as excellent" (No. 209). Wherefore Catholic parents are exhorted not to send their children to Protestant high schools, but to such academies as have been founded by their own Church, being always mindful of the word of the Lord, "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (No 210)

In consideration of the fact that many Protestant parents send their children to Catholic schools, the prelates say: "Although we do not absolutely prohibit outsiders being received, nevertheless we strongly advise the Superiors that they keep a more religious guard over their pupils in proportion as they are mixed, so that not only may the Catholics not suffer any detriment from the non-Catholics, but also that the non Catholics may not suffer any scandal from the Catholics." In such mixed schools the greatest zeal is to be exercised that the Catholic pupils may be defended from the dangers of indifferentism, and that no disputes about religious matters may take place, "for not by noise of words and strife of argument, but rather by the prayers and virtuous examples of the Catholic preceptors and pupils . . . will those who are outside be restored to the unity of the church, led by the saying of the Saviour, 'Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit'" (No. 213)

Finally, it may be noted that the provisions of the Second Council with regard to reformatory schools are not repeated by the prelates of the Third. It was deplored that many Catholic children were exposed to evil influences in such schools in addition to the accumulated stock of such influences derived from their former habits of life. It was admitted in the Pastoral Letter of 1866 that it was a melancholy fact that a very large proportion of the idle and vicious youth of our principal cities were the children of Catholic parents, and it was there stated that the only remedy for the evil would be to provide Catholic protectories or industrial schools. Accordingly, decrees were passed looking to this object; but as the idea of industrial schools for reformation of youthful culprits has never taken full root in this country, the Third Council probably thought that the work of its predecessor in this regard was sufficient.

We have thus reviewed the Catholic system of education. Its hostility to the public schools is apparent; it therefore behooves those who have the welfare of the cause of free education at heart to consider well what steps shall be taken to counteract that hostility. On one side is an undivided Church, presided over by a determined and capable hierarchy; on the other, countless good intentions not easily focalized, or, if focalized, too liable to kindle into those flames of popular passion which so often disgrace even the freest countries

But we have already said enough; it remains only to add that we hope our translations have been correct and impartial, and our comments moderate and timely.

ENGLISH ECHOES.

By the Rev. James Johnston A.S.A.

A VIGOROUS correspondence has been proceeding in the columns of the London "Standard," consequent upon an article deploring the inferior quality and declining influence of "London Sermons," with immediate reference to those of the Anglican Church. It was observed that the Reformation exalted the position of the preacher in England, as throughout all the countries where the Reformed churches were planted. Macaulay had also alluded to the marked ability of London preachers at the period of the English Revolution; and again, a century later, Johnson commended the high literary style displayed in the pulpits. At the present day, however, while there were many preachers in the Church of England who succeeded in kindling the emotions and in stirring the intellect, their number was less than would have been found half a century ago—to say nothing of the palmy prestige maintained by the London pulpit in the times of "Gibson, Hare, and Sherlock." In discussing the reasons of the poverty of Episcopalian preaching, the article noted the powerful reaction against sermons which set in with the High Church Revival. Even before the advent of that revival the Liturgy had begun to reassert its lost supremacy in the rural districts, which had latterly taken increased hold of the town and city services. Less value was consequently attached to the function of preaching, and the art of preaching was largely overlooked—in addition to this, the preacher, unlike most public workers, was beyond the reach of criticism or satire, and, as a rule, was inadequately fitted to grapple with abstract themes. A shoal of replies came from London clergymen and others, who almost unanimously allowed the correctness of the strictures. Their reasons for this failure may be briefly summarized: 1 The absolute impossibility, on account of parochial work, to devote sufficient time to pulpit preparation. 2 The brief time allotted in the Church of England service in order to admit of the subject being made interesting. 3 The lack of previous training for efficiency in pulpit ministrations. 4 The difficulty of treating the Gospel for a lengthened period with freshness and originality. Several of the correspondents openly advocated the establishment of Preaching Orders for the purpose of relieving and supporting the ordinary clergy.

Appalling revelations are being elicited by Lord Dunraven's Committee of the House of Lords on the Sweating System. The term "sweating" is said to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "swat," which signified deriving profit from other people's labor. Important evidence was supplied by Mr. Arnold White, author of "Problems of a Great City." He spoke of the sweater as a man who "grinds the face of the poor"—a man without capital, skill, or speculation. Sweaters had been known who, without any knowledge of the trade, or doing any work themselves, had regularly made a profit of £30 per week. The sweater was usually a foreigner who had been sweated himself. The system mainly prevailed in the boot trade, tailoring, and shirt-making. Its victims were composed of "foreign paupers" from Minsk, Odessa, and Central Europe, who were either induced to emigrate or driven forth by persecution and expulsion. In appearance the witnesses were recognizable by their miserably stricken aspect, tattered clothes, and worn, wan looks, many of whom were compelled to work eighteen hours a day for a small pittance, meanwhile subsisting on dry, hard, coarse bread and coffee. The men were pertinaciously industrious, of good morals, very fond of their children, but in regard to cleanliness abominable. "They knew no amusement, they had no pleasure in the past, no hope for the future." They were old men at forty, and their offspring, though very intelligent, were physically degenerate. Mr. White was convinced that if the immigration of foreign paupers was stopped the sweating system would cease. A witness named Solomon Rosenberg stated that he had been in England eighteen years working for an average age of 15s. per week, out of

which he paid 9s. 6d. for rent oil for his lamp, etc., and had to support himself, his wife, and six children with the remainder. Another witness called Wildman worked from five in the morning till half-past twelve at night for 15s. 8d. per week, and, for the single room four and a half yards square in which he lived with his wife and six children, he paid four shillings per week. In the same house there were upwards of one hundred persons living under similar conditions. It was no surprise that the living-rooms of these poor people were always in a dirty condition when, as an intelligent witness named Hoffman remarked, he had known in the Spitalfields district eighteen persons living in one room measuring nine feet by fifteen feet. In reply to the Chairman, witness attributed the rise of the sweating system within the last eight years to the introduction of machinery—which enabled almost any man to enter the boot trade and grind down wages—the immigration of foreigners, and the absence of inspectors of workshops. It was just as necessary to apply the Factory Act to adult male labor as it was to the work of women and children. Although the sweating system was chiefly confined to the foreign sweaters and their "greeners," Mr. White also brought forward evidence in relation to what he termed the sweating of Christian by Christian, contrasted with the sweating of Jew by Jew. The Jewish houses were often better than Christian sweating houses. In the manufacture of garments a vest was made outright for 5d., and a woman could make about four in the day. A bespoke shirt which he exhibited, with fourteen buttonholes, was made for 1s.; the sweater got 2s., and the shirt was sold for 7s. 6d. The case of a Hungarian girl of eighteen was mentioned who worked from a quarter to seven in the morning to half-past eight at night, for from 3s. to 8s. per week. By several reliable witness it was shown that in the East End and also in Central London the poorest workers on low-class goods are cut down by a subdividing system, and are completely in the hands of sharks. A poor fur cape maker said: "I work from eight to eight, and earn five shillings a week, sometimes less." It is reported that hundreds are engaged in this terrible slavery. According to the "Lancet" Commission the sweating system is notoriously bad in Liverpool, and similarly spreading in Leeds. They declare that what they have witnessed in the former city sufficiently proves the existence of a "deep-seated sore in our social system."

On Saturday, April 21, an address was presented to the Rev. Dr. Martineau, it being his eighty-third birthday, signed by over six hundred representative men of letters, philosophy, and science; by many University and college professors in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France, Holland, and America; by representative members of the Anglican and Nonconformist Churches of England; by those belonging to the various sects of the Scottish Presbyterian Church; in America, by the bishops of the Episcopal Church, and the clergy of all denominations; by the head-masters and many of the staff of the great English public schools; by Members of both Houses of Parliament, and many others who recognize the services which Dr. Martineau has rendered to philosophical and religious thought during his long life of usefulness. After congratulating the venerable teacher on having completed recently two great and important works, at an age when most men, if their days are prolonged, find it necessary to rest from their labors, the address continues: "You have taught your generation that both in politics and religion there are truths above party, independent of contemporary opinion, and which cannot be overthrown, for their foundations are in the heart of man; you have shown that there may be an inward unity transcending the divisions of the Christian world, and that the charity and sympathy of Christians are not to be limited to those who bear the name of Christ; you have sought to harmonize the laws of the spiritual with the laws of the natural world, and to give to each their due place in human life; you have spoken to us of a hope beyond this world; you have given rest to the minds of many. In addressing you, we are reminded of the words of Scripture: 'His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated,' and we wish you yet a few more years both of energetic thought and honored rest."

The birthday of Shakespeare was celebrated at Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, with decorations, performances, and public rejoicings. The Shakespeare's Birthplace Trustees, and similar bodies, will not meet until May 5 (Shakespeare's birthday, old style). Mr. Irving is then expected to be present. At the annual meeting of the subscribers to the Shakespeare Memorial Library in Birmingham, it was reported that the library now contains 8,041 volumes, and is increasingly resorted to, not only as a memorial, but for the purpose of research by both English and foreign students. The Urban Club kept the celebration at Anderton's Hotel, London, when a distinguished company of scholars, scientists, and men of letters gathered around the festal board. The Chairman, Mr. G. Barnett-Smith, called attention to the humanity of Shakespeare, which was never false or strained, but always healthful and free. It was at once apparent and yet subtle, infusing each of his creations with marvelous vitality. Whatever those creations, they were always human to the core. Shallow was as human as Wolsey, Dromio as Julius Cæsar. An impressive address was concluded by the Chairman's affirming that in the remotest future the writings of Shakespeare must continue the most priceless treasure and chiefest glory of their noble English literature.——At the sale of Mr. George Godwin's collection of ancient chairs and relics a few days ago the chair which excited the greatest interest was that formerly belonging to Shakespeare. It was described as a small stiff square in oak, in which the poet wrote many of his plays. The biddings commenced with an offer of five guineas, when the competition became most intense and prolonged, and, amidst a tumult of applause, it was ultimately sold for one hundred and twenty.

THE WAGNER SUMMER FESTIVAL.

By John R. Howard.

I—BAYREUTH.

On the 22d of next July will be opened the fifth of those unique and select gatherings of the musical world which have forever identified the name of the great Wagner with the little old city of Bayreuth in the highlands of Bavaria. Whether or not we appreciate the methods and enjoy the results of Wagner's genius, it is too late to deny greatness to the man whose thought has permeated the consciousness of his generation and given rise to a revolution in the science and art of musical expression; and the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth has become a striking world-celebration of this man's influence. At the approaching season, which will last from July 22 till August 19 the works to be given are "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"—that semi-comic, grotesque, mediæval work, the scene of which lies in the antique neighboring city whose name it bears—and "Parsifal"—the consummate flower of Wagner's pious soul, his piercing intuitions of human nature, his poetic and musical genius, and his wonderful constructive faculty, acuminated and empowered as it was by profound scientific knowledge of the kindred arts and the ability to "toil terribly."

The last festival was given in 1886. I had the great good fortune to spend two weeks at it; and should be glad to arouse in the breasts of some music-lovers a desire to attend the next one, now so near, and to present to some others who cannot go, a few of the numberless pictures of that occasion which impress themselves on the memory as permanent delights. And, first, it is well worth while to look at Bayreuth itself.

It was in 1871 that Richard Wagner, then fifty eight years old, after forty years of storm and stress such as few men, whether successful or unsuccessful, are called on to encounter, chose this little city as the scene of his life's triumph. By the sheer force of genius and industry, and indomitable conviction in the practical value of his own ideas, he had compelled attention; he had gained a devoted group of followers and disciples; he had secured a king for his patron and friend, and the resources of a kingdom were placed at his disposal.

Avoiding the brilliant Munich—although King Ludwig of Bavaria wished to enrich his own capital with the fruits of his friend's genius—Wagner insisted on Bayreuth; and in 1871 called upon his adherents, the King included, to help him build his ideal theater in the quaint old city, so far aside from the line of travel and fashion that only those who wanted *Wagner* would be likely to get to it. Splendid self-conceit! but grandly justified by events.

In July, 1876 the theater—or, as it is called, the *Bühnenfestspielhaus*, the Stage-festival-play-house—was opened with the colossal series of music-dramas from the mythic legends of the Niebelungenlied, and the civilized world rang with the name and fame of Wagner. In 1882 both name and fame were exalted still higher by the production of his latest—and many think his greatest—work, the religious music-drama of "Parsifal." That autumn, wearied with his prodigious labors and distressed by an advancing heart trouble, he went to Venice for rest and stillness; and on February 13, 1883 he entered into both, forever.

The next summer saw a noble *memorial* performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, once more; and in the summer of 1886 the same grand poem of life, sin, and redemption was again enacted, together with that other marvel of music and nature, the love-legend of "Tristan und Isolde."

Thus for fifteen years had Bayreuth been identified with Wagner's glories. His beloved homelike villa is there; his great ideal festival house is there; the tide of the world's most enthusiastic music-lovers has flowed and ebbed through its streets and market places, and its chief thoroughfare has been renamed *Richard Wagner Strasse*. It is a city of about 22 000 inhabitants, and has had some stirring days of its own in years gone by, when it was a princely residence. Having joined the throng of pilgrims in the summer of 1886 with one delightful comrade, and being naturally full of thoughts about Wagner (in spite of Jean Paul Richter, who poetized and died in Bayreuth), I was interested to read in the guide-book about the place. Baedeker says: "Baireuth is indebted for its present handsome appearance mainly to [whom think you—Wagner?] the Margrave Christian, who died in 1655," and a couple of other "highnesses" early in the next century. Another remark was: "Most of the buildings are comparatively modern, few having survived the devastation occasioned by the siege of Hussites in 1430 and a conflagration in 1621." So the little old town is not a mere musical mushroom, created by a modern "boom," but has come down to us from former generations, and has "had grandfathers" of its own!

Bayreuth, indeed, is well mellowed by time, and, like an old violin, seems to have acquired that mysterious quality by which it vibrates in subtle sympathy with concord of sweet sounds. It has its antique public buildings: the Residenz or Old Palace, begun in 1454 and gradually enlarged while two hundred years rolled away; the New Palace, only a century or two old; the Court Opera-House; and many private houses, well built of stone, with oddly carved portals, and antique balconies of hammered iron, and pretty oriel windows built out in front or at commanding corners, and all the pleasant, solid look of those old European towns, the appearance of having been built to stay. It is a delightful place to ramble about in, and to circumnavigate on foot. One charming walk we had along the little river—the Rother Main—and out across the fields, though on a mediæval paved road about four feet wide. It had originally been lined with hedges on each side and a sturdy fence—"post and rail," only all of stone. The rails were gone long ago, and many of the posts, but numbers of the latter remained, leaning all ways, gray, moss-grown, patched with lichens, clustered with hedge-bush or vine, or both—the very realization of the picturesque at every step. As we walked through the meadow, looking off to the right we saw the wooded height on which stands the great Wagner Theater, about two miles from the town; we had before us a distant range of hills in lovely lines; and on our left was the winding river, making quick turns and bends, richly embowered with bushes and trees; while beyond it was another irregular expanse of meadow, out of which rose the steep banks, black-green with masses of foliage, and topped by the gray walls and odd-shaped gables and reddish-brown tiled roofs and the towers and peaks and spires of the ancient town.

I have called the house walls "gray," but that is a cold and meager word for the delicious mingled tone of grays and browns and ochres and nameless shades that these old stone walls gather from their centuries of life. And the effect of the red-brown roof-tiles is a wonderful richness, while the variety of architectural shapes—in gable and window, doorway and gateway, front and side, height and humility—and the frequent irregularity of the ground in the city itself, with charming steep-terraced gardens and old vine-covered steps and winding alleys and clambering shrubbery, keep one in a constant state of watchfulness not to miss some beautiful "bit" down a small lane, or around a lofty corner, or under a dark archway.

And another thing: the soft, warm tone of all the buildings might become monotonous to the eye, but that it is set off—"picked out," as it were—by the endless array of blooming flowers. Flowers everywhere; growing in pots, on window-ledges, snuggled up against chimneys, in yards and gardens, in huts as well as palaces, in shops as well as homes, in every imaginable place where a flower-pot could find rest or a plant get root.

Yes, it is a lovely old town; and it would be a delight even to stay there awhile with nothing to do but to wander about and look at its unconscious, ripe beauty—not made up or kept up for a show town, like the antique Nuremburg of to-day, but a genuine development, by natural selection, of the beautiful.

Yet what has all this to do with Wagner and his works? Much, every way. It shows that Wagner's long years of study, upon both the subjective and the objective sides of musical effect, and the very fact that he had been shut out from the glitter of wealth and the glamour of fashion, had given him a wonderful knowledge of the environment necessary to a full reception of his musical creations. It is a part—and a very important part—of what, but for a seeming degradation of his work, might be called the *stage setting* of his great dramas. And here one should discriminate the mere perfection of picturesque stage scenery and mechanism—important as these are, and marvelously as they are realized at Bayreuth—from that indescribable yet very positive effect upon both senses and sensibilities wrought by means of the circumstances through which Wagner

causes the pilgrim to approach and to listen. Of these, the simple old city is the first; and it is only they who go to it in the simple pilgrim spirit—unexacting in matters of physical luxury, receptive of the delights arising from natural beauty, from throngs of happy faces and the sympathy of common aims, and having an entire willingness to sacrifice other desirable things in the accomplishment of those aims—who will thoroughly enjoy a sojourn in its uneventful streets and almost rural market-places.

Even the pilgrim, however, may providently "boil the peas" for his shoes beforehand. And to this end, if any should be minded to attend the coming festival at Bayreuth next summer, I am happy to be able to testify from experience to the advisable results of deciding, one or two months before the opening, upon the exact size of the party, number of beds and rooms needed in the lodgings, and number of seats required for the musical performances. Such decision, with equally early application to the authorities, resulted in giving our party delightful rooms and ideally good seats during the two weeks spent there. It is only necessary to address the request "Wohnungs Comités, Bayreuth, Bavaria;" or, write to your selected banker, the correspondent of your American and English bankers, who will take a personal interest in securing lodgings and seats. But—*do it early!*

The performances were wisely distributed as to time: two days for music ("Parsifal" alternating with "Tristan and Isolde"), two for rest, two for music, one for rest; and the week began again. On music days a quiet morning and the midday meal brought us insensibly to the time—about 2:30 P.M.—for starting upon our leisurely walk out to the Wagner Theater, through the town, and then straight out the mile-long, tree-bordered causeway over the meadows, and up the hill to the wooded height on which stands the great playhouse. A little below it and at the sides are huge restaurants for the convenience of the multitude; finely graded and macadamized roads branch and turn amid the surrounding woods and shrubbery and lead up to the back of the theater and to the heights beyond, where are more restaurants—but all retired from the central building, the theater itself, whose massive walls rise loftily over the auditorium, and twice as high over the immense stage-space in which the endless mechanism and machinery of its marvelous scenery has to work. For a couple of hours the long road from the city has been occupied by a moving stream of people—not only "pilgrims," but the people of the town and of the neighborhood for miles around, who make it a festal day and come together to see the pageant, of which they themselves are the greatest part. During the last half-hour the roadway has been filled with carriages, bringing those who cannot or do not wish to walk. The wide spaces about the theater, and especially the graveled esplanade in front, are filled with a great throng, either good-naturedly moving about or drawn up in orderly array to look at the "nobs" descending from their carriages. One may see there the bearers of famous and noble names from every country in Europe, and, if he be still unsatisfied, he can see representatives from New York and Boston and Chicago and San Francisco and other American towns. The whole scene is full of simple gayety and kindly interest.

Suddenly, in the porch of the central entrance (used only by princes and such-like folk) appear half a dozen trumpeters, with cornets, trombones, etc., who sound forth one of the musical *motives* of the work to be given, as a first signal for the gathering of the audience, who instantly begin to find entrance and places. In ten minutes the signal is given again. Shortly after that the doors are shut; and the late comer stays out.

The auditorium is of good size, the seats numbering 1 839, with no galleries, but a row of boxes—*fürsten-loge*—at the back. The amphitheater of seats rises rapidly from front to rear. There are no aisles; entrance is had by side doors (seven on each side) to the ends of the thirty rows of seats, each door giving easy access to four or five rows. And, as you are expected to provide yourself with a programme having on the back a plan of the house, and as the tickets specify each *site-plats* and entrance-door, ushers are unnecessary, and without confusion or trouble the audience finds itself rapidly and comfortably placed.

During the ten or fifteen minutes of getting located all is in a buzz—people coming in, looking for their seats, *lorgnetting* one another, chatting, laughing, standing, moving, etc. But, of a sudden, the light begins to go down; instantly every one sinks silently into his seat, and in less than one minute the house is dark and perfectly still; the twilight of the reflected illumination from the sunken orchestra pit before the stage, and the simple, rich dark silk proscenium curtain, being all that can be seen. After quiet is assured, there is another minute of waiting (for *expectation* seems to be the key-note of Wagnerian drama), and then begins the overture (or, at each subsequent act, the prelude), the house being utterly hushed and attent; and when at the proper moment the curtain parts in the center and swiftly and steadily loops itself up in festoons at corners and sides, the silken rustle is hardly discernible, even when one listens for it, and the stage-picture at once fills the eye and fixes the interest.

Never, anywhere, not even in any solemn church service, have I seen audiences so genuinely rapt in the ostensible object of their assembling. "The play's the thing." The audience, all and singular, disappears from sight and thought; the whole attention is caught and held intensely for the sights and sounds to be presented, and already prefigured by the harmonies rising from the dimly luminous gulf, the invisible orchestra between the people and the stage.

The same effacement of all but the action of the play appears on the stage, and is evidently a principle of the Wagnerian idea. When a character is not wanted in the immediate action—even for by-play—he or she quietly walks to one side or turns the back, and is forgotten until needed again. In "Parsifal," when the "pure-hearted Fool" is brought into the Hall of the Holy Grail to witness the celebration of its solemnities, he is placed by his conductor down at the side front of the stage, near no support, with his back to the audience, and stands there for nearly forty minutes, being—with the audience—a spectator of the wonderful and beautiful scene. Although he is the central figure of the drama, he is here aside from it, doing nothing, and utterly lost sight of and forgotten for the time; yet, when the pageant is dissolved and gone, and the old knight comes back to him, asking if he understands what he has seen, and he shakes his head and is thrust out for a fool, and when afterward by his own experiences the meaning of it all is suddenly revealed to him, we see that the remorseless temporary obliteration of the hero was an essential part of the drama. So it is throughout; there is no applause, no recognition of "favorites," no individualism of any kind. *The drama proceeds.* And that is what it is all for. The effect of such concentration of purpose is something tremendous, especially in a semi-religious work like "Parsifal."

Beginning at 4 P.M., the first act of the opera took a solid hour and a half. Then, from 5:30 to 6:30, the people sauntered about the paths among the shubbery, or went to the restaurants for refreshment, or wandered in the balmy pine woods, or enjoyed the exquisite softness of declining day over the fields and hills and the distant towers of Bayreuth. It was a wise and grateful relaxation of the tension at which the nerves had been so long held. The second act occupied the next hour, the audience being, as always, summoned by the trumpet signal. From 7:30 to 8:30 there was another exodus, and this was a favorite time for dinner with many; while the last act concluded at 9:30, leaving reasonable and wholesome time for a leisurely return to the city, to some light refreshment (for which the pleasant fatigue was a preparation), and to bed. The usual sights and sounds of night in a city were not perceptible in Bayreuth; the few restaurants and cafés were open, and an occasional cigar-shop, but, for the most part, night seemed to be regarded as the time for—sleep!

Two things are necessary to a real and intelligent enjoyment of Wagner's work: a careful acquaintance with the action, sentiments, and, so far as possible, the word-language of his dramas, for a comprehension of what his music is intended to express (since in the darkness there is no chance for the hasty perusal and exasperating leaf-rattle of the "book of the play"); and, secondly, a repeated hearing of the work, insuring opportunity to gain by study familiarity with its endless beauties, such as no occasional or casual hearing can give. Leisure for both of these essentials was afforded at Bayreuth, and the perfect environment, without the distraction of any other interest, completed the satisfactory conditions.

The two operas given in 1886 cannot, of course, be here described in detail, nor is that necessary; yet there are some distinctive points, characteristic either of the works themselves or of their representation at Bayreuth, which seem worth noting.

"Tristan and Isolde" has since that time been given so often and so well in New York, under the baton of Herr Seidl, long Wagner's pupil, secretary, and friend, that it is familiar to the public, either by personal enjoyment or by newspaper description; and, in spite of its being given in a brilliantly lighted theater, with the mechanical sources of orchestral music in full view (two distinct disadvantages as compared with Bayreuth), it has made a profound impression on all who have heard it. This work is undoubtedly considered the high-water mark of Wagner's achievement in the successful embodiment of his peculiar theories of musical and dramatic expression. In no other is there such a consistent elaboration of his mode of representing each person not only, but every situation, significant idea, recurrent feeling, by a "leading motive"—a musical phrase, which is produced and reproduced whenever the person or thought or thing appears or reappears in the action of the drama, and worked into the tissue of the moving web in a distinct and recognizable line, while yet so harmonized with other parts—and often with other leading motives—as to be but a natural portion and seemingly inseparable element of the whole.

Warp of strength and woof of splendor, the musical effect of this drama is bewilderingly beautiful; the way in which the themes are inwrought together, the intricacies of delicate beauty at all manner of unexpected places, the richness of the whole harmonic groundwork, in general and in detail, present such a tissue of magnificence as it is impossible to appreciate without repeated and careful study. The first impression of it is overpowering, enthralling, so that all one's faculties are lost in a consciousness of being *borne along*, as on a flood; but with every repetition the wondrous wealth of beauty in it is more and more revealed. Doubtless the darkened auditorium, the silent audience, the perfectness of stage pictures, the invisible sunken orchestra, the singular excellence of Germany's best singers in their prime of voice and power, nerved to do their best in that venerated temple of their art, all contributed much to the impression; yet all of this, too, as well as the music and the drama, was part of the master's potent craft—his patient thought, his careful attention to minutest detail of scene and costume, his intelligent training in tone, in phrase, in group, in gesture, in look, as well as his commanding genius in the work to be presented.

Yet, after all, in spite of the dramatic splendor and musical power of "Tristan," it is essentially of the earth; its fascination is chiefly sensuous, even while we wonder at its scientific achievements. And, having witnessed pretty much all the great works of all the great composers, and comparing day by day this wonderful "Tristan" with the other work alternating with it at Bayreuth, I conclude that "Parsifal" is the grandest musical drama ever created.

And to this strange work—a blending of legend, religion, mystical symbolism, profound moral philosophy, lofty spiritual teaching—this poem of "wisdom married to immortal verse," borne in upon the soul with the eloquence of speech and song and painting and a music of almost unearthly sweetness and power, I will ask attention in a subsequent article.

THE ELECT LADY.

By George Macdonald,

Author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.—GEORGE AND THE GOLDEN GOBLET.

WITH slow-pacing shadows the hot hours crept athwart the heath, and the house, and the dead, and carried the living with them in their invisible current. There is no tide in time; it is a steady current, not returning. Happy they whom it bears inward to the center of things! Alas for those whom it carries outward to "the flaming walls of creation"! The poor old laird, who, with all his refinement, all his education, all his interest in philology, prosody, history, and *reliquial* humanity, had become the slave of a goblet, had left it behind him, had faced the empty universe empty-handed, and vanished with a shadow-goblet in his heart; the eyes that gloated over the gems had gone to help the grass to grow. But the will of the dead remained to trouble for a time the living, for it put his daughter in a painful predicament: until Crawford's property was removed from the house it would give him constant opportunity of prosecuting the suit which Alexa had reason to think he intended to resume, and the thought of which had become to her insupportable.

Great was her astonishment when she learned to what the door in the study led, and what a multitude of curious and valuable things were there of whose presence in the house she had never dreamed. She would gladly have had them for herself; and it pained her to the heart to think of the disappointment of the poor ghost when he saw, if he could see, his treasured hoard emptied out of its hidden and safe abode. For, even if George should magnanimously protest that he did not care for the things enough to claim them, and beg that they might remain where they were, she could not grant his request, for it would be to accept them from him. Had her father left them to her, she would have kept them as carefully as even he could desire—with this difference only, that she would not have shut them up from giving pleasure to others.

She was growing to care more about the truth—gradually coming to see that much she had taken for a more liberal creed was but the same falsehoods in weaker forms, less repulsive only to a mind indifferent to the paramount claims of God on his child. She saw something of the falseness and folly of attempting to recommend religion as not so difficult, so exclusive, so full of prohibition as our ancestors believed it. She saw that although Andrew might regard some things as freely given which others thought God forbade, yet he insisted on what was infinitely higher and more than the aban-

donment of everything pleasant—the abnegation, namely, of the very self, and the reception of God instead. She had hitherto been, with all her supposed progress, only a recipient of the traditions of the elders! There must be a deeper something—the real religion! She did not yet see that the will of God lay in another direction altogether than the heartiest reception of dogma!—that God was too great and too generous to care about anything except righteousness, and only wanted us to be good children!—that even honesty was but the path toward righteousness, a condition so pure that honesty itself would never more be an object of thought!

She pondered much about her father, and would find herself praying for him, careless of what she had been taught. She could not blind herself to what she knew. He had not been a bad man, as men count badness, but could she in common sense think him a glorified saint, singing in white robes? The polite, kind old man! her own father!—could she, on the other hand, believe him in flames forever? If so, what a religion was that which required her to believe it, and at the same time to rejoice in the Lord always!

She longed for something positive to believe, something into accordance with which she might work her feelings. She was still on the outlook for definite intellectual formulæ to hold. Her intercourse with Andrew had as yet failed to open her eyes to the fact that the faith required of us is faith in a person, and not in the truest of statements concerning anything, even concerning him; or to the fact that faith in the Living One, the very essence of it, consists in obedience to him. A man can obey before he is sure, and except he obey the command he knows to be right, wherever it may come from, he will never be sure. To find the truth, man or woman must be true.

But she much desired another talk with Andrew.

Persuading himself that Alexa's former feeling toward him must in her trouble reassert itself, and confident that he would find her loath to part with her father's wonderful collection, George waited the effect of the will. After the reading of it, he had gone away directly, that his presence might not add to the irritation which he concluded, not without reason, it must, even in the midst of her sorrow, cause in her; but at the end of a week he wrote saying that he felt it his duty, if only in gratitude to his friend, to inform himself as to the attention the valuable things he had left might require. He assured Alexa that he had done nothing to influence her father in the matter, and much regretted the awkward position in which his will had placed both her and him. At the same time, it was not unnatural that he should wish such precious objects to be possessed by one who would care for them as he had himself cared for them. He hoped, therefore, that she would allow him access to her father's rooms. He would not, she might rest assured, intrude himself upon her sorrow, though he would be compelled to ask her before long whether he might hope that her father's wish would have any influence in reviving the favor which had once been the joy of his life.

Alexa saw that if she consented to see him, he would take it as a permission to press his claim, and the idea was not to be borne. She wrote him, therefore, a stiff letter, telling him the house was at his service, but he must excuse herself.

The next morning brought him early to Potlurg. The cause of his haste was his uneasiness about the chalice.

Old Meg opened the door to him, and he followed her straight into the drawing-room. Alexa was there, and far from expecting him. But, annoyed at his appearance as she was, she found his manner and behavior less unpleasant than at any time since his return. He was gentle and self-restrained, assuming no familiarity beyond that of a distant relative, and gave the impression of having come against his will, and only from a sense of duty.

"Did you not have my note?" she asked.

He had hoped, he said, to save her the trouble of writing.

She handed him her father's bunch of keys, and left the room.

George went to the laird's closet, and, having spent an hour in it, again sought Alexa. The wonderful watch was in his hand.

"I feel the more pleasure, Alexa," he said, "in begging you to accept this trinket, that it was the last addition to your dear father's collection. I had myself the good fortune to please him with it a few days before his death."

"No, thank you, George," returned Alexa. "It is a beautiful thing—my father showed it me—but I cannot take it."

"It was more of you than him I thought when I purchased it, Alexa. You know why I could not offer it you!"

"The same reason exists now."

"I am sorry to have to force myself on your attention, but—"

"Dawtie!" cried Alexa.

Dawtie came running.

"Wait a minute, Dawtie. I will speak to you presently," said her mistress.

George rose. He had laid the watch on the table, and seemed to have forgot it.

"Please take the watch with you," said Alexa.

"Certainly, if you wish it!" he answered.

"And my father's keys too," she added.

"Will you not be kind enough to take charge of them?"

"I would rather not be accountable for anything under them. No; you must take the keys!"

"I cannot help regretting," said George, "that your honored father should have thought fit to lay this burden of possession upon me."

Alexa made no answer.

"I comforted myself with the hope that you would feel them as much your own as ever!" he resumed, in a tone of disappointment and dejection.

"I did not know of their existence before I knew they were never to be mine."

"Never, Alexa?"

"Never."

George walked to the door, but there turned, and said:

"By the way, you know that cup your father was so fond of!"

"No."

"Not that gold cup, set with stones?"

"I saw something in his hands once, in bed, that might have been a cup."

"It is a thing of great value—of pure gold, and every stone in it a gem."

"Indeed!" returned Alexa, with marked indifference.

"Yes; it was the work of the famous Benvenuto Cellini, made for Pope Clement the Seventh, for his own communion-chalice. Your father priced it at three thousand pounds. In his last moments, when his mind was wandering, he fancied it the Holy Grail. He had it in the bed with him when he died: that I know!"

"And it is missing?"

"Perhaps Dawtie could tell us what has become of it! She was with the laird at the last!"

Dawtie, who had stood aside to let him pass to the open door, looked up with a flash in her eyes, but said nothing.

"Have you seen the cup, Dawtie?" asked her mistress.

"No, ma'am."

"Do you know it?"

"Very well, ma'am."

"Then you don't know what has become of it?"

"No, ma'am; I know nothing about it."

"Take care, Dawtie!" said George. "This is a matter that will have to be searched into."

"When did you last see it, Dawtie?" inquired Alexa.

"The very day my master died, ma'am. He was looking at it, but when he saw I saw him, he took it inside the bedclothes."

"And you have not seen it since?"

"No, ma'am."

"And you do not know where it is?" said George.

"No, sir. How should I?"

"You never touched it?"

"I cannot say that, sir; I brought it him from his closet; he sent me for it."

"What do you think may have become of it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Would you allow me to make a thorough search in the place where it was last seen?" asked George, turning to his cousin.

"By all means. Dawtie, go and help Mr. Crawford to look."

"Please, ma'am, it can't be there! We've had the carpet up, and the floor scrubbed. There's not a hole or a corner we haven't been into—and that yesterday!"

"We must find it!" said George. "It must be in the house!"

"It must, sir!" said Dawtie.

But George more than doubted it.

"I do believe," he said, "the laird would rather have lost his whole collection!"

"Indeed, sir, I think he would!"

"Then you have talked to him about it?"

"Yes, I have, sir," answered Dawtie, sorry she had brought out the question.

"And you know the worth of the thing?"

"Yes, sir—that is, I don't know how much it is worth; but I should say pounds and pounds!"

"Then, Dawtie, I must ask you again, *where is it?*"

"I know nothing about it, sir. I wish I did!"

"Why do you wish you did?"

"Because—" began Dawtie, and stopped short; she shrank from impugning the honesty of the dead man—and in the presence of his daughter.

"It looks a little fishy!—don't it, Dawtie? Why not speak straight out?—Perhaps you would not mind searching Meg's trunk for me! She may have taken it for a bit of old brass, you know!"

"I will answer for my servants, Mr. Crawford!" said Alexa. "I will not have old Meg's box searched."

"It is desirable to get rid of any suspicion," replied George.

"I have none," returned Alexa.

George was silent.

"I will ask Meg, if you like, sir," said Dawtie; "but I am sure it will be no use. A servant in this house soon learns not to go by the look of things. We don't treat anything here as if we knew all about it!"

"When did you see the goblet first?" persisted George.

"Goblet, sir? I thought you were speaking of the gold cup!"

By *goblet* Dawtie understood a small iron pot.

"Goblet, or cup, or chalice—whatever you like to call it—I ask how you came to know about it!"

"I know very little about it."

"It is plain you know more than you care to tell. If you will not answer me, you will have to answer a magistrate."

"Then I will answer a magistrate!" said Dawtie, beginning to grow angry.

"You had better answer me, Dawtie! It will be easier for you. What do you know about the cup?"

"I know it was not master's, and is not yours really and truly."

"What can have put such a lie in your head?"

"If it be a lie, sir, it is told in plain print!"

"Where?"

But Dawtie judged it time to stop. She bethought herself that she would not have said so much had she not been angry.

"Sir," she said, "you have been asking me questions all this time, and I have been answering them; it is your turn to answer me one."

"If I see proper."

"Did my old master tell you the history of that cup?"

"I do not choose to answer the question."

"Very well, sir."

Dawtie turned to leave the room.

"Stop stop!" cried Crawford; "I have not done with you yet, my girl! You have not told me what you meant when you said the cup did not belong to the laird!"

"I do not choose to answer the question," said Dawtie.

"Then you shall answer it to a magistrate!"

"I will, sir," she replied, and stood.

Crawford left the room.

He rode home in a rage. Dawtie went about her work with a bright spot on each cheek, indignant at the man's rudeness, but praying God to take her heart in his hand, and cool the fever of it.

The words rose in her mind:

"It must needs be that offenses come, but woe unto that man by whom they come!"

She was at once filled with pity for the man who could side with the wrong, and want everything his own way; for, sooner or later, confusion must be his portion: the Lord had said, "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known!"

"He needs to be shamed," she said, "but he is thy child: care for him, too."

George felt that he had not borne a dignified part, and knew that his last chance with Alexa was gone. Then he, too, felt the situation unendurable, and set about removing his property. He wrote to Alexa that he could no longer doubt it her wish to be rid of the collection, and able to use the room. It was desirable also, he said, that a thorough search should be made in those rooms before he placed the matter of the missing cup in the hands of the magistrates.

Dawtie's last words had sufficed to remove any lingering doubt as to what had become of the chalice. It did not occur to him that one so anxious to do the justice of restoration would hardly be capable of telling lies, of defiling her soul that a bit of property might be recovered; he took it for granted that she meant to be liberally rewarded by the Earl.

George would have ill understood the distinction Dawtie made—that the body of the cup *might* belong to him, but the soul of the cup *did* belong to another; or her assertion that where the soul was, there the body ought to be; or her argument that he who had the soul had the right to ransom the body—a reasoning possible to a childlike nature only: she had pondered to find the true law of the case, and this was her conclusion.

George suspected, and grew convinced, that Alexa was a party to the abstraction of the cup. She had, he said, begun to share in the extravagant notions of a group of pietists whose leader was that detestible fellow, Ingram. Alexa was attached to Dawtie, and Dawtie was one of them. He believed Alexa would do anything to spite him. To bring trouble on Dawtie would be to punish her mistress, and the pious farmer too!

The Home.

TO THE GREAT ARMY OF NERVOUS PROSTRATIONISTS.

By A Recruit.

A WORD TO WOMEN.

THE doctors called it spinal irritation. But most people insisted on speaking of it as nervous prostration. I had ceased to have an individuality of my own. I was simply one of a class—a class so numerous and so lacking in novelty that people could not take time to give me even my full class title, but must needs dub me an N.P. If my self-esteem had not thereby been pretty thoroughly shaken out of me, I should have been more richly endowed with conceit than most people.

On the contrary, I found myself settling down to the conviction that I was of no earthly use to anybody, and as for the possibilities of service in some future world, I was too brain-sick and heart-weary to contemplate them. In fact, I had a strong feeling of sympathy with the poor, overworked woman whose only idea of heaven was that of a place where one could do nothing forever and ever.

You know how it is, do you not? If so, I may possibly succeed in interpreting your experience still further by my own.

Let us suppose that the Danaïdes have been as faithful in pouring perpetual streams of pain down your spinal column as they have been in my case. Perhaps, like myself, you have arrived at the conclusion that the world has no need of an invalid—another obnoxious term which you writhe under, but the applicability of which you cannot altogether deny.

Just here there are two things to be said. First, let it be granted that the world has no need of an invalid. To be sure, volumes have been written to show the falsity of any such notion, and noble lives have lived it down and out forever. Still, one might as well tell a laboring man living, or rather dying, on starvation wages, that it is all for the best, as to expatiate to you on the possibilities of invalidism. It may be true, but you will not believe it.

Granted, then, that the world has no need of you. You still have need of yourself. You have need of your own self-respect. The situation is this: You would like to make your mark as a teacher, a writer, or an artist. If you had your health, you would do it—perhaps. As it is, you cannot talk half an hour with a friend, much less read a book that requires close attention, without misery.

What, then, can you do? If you cannot be an authority in literature, mathematics, or history, be an authority on poultry! Perhaps you can do that.

Physically, the work of keeping poultry is not hard. Mentally, if you have been vexing your brain over abstract problems, or practical questions of housekeeping, dressmaking, and the like, you will find it unspeakably restful to be in the company of live things that know nothing of these matters, and yet do not fail to find life interesting. Nor will they fail to make it interesting to you, if you will only take pains to watch them a little.

Should you go into the poultry business, and should you be in earnest about it, the probability is that you will obtain something more than recreation; in fact, two things more. Both will be of no small importance to you, if you are like most people. And what are they? Health and money.

To prove to you that I am not theorising merely, let me tell you of a personal experiment.

For a year I took charge of the poultry department, and grew stronger every month. I had, to begin with, a good poultry-house, thirty-six hens, and three or four roosters. At the end of the year I had cleared nearly a hundred dollars—a profit of at least two dollars and a half on each hen. This estimate includes the value of the new stock. Eggs were sold at prices varying from eighteen to forty cents per dozen, according to the season of the year. Of the two hundred chickens raised during the summer, some of the roosters were sold, dressed, at eighteen cents per pound; but most of them were sold at eleven cents per pound, live weight. The pullets were valued at one dollar apiece. I give these details because a general estimate would be of little service without them, and because I think these prices could be easily obtained by others.

The hens which I had were Plymouth Rocks. I have found them very satisfactory for all-around purposes. They are good layers in winter and summer. They are fair-sized fowls, and excellent for the table. They are also, for the most part, faithful sitters and admirable mothers. You will not succeed with Plymouth Rocks, or with any other breed, if you keep *old* hens. Don't do it, unless you wish to have a hospital on your hands.

As to feeding, my forty fowls received every morning two quarts of bran and two quarts of meal, mixed together with skim milk, a pint of meat scraps being stirred evenly through the whole. Green food of some kind is essential, and, in winter, ensilage, raw cabbage, or the like, must be supplied. Scraps from the table are regarded with great favor.

The amount of food given must be governed by the appetite of the hens. They should eat up clean what is given them every time. At night, just before twilight, my fowls usually disposed of about three quarts of grain—cracked corn and wheat in equal proportions. The corn is fattening and warming. The wheat is good egg-producing food. A supply of gravel should be within reach all the time. Cracked oyster shells to manufacture egg shells are also necessary. There must always be an abundant supply of water, and, in cold weather, of warm water.

Poultry-houses should be kept scrupulously neat and judiciously ventilated. It is desirable to brush the roosts over with kerosene oil once a week to keep the fowls free from lice.

If the best results are secured, hens must be made to exercise. Provided they have a free range, they will take care of themselves in this respect. If they are shut in the hen-house by cold and snow, scatter cut straw and leaves on the floor several inches deep, and cover the night feed of grain with it, in order to compel them to scratch for a living. Otherwise they become inveterate loafers; "no exercise, no eggs."

Should you faithfully observe all these conditions, you will probably have the pleasure of going into your poultry-house on many a cold winter's morning, to find a hen on every nest, and another hen before it, scolding like a fish-wife because she did not get there first. That means business.

Before going any further, let me tell you a secret or two. Learn to labor and to wait, more especially to wait, in managing poultry. You might better try to hasten the passage of the International Copyright Law than to try to hurry a hen when she doesn't want to be hurried. You will learn also the advantage of the influence-power over the force-power; that is, you will, if you ever succeed in making a hen go one way when she prefers to go another. You will always find that all the shooing in the world will not accomplish so much as a little grain scattered in the right direction; otherwise, notwithstanding the fact that a hen's mental horizon is proverbially circumscribed, you will discover (to adapt a well known retort) that her intelligence, however limited, is not to be outdone by your intelligence, however extended.

But to return. Eggs for hatching should be secured from vigorous, pure-blooded fowls, properly mated. Eggs produced by fowls that have had no free range are apt not to hatch, or else the chicks from them are weak.

The nests should be carefully prepared for sitting. A little earth should be placed in the bottom of each one and thoroughly moistened, the process of wetting being repeated once or twice during the three weeks of incubation. If it appeals to your friends' sense of the ludicrous to see you going about watering your hen's nest with a watering-pot, don't mind, but bide your time. Chickens are what you are after, and that is the way to get them. Put a little cut hay on top of the earth, and your arrangements will be complete.

Do not give too large sittings to one hen. I have gained the best results from thirteen eggs at a sitting. These eggs ought all to be marked, and every sitting hen should be shut up by herself, so that the others need not intrude upon her. Once a day she must be let out and furnished with all the water and grain she will take. Powder, prepared for the purpose, must be thoroughly sifted through a hen's feathers when she begins to sit, and again just before the eggs hatch.

A barrel, with a little lattice, which you can make yourself, hooked on in front, is a cheap coop for a hen with her young brood, and is good enough. If you want something more elaborate, wait till you have earned the money to get it.

The chickens do not need feeding for twenty four hours after they come out of the shell. Bread and milk answers very well for them for a few days. The orthodox way is to furnish them with hard-boiled eggs. But this is expensive and unnecessary. In about a week I have given chickens the same food that the old hens receive, with perfect success. If the chickens are fed once in two or three hours for the first six weeks, they grow like weeds. After that, three times a day is sufficient, till they are matured, when twice a day is enough.

The hen should not be let out of the coop in the morning till the dew is off the grass. Draggled chickens too often end by being dead chickens.

When vigorous, the young things soon develop great pluck. I have seen a chicken not more than a day old seize what to him must have been an anaconda of an angleworm only partly out of the ground. The chick had no strength, and so put in weight instead. Lying back on its haunches, it tugged away with all its small might, a worm some three or four inches long being the glorious result.

For developing the chicken character, I hardly think there is anything quite equal to an angleworm. At another time I was watching a mother hen who had secured one of these tidbits. A chicken was watching also, rushed to the spot, and seized hold of the prize while the hen's head was down. When the head came up, the chicken came up with, it and hung on, too, till he got his worm. It was an exhibition of real valor.

As the flock matures, something interesting comes up at every stage. The change that takes place in young roosters after the older ones are gone is worth noting. Some meek young fellow, who has never crowed before, will soon begin to make the attempt. He will try again and again with great seriousness, only to end in dismal failure about quarter of the way through an ordinary grown-up crow. I never heard but one thing like it, and that was a band learning to render "I'm Called Little Buttercup." "I'm called little—" they would play, then start over again. With renewed zeal came the strains, "I'm called little—" "called little Butter—" then silence. I listened evening after evening, but never heard them complete the line.

Without question, there is health and wealth and happiness in this simple and homely experiment of which I have been telling you. Would it not be worth your while to try it?

FOOD AT PAR VALUE.

A FEW years ago no thought but of taste was active in connection with cooking; if food was agreeable to the palate, it fulfilled its end. To some not even this legitimate end was aimed at; if food satisfied hunger, then was its mission fulfilled, its desired object attained; and it is this view of the matter that has done much toward depriving the palate of active enjoyment, and has prevented eating becoming a fine art among us. Certain it is, if we are educated to go to the table to satisfy hunger alone, finding or expecting that which will merely relieve from an unpleasant sensation, then utility only appeals alike to cook and diner; but when the largely unknown field of gastronomy is once revealed to the man who eats only to live, then eating becomes an art. It is only just beginning to appear on the horizon of our knowledge, the psychological relation between food prepared with a full knowledge of the pleasure of the palate and fine table manners. When as a nation we have learned how to cook, we will cease to be caricatured abroad for our manners at the table. When it is recognized that eating appeals to a sense that forms one-fifth, or should form one-fifth, of our sensuous pleasures, the table will become more than a hurried stopping-place in a journey by express between the cradle and the grave. The table should call into play three-fifths of our sense-perception—sight, smell, and taste. Certainly, having been endowed with these senses by God, they were intended for use, and to ignore them, and use the table as a place of utility only, is to desecrate the gifts born of heaven.

Professor W. O Atwater has done more to rescue food from the heathen darkness that hid its beauty and value than any man of our day. He has not only showed us the nutritive value, of which we knew almost nothing, but he has shown us unknown values that have been lost to us because we did not know how to preserve them in cooking. In a recent article in the "Century" on "Foods and Beverages," he discusses the values of tea, coffee, and chocolate. "Tea and coffee are not foods in the sense we use the word. They contain, it is true, very small quantities of materials similar to the nutriments of ordinary foods, but so few of these get into the decoction that we drink that it is not worth taking into account." Professor Atwater tells us that tea, like meat extractives, "has in moderate quantities an invigorating effect, and may at times aid digestion. The expression which long usage has applied to tea and coffee, 'The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,' is a true statement of fact." Professor Atwater does not believe that tea hinders digestion. "But experiment implies that it may sometimes hinder the digestion of some albuminous foods." And then he goes on to say:

"One objection to steeping tea for a long time is that the longer it is infused the more tannic acid is extracted. Coffee contains tannic acid, but less than tea.

"It seems a bit odd that so many people, either from lack of understanding of what gives the odor and flavor to coffee and tea, or from carelessness, prepare them in just the way that is calculated to get rid of the volatile matters whose aroma and taste are so highly prized. The chief part of the art of making good coffee or tea is to dissolve the soluble matters, and at the same time not lose those that are volatile. The long steeping at high temperature, commonly practiced in making tea and coffee, is an effective way for expelling the volatile oils. To keep them in hot water just long enough to dissolve out the alkaloids and other soluble compounds, and in a tightly closed vessel, so as to prevent the escape of the

volatile substances, are very important factors in the making of a good cup of tea or coffee.

"I well remember my first realization of the true flavor of well-prepared tea. It was at a hotel in Heidelberg. The waiter, who told me he had learned the art in Russia, steeped the tea at the table by pouring hot water upon it in a pot made for the purpose. It was not oversteeped; there was neither boiling to drive the volatile matters off, nor long lapse of time for them to escape. They were dissolved out and served at once, and made the decoction delicious. The guests at the table of an acquaintance of mine, not long since, were unusually pleased with the tea, and surprised to learn that it was bought at the same store, and was, in fact, the same that some of them were using at home. It transpired that the tea had been kept in a tight box until used, and had been prepared by a process which one of the family had learned in Germany. This consisted simply in pouring boiling water upon the tea, covering the pot tightly with a cloth, setting it upon a part of the stove where it would not boil, and serving after a very short time. The towel helped to keep the water warm and the aroma from escaping, and the tea, when brought to the table, was most excellent. Of course things of this sort are of no great consequence. Perhaps most of us would be better off if we did not drink either tea or coffee; but if we are going to use them we might as well have the flavor, which, I suppose, is the least injurious part.

"Cocoa and chocolate contain theobromin and, as it appears, another alkaloid, similar to the alkaloid of tea and coffee. With these are fatty matters, a kind of starch, and other substances which occur in the cacao bean from which cocoa and chocolate are made. In preparing them for market, part of the fat is extracted and other substances are added. For chocolate considerable sugar is used. Thus made, it has a little less nitrogen, more fat, and a trifle more nutritive matter than flour. Accordingly, the beverage prepared from cocoa or chocolate supplies considerable nutriment, in addition to the alkaloids, which serve as stimulants, and the flavoring substances, which are highly prized."

ON THE ART OF GETTING UP.

By James Buckham.

NOT getting up in the world, but getting up *into* the world—that is, getting out of bed. One of the most difficult and delicate of arts! There are few masters of it, but what millions of amateurs and bunglers! And, worst of all, there are no rules, save one, for becoming proficient in the art. The way to get up is to get up.

Some people seem to be born for getting up gracefully, as poets are born to rhyme and poverty. It is in them to be up and doing when the time comes. Not so with the great mass of us. We lie and dread the ordeal until procrastination becomes a crime. Then we imagine that we are getting up, and endure infinite horrors before the event. Those brief dreams between the rising bell and breakfast are simply purgatorial preliminaries. The best that can be said of them is that they make the final effort less miserable. And so, through antechambers of torture, we come at the very last moment to the absolute necessity of getting up. Then we get up.

It is the easiest thing in the world, after it is done. The only difficulty lies in making up the mind to do it. This is the secret of the art of getting up. The success of the natural riser lies in the simple fact that his mind, like his bed, is made up beforehand. When he falls asleep, it is with the determination to get up at a certain hour. He wakes at that hour with the absolute certainty of an alarm clock, and gets up. Very simple; very easy—for some people!

Everybody knows how hard it is to get the mind's attention immediately after waking in the morning. It will go wool-gathering in spite of us. We think we have it fast in our grasp; and indeed we have, but so fast that we find we are going with it on some airy pilgrimage. We say to it: "Stop! Determine to get up. Breakfast is getting cold." But the dream intoxicated mind laughs at us with a far-away sound; and presently we find ourselves leering, and drifting away, away—

Crash!—nothing but the falling back upon consciousness of that suspended sense of duty. But it was a terrible shock to the nerves, and the heart beats wildly for a few minutes. The wandering mind comes back all of a tremble, and repentant. Now, then, it will decree, and the body will get up. Not so! We are not quite insistent enough; we do not make the most of our opportunity. A little more folding of the hands—and away goes the mind into dreamland again.

Oh, the delicate and difficult art of of getting up! It is like beating one's way up to the top of the water with the seaweed clinging to one's feet. It is like putting away the red rose that nods, with all its fragrance and rich color and velvet softness, in one's very face.

And yet getting up is an every-day necessity—strange that we do not become accustomed to do it well and gracefully! Three hundred and sixty-five times in the year is too often to make a failure of a simple matter like this. Why, we ought to learn to get up almost as readily and spontaneously as we breathe and eat. But we do not. Nine out of ten of us never will. Indeed, it is a wonder to me how I ever get up at all. How is it that I finally arrest that elusive mind of mine, stop it from leaping over into dreamland, and persuade it to say to my sluggish body, "Get up!" I do not know, I am sure. A man ought to have some credit for getting up, be it ever so late. It requires some will-power and some finesse to obtain even a cold breakfast.

Not that I would discourage any who aspire to become getters-up at will. We cannot say what latent powers some natures possess. I have known persons to overcome even a tendency to be cheerful. But I do admonish all who are ambitious to study and practice the noble art of getting up, to do it humbly and with an ample margin for failure. The chambers of life are strewn with those whose motto has been changed from *Excelsior* to *Dulcior*.

A PROPHET'S PROPHECY.

THE economic and social side of Mr. Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward," has been fully discussed, but not much has been said of the moral impetus that must be given to those who seek to put in practice the sentiments there found common in the year 2000, sentiments that are practicable in 1888, that would hasten the civilization of the year 2000 as seen by this prophet. Is not the united effort of church and philanthropy aiming at the reality of Mr. Bellamy's dream, without the logical foundation on which this stage can be reached?

When we compare our civilization with that set before us in this book, compare the motives that will then move the masses with the motive that now scarcely moves the highest of our individual citizens, who would not, or rather who will not, rejoice when the basis of a man's claim for support will be that he is a man? Such is the civilization our prophet sees for 2000, when the measure of service required from a man is the measure of his ability, which is recognized as stamp of the Creator on the individual who lives under a civilization that not only permits the individual to develop, but makes his development the business of the nation of which he forms, not a fraction of a unit as to-day, but an integral part of a grand whole. Does it not seem as though we lived in the Dark Ages, and part of our civilization belongs in that period, when we contrast what constitutes a man's return for his labor to-day with what shall be his return when the world has received light on this subject? When, to quote the twentieth century Dr. Leete, "we require of each that he shall make the same effort; that is, we demand of him the best service it is in his power to give," then will philanthropy have its true understanding. "And supposing all do the best they can," answered the nineteenth century man, "the amount of the product resulting is twice greater from one man than from another."

"Very true," replied Dr. Leete, "but the amount of the resulting product has nothing whatever to do with the question, which is one of desert. Desert is a moral question, and the amount of the product a material quantity. It would be an extraordinary sort of logic which should try to determine a moral quantity by a material standard; the amount of the effort alone is pertinent to the question of desert. All men who do the best do the same. A man's endowments, however godlike, merely fix the measure of his duty. The man of great endowments who does not do all he might, though he may do more than a man of small endowments who does his best, is deemed a less deserving worker than the latter, and dies a debtor to his fellows. The Creator sets man's tasks for them by the faculties he gives them; we simply exact their fulfillment."

Think of living when life is not one mighty struggle of those who are handicapped by weakness, by ignorance, against the strong and fully equipped!—when one could walk the streets without having his soul wrung by sight of poverty and misery that was the individual's only inheritance—the weight so great that the very angels of heaven could not lift it! This is nineteenth century civilization—to judge a man, not by his endowments and opportunities, but by the measure of success he can wring from his fellows. Life to-day is a mighty struggle between the weak and strong, and strength gets the prize.

Fascinating as is the solving of the political problem, Mr. Bellamy's solution of the moral side of service touches the very root of the question to-day. When our lives are so organized that the word "menial" becomes obsolete, then is the stone that is grinding the life out of women still. Blessed ignorance when a young girl can ask, "Do you mean that you permitted people to do things for you which you despised them for doing, or that you accepted services from them which you would have been unwilling to render them?" The sojourner from the nineteenth century might well be covered with shame in his reply, and find himself bewildered at the tremendous growth as shown in Dr. Leete's explanation of the twentieth century standards.

"You must know," said Dr. Leete, "that nowadays it is an axium of ethics that to accept a service from another which we would be unwilling to return in kind, if need were, is like borrowing with the intention of not repaying; while to enforce such a service by taking advantage of the poverty or necessity of a person would be an outrage like forcible robbery." Would not nine-tenths of the friction and trouble that are a part of our household life to-day disappear if it was the law in every household to exact only such service as we would expect to render were the conditions of life reversed? Would those who lacked the brains to find support in any other field be the only ones who entered domestic service?

Has not Mr. Bellamy found the root of our social disorganization to-day when he makes the citizens of the twentieth century recognize—"It is the worst thing about any system which divides men, or allows them to be divided, into classes and castes, that it weakens the sense of common humanity. And well he knows the attitude of the few to the many when he says: "Unequal distribution of wealth, and, still more effectually, unequal opportunities of education and culture, divided society in your time into classes, which in many respects regarded each other as distinct races." It is, in a word, the condition of a people living under one flag, owing allegiance to the same government, but regarding each other from the standpoints of antagonistic races.

And solution comes only when we have equal opportunities for all, and this will come when every generation seeks to bring it to pass in its own day.

MRS. WARD'S DISCOVERY.

By W. B. S.

MRS. WARD and Mrs. Birdseye were friends—*were*, and are still despite a little circumstance which threatened a rupture between them. It happened on this wise:

The two ladies boarded in the same house, and occupied apartments on the same floor—Mrs. Ward front, Mrs. Birdseye back. They were as intimate as sisters: ran into one another's rooms every hour in the day during the absence of their husbands, and went out constantly together; in short, were so inseparable as to be jestingly styled "The Siamese Twins" by themselves and others. Mrs. Ward didn't know how she could exist without her dear, charming, lively Mrs. Birdseye; and Mrs. Birdseye enthusiastically declared that there never was such a dear, good creature as her little, sweet, lovely, darling Mrs. Ward.

One morning Mrs. Ward had occasion to step into one of her closets which had originally been designed as a passage between the two rooms. Of course, the disused door was tightly closed, and garments were hanging over it; yet sounds were not yet quite excluded, and, as her neighbors on the other side chanced to be speaking in unusually incautious tones, it was impossible for her to avoid hearing something of what was said. She had her hand upon a drawer to open it when her attention was arrested, and involuntarily, almost unconsciously, she paused to listen.

"I can't imagine what you two can have in common," Mr. Birdseye was saying. "Such a plain, quiet, almost stupid little woman. You must have gotten up your friendship on the old principle—'the love of opposites.'"

"Oh, no, not stupid, Robert; you would not say that if you knew her as well as I do. But she is frightfully shy by nature; and then, brought up so in the country, what can you expect?"

Mrs. Ward fairly held her breath. Of whom could they be talking?

"I do wish she had a little more taste in dress," came next, "or that she would wear her hair differently. However—"

Here a few sentences were lost as the speaker seemed to be moving to another part of the room; then, in the masculine voice this time:

"Yet you pretend to be so fond of her, my dear."

"So I am, really. But of course I can see that she is not a beauty, and has none of that air or manner which you admire so much. One must be born to that."

"As you were, Nellie?"

"Of course, or I should never have been your wife."

"Ward is making money like everything, they say," came again from Mr. Birdseye.

"What a pity that his wife doesn't know how to make a better use of it!"—with the little laugh which Mrs. Ward had always thought so musical before. "It ought to have fallen to my lot instead of hers, I do think!"

"You ought to be thankful that you have the art of making so much show on so little."

"So I am. I would rather have my 'gift,' as cousin Alice calls it, than all my poor little friend's money, if I cannot have but one."

Mrs. Ward at length recollected that she was doing a very dishonorable thing in listening to conversation not intended for her ears. She stepped back into her room, and closed the door noiselessly. Her cheek was burning, and her first feeling was one of extreme mortification and resentment.

"So that was what Mrs. Birdseye thought of her in her secret heart, was it? and that was the way she talked of her behind her back? She guessed she should just let Mrs. Birdseye know—"

Here Mrs. Ward stopped, and began to reflect more calmly. After all, had her friend said anything more than the truth? She was not a handsome woman, and she knew it; her glass told her so every day. She was not elegant, and nothing would ever make her so; she knew that, too. She was shy, and her manners in the presence of strangers were often constrained and awkward. She had felt bitter, bitter mortification many times that it was so, but why should she feel hurt that her friend had spoken of what must be so apparent? It was a little trying, but she ought not to indulge any hardness, and she would not if she could help it.

Another thing helped to cool Mrs. Ward's excitement considerably. Her conscience accused her of many similar offenses. Did *she* never say anything of her dear friend not strictly complimentary? Hadn't she that very morning told her husband that "Mrs. Birdseye might be brilliant, but it was a mere surface brilliancy; there was very little depth to her mind or character. And, though so good-hearted, she was such a rattlehead that she was always saying things that she ought not to, and made herself enemies oftentimes when there wasn't the least need of it," and so on?

Then Mrs. Ward fell to thinking about her other friends. Much as she loved them, there was not one that she did not occasionally laugh about. Not with any malicious intent, of course, but they all had faults and peculiarities which were rather matter of entertainment when one chose to look at them from a ridiculous point of view. It had never occurred to her that said friends were in the habit of serving her up in the same way, but she understood it perfectly well now. They all saw more or less in her open to blame or ridicule, and of course they made the most of it. Why not?

Mrs. Ward was some little time undergoing these and similar reflections. She scarcely noticed when Mr. Birdseye's step sounded in the hall and down the stairs, or even when the front door shut so heavily behind him. (It was a common saying in the house that everybody knew when Mr. Birdseye came in or went out, because he always shut the door with so much force.) But presently there came a light, quick tap at her door, and then somebody, without waiting to be bidden, entered. Mrs. Birdseye's bright face glanced in like a sunbeam.

"You naughty child! Didn't I tell you at the breakfast table that I had something to show you? I thought you would be in the moment Robert went out, and here I have been waiting this half-hour! He brought me the loveliest little picture last night; come and see it. But, bless me! there are tears in your eyes! Is anything the matter?" Mrs. Birdseye's voice softened, and her expression changed to one of tender sympathy. "What has happened? Do tell me."

Mrs. Ward smiled through her tears, and, taking Mrs. Birdseye's hand, drew her down to her side.

"Do you really want me to tell you what is the matter with me? Perhaps I ought not, but I believe I will. The fact is, I was in my closet awhile ago, and heard what you and your husband happened to be saying about me." Here Mrs. Birdseye colored, and looked embarrassed and confused enough. "But I am all over it now, dear. I don't mind it in the least. It was true enough, what you said. I have said the same thing about myself a hundred times."

Mrs. Birdseye was affected by her friend's candor and good nature, and embraced her warmly. "You are the best creature alive," she said, with recovered animation. "You know I think so. And I declare you look perfectly beautiful this minute—the beauty of goodness and good sense, which I have not a mite of. I talk so much I must say some things I am very sorry for afterwards. You are never so foolish."

"I am not a great talker, but my conscience is not quite clear. I have often said things about my best friends which I should not have wanted them to hear."

"About me, perhaps?"

"I am afraid I have."

"What, I wonder?" Mrs. Birdseye was visibly discomposed. She knew she had her failings, to be sure, but it had never entered her imagination that her friends perceived them or commented upon them to others. It was a new and very disagreeable idea.

Mrs. Ward smiled, and patted her friend's hand.

"I have learnt something this morning, Nellie. I have been thinking the matter all over, and I have been perfectly surprised and ashamed to find what a practice we have of making little disparaging speeches about even our very best friends. All true enough, very likely, but that does not make it right. If we do not like to think of our own faults or deficiencies being talked over and laughed about, then we ought not to talk of other people's. Just think how we amused ourselves with Mrs. Bradbury's airs and flourishes, and Mr. Bradbury's slow way of speaking, and Mrs. Martin's flat pronunciation, and Captain Singleton's pomposity, and Mrs. Stanley's way of managing her children! There is not one of these persons whose friendship we do not count upon with pleasure, yet how we did mimic and go on about them! Supposing they had been where they overheard us?"

"As, for instance, hidden away in that dreadful closet!" said Mrs. Birdseye, with an arch glance that way. "They would none of them have been so forgiving as you have been to me, I am afraid."

"But I never listened there before, my dear, and I promise you I never will again."

"You won't hear anything but good of yourself if you do; you are the best and dearest creature in the world, I do believe. But all these other people; mustn't I ever laugh about them again? Some of them are so ridiculous; I'm afraid I can't help it."

"Just imagine they are always standing behind the door, my dear; I think that will help you effectually even when you are most strongly tempted."

Our Young Folks.

COURAGE, FALSE AND TRUE.

By Esther Converse

"IT'S a cowardly thing to do, Will; I'll have nothing to do with it."

"You're the coward, Tom," replied Will, angrily.

This was what Will's brother Howard heard as he stood upon the roof of the piazza, sheltered by the vines that clambered up the corner of the house. He saw the two boys leave the orchard, Tom Jones turning toward his home, while Will walked alone toward the mill.

"Where are you going, Will?" he called.

Willis evidently thought his movements unobserved, or wished them to be so. He hurried on with rapid steps, not even looking back as he answered, "Down the road a little way."

"I believe he's got that box of torpedoes," said Howard, peering after him through the vines. "He's planning some mischief," and, letting himself down lightly by the grape trellis, Howard followed his brother.

"What are you going to do with the torpedoes?" he asked, as he overtook him.

"I'm going to have a little fun," answered the boy, gruffly.

"Will," said Howard, "you're planning mischief; tell me what you're going to do, for I'm going with you to help you out of it."

"Well, then, I'm going to put these torpedoes on the track; it's nearly time for the express, and it will be fun to see them blow up the train and rush out to see what's the matter."

"I don't quite see it myself," replied Howard. "Where do you propose to stand?"

"I'm going to scatter them in the cut; they'll make more noise there, and I'm going to stand on the rocks behind the bowlder."

"Don't do it, Will; they'll catch you."

"Pooh! I'm not afraid. If I was such a coward as you are, I suppose I shouldn't do it," replied Will, contemptuously.

The taunt seemed to lose its sting so far as Howard was concerned. He was too well used to his brother's sneers. Howard was not a daring boy; he never climbed a tree without looking carefully at the branches; he waited for the ice to be safe before venturing far upon it. His mother felt little anxiety about the children when they were in his care. His prudence and admonitions were a constant irritation to his reckless brother Willis, who never hesitated to place himself at the outposts of danger. If a certain part of the river was pronounced unsafe, Willis skated to the extreme edge. He was the ringleader in all sports, lawful and unlawful, and, although Howard realized how little influence he had with his brother, he was usually close at hand during these exploits. He felt a responsibility about this elder brother, and was seldom disturbed by Will's surly or unkind words. He now walked by his brother's side, determined to stand by him if trouble should come through his foolish scheme. The brothers had been too absorbed to give more than a passing glance to a little boy who was at play near a neighbor's house.

Little Jerry often toddled after his brothers, and was pronounced by them a nuisance; and, although Howard and Will were not ignorant of this propensity, they failed to hear the little footsteps that seemed an echo of their own.

Willis divided the torpedoes about equally between the two tracks that were shut in by the narrow cut through the rocks, and Howard followed him up a winding path, unknown except to the boys who ventured upon the steep height.

"There's the whistle," said Will, as he stationed himself behind the bowlder.

Howard threw himself upon the ground near the brow, and looked down the dizzy height. In an instant he was upon his feet. Both boys at the same instant had seen little Jerry upon the track picking up the torpedoes. Both retreated from the rock—Willis to the shelter of the woods beyond, where he threw himself upon the ground with hands pressed closely over his ears; Howard to the path that led so precipitously to the track the train was rapidly approaching. His feet tripped upon the rail as he caught the child, and as he fell he saw a freight train approaching upon the other track. He had only time to take Jerry in his arms, and straighten himself out in the narrow space between the two tracks. He closed his eyes and waited. The noise was terrific; the crackling of the torpedoes and the shrill shrieks of the two engines echoed from the high cliff on either side, and Howard lost consciousness. When he revived he found himself surrounded by the passengers, who had rushed from the train, while engineers, conductors, and brakemen were carefully examining the track on either side.

"It's no signal," said a brakeman; "see how they're scattered between the sleepers."

"Some boy's work," said another. "Here, boy," seizing Howard, "did you put these here?"

"No, sir," said Howard, firmly.

"I believe that," said the engineer, who had seen him rescue the child. "A boy who has the courage to do what he has done is above such tricks."

There was scarcely time to listen to the story of his bravery, for the trains must move on; and after a few questions and a few commendations for his presence of mind the boys were left alone.

Howard was too weak to attempt to go home; he sat down near the track, hoping Will would come and find him. He called, but his voice seemed to come back to him from the foot of the cliff. Then he thought Will must have fainted, and, strengthened by this thought, he determined to go home and send some one to find him. He walked slowly, leading little Jerry, who was still crying from fright. He found Will at home, looking troubled and unhappy.

"Jerry is all right," said Howard, answering the question he knew Will feared to ask; and in a few words he told the story of the escape.

Will was crying now.

"I am glad you are safe, old fellow," he said, as he turned away to hide his tears. "You're the brave one after all; I shouldn't have dared to do what you did, even if I had thought in season—and I called *you* a coward!"

Poor Will! He knew now the difference between courage false and true. His humility and gratitude wrought a change that surprised his friends, but no one guessed the secret Howard carefully guarded.

ALL OUT OF AN ASH-BARREL.

By Olive Thorne Miller

WHAT does the rag-picker want from the ash-barrel? Have you never wondered why a ragged, miserable-looking creature should go about sticking a long hook into ash-barrels and dragging out horrid rags?

You'll be surprised to know what comes out of that dreadful-looking place. Let me tell you a few of the things the picker finds, and you'll see that the fairies of the story-books never performed any greater marvels than every day come from the hands of common workmen. Beautiful cloth worth several dollars a yard comes out of the ash-barrel, the most exquisite of papers, balls and buttons of ivory, the daintiest of toilet soap and the nicest of jelly, the phosphorus that we want for our matches, coal to burn and furs to keep warm, solder, boneblack, and leather, and—dear me! I couldn't tell you in an hour all the strange things the ashman carries off in that dismal-looking bag of his.

But you needn't peep into it and expect to see all these objects. You would find only dirty rubbish—bits of rag that you wouldn't touch, worn-out gloves, discarded shoes, tin cans, dead cats, broken dishes, and bones. They all have to go through the hands of the different workmen I spoke of before they come out in their new forms.

The old kid gloves, for instance. The choice part of these is the thumb, made of skin that grew on the back of a rat, as perhaps you have heard. Now, I don't know why rat skin is better than any other, but it is true that, after washing and soaking in lye, and purifying with sulphur, and boiling and steaming, and so forth and so forth, these despised thumbs come out white and delicate gelatine, ready to make into delicious jelly.

Old shoes, again, are prizes to the rag-picker. If not

good enough to be cobbled up and sold again, they are made—I'm sure you'll be glad you don't drink it—into Jamaica rum of so superior a quality that it is kept only by druggists who pride themselves on dealing in the purest articles for medicine!

Bones thrown out by the cook or discarded by the dogs go to the ivory worker, who turns them into a thousand and one pretty things we like to buy. Or, if not good enough for his use, they are burned into boneblack, to help make your candy.

An unfortunate dead pussy is another treasure. The skin—if good enough—is used for fur, her flesh for soap, her intestines for violin and guitar strings, and her bones also go to the ivory man.

Woolen rags are washed and scoured and ground up to make felt, or mixed with fresh wool to make heavy beaver-cloth. Bits of metal, brass and copper, go to the metal-workers, who melt them to use again. Tin cans, after being induced by a hot fire to part with the solder that holds them together, go to the iron-workers, and are made into new things. Broken dishes, oyster shells, and glass are pounded fine and used in several ways. Bits of coal and cinders are carefully sorted and sold to burn.

In fact, there is not one thing that goes into the ash-barrel but goes through changes so wonderful that we are glad to pay a great price to get it back into the house in its new shape.

In London, ash-barrels are not put out in a hideous row on the sidewalks; they are called dust-bins, and kept out of sight in the house. No rag-picker goes about pulling them over, but when taken away they are emptied into a vacant lot out of the city, and there men, women, and children spend their lives sifting the ashes and sorting refuse. You will see how valuable these are when I tell you that one large dust heap has been sold for two hundred thousand dollars.

Sometimes the rag-picker finds a silver spoon that was carelessly thrown away, or a bit of money or jewelry that went out in the sweepings, but usually he makes his living by selling the things you see him drag out on his hook, and he probably doesn't know now any better than you did yesterday what becomes of the things he carries off and sells.

SARAH'S CLAIMANT FOR THE DOLL.

By Mary Allaire.

IT is a room in a tenement-house in which more people live than in some villages. In a back room in the third story live a German family named Niehymer. The father had left Germany when a young man, and expected to grow rich fast in the new land, America, and then he would send for his father and mother, and Frederica, whom he loved dearly. He landed in New York, and found to his sorrow that it was very hard to earn money, and when he got it he must pay so much of it out for shelter and food that there was scarce any left to put in the bank to pay for the passage of his father and mother and Frederica. And if he got them all here, how would he care for them? For if it took nearly all his money to support himself, how could he care for three more? But Hans worked on steadily. He was faithful and industrious, and this gave him steady employment; but his wages did not increase. At last he got a letter from Frederica saying she had earned money enough to pay her own passage to New York, and that if they both worked they would soon earn the money to bring the father and mother. Hans was so lonesome that he did not have the courage to write her of the crowded house in which they must live, of the quarrelsome men and women, the noise, the dirt, of the dirty children, and of the poor wages that would only give them the plainest food and clothes. Then he thought of the lovely country Frederica was leaving, where, though she worked hard, she had light and sunshine and air, and grass, trees, and flowers; while here there were only small rooms, and dark halls, stone pavements, and the grass and trees only found after a long ride in the cars for which they would rarely have the time or money, and when they got to the park there were the signs, "Keep Off the Grass," and they must walk on the spongy pavements. Of course, they could look at the trees and flowers, and that was a comfort. Hans's heart was troubled, but he felt he must have Frederica, and together they would bear what must be borne. So Frederica arrived one day at Castle Garden, and Hans met her, and kissed her before all the people, and Frederica blushed, looked happy, with tears in her eyes. There, in the ugly gray building, among strangers, the Chaplain married Hans and Frederica, and they went out hand in hand into the beautiful world that early May morning. The trees were all in blossom, the grass was green, and Frederica thought the new land a very heaven. Hans took her up Broadway, for he did not have the courage to go quickly to the poor, bare house in which they must live, and Frederica was like a delighted child as she walked through the beautiful street. At last they must go home, and Hans turned into the poorer streets, and Frederica's face lost its brightness as they walked past the tall, dull buildings; as she saw the tired-looking, slovenly women, the dirty children, the dirtier streets with the ill-smelling barrels filled with ashes and garbage. She clung closer to Hans, and his heart quite failed him when, as he stopped and turned into the dark hall that led to their rooms, Frederica hung back and whispered under her breath, "Where are we going?" She turned pale when Hans said, "Home." What a poor little home! Yet when Frederica saw that Hans was so unhappy because she seemed distressed, she put her arms about him, and said, "I have you, my love." And then the sunlight made the home beautiful.

The little home was soon made quite pretty by Frederica, for she had brought many things from Germany with her. After a few days she found she could get work from a tailor in the house, and earn money to help Hans. They were very happy for a time, for they were putting by each week some money toward paying for the father's and mother's passage, and it was so lovely to be together.

One day Hans came in before dinner and told Frederica he had been discharged because he did not belong to the Union. Frederica told him that it must be easy to join; they would not worry. Hans was comforted, but when he tried to join the Union, he found that a big strike was expected, and he must wait till after that was over. Then came the dark days. The tailor had no more work for Frederica, and then there was nothing to do but begin using the money meant for the father and mother. Frederica was very brave, and tried to keep up Hans's courage. One day, in spite of poverty and hopelessness, Hans and Frederica were perfectly happy, for a darling, blue-eyed baby girl had come to them. Was there ever such a darling baby? They were sure there never had been. Hans tried harder than ever to get work, but was only now and then successful. In spite of the treasure of a baby, life was very hard.

Years went on. The baby grew, but the poor father and mother learned that the baby whom they loved so dearly would never walk. The blue eyes were like the heavens, the mouth like rose leaves, and the hands like tiny lilies. Baby talked and smiled, but never laughed. She was a sunbeam gone astray in the bare, cold room. Hans and Frederica did not have the faculty of making their way among their rougher neighbors.

The "little maiden," as Hans called her, did not like the way the rough boys and girls stared at her, and so did not like to be carried out. Day after day she lay on the boards like a broad shelf under the window, looking up at the tiny patch of sky. Frederica never thought to buy her toys, for she had never had them herself when young. She had always worked hard, and her only desire now was to save the child who in her helplessness was the sun of their home lives.

One day the door was left open for a moment, and the little girl who lived on the same floor looked in. She thought the room was beautiful, it was so clean and white, and the "little maiden" was like an angel as she lay on the white pillows in the long white dress. So beautiful did it seem that she stepped into the room. Hans's maiden, Margaret, heard the rustle and looked round. She colored a little, but the young stranger looked so kindly at her that she smiled and nodded to her. No other invitation was necessary. "How d'y' do?" asked Sarah Black, timidly. She put out her hand, but it looked so clumsy and grimy beside Margaret's that she put it behind her and smiled brightly to prove her friendly feelings.

Margaret asked her to sit down. The two little girls just sat and smiled at each other for a time, and then Sarah caught sight of a clothes-pin with a calico rag wrapped and pinned about it. Margaret followed her glance, and held the bundle up for Sarah to take it.

"Dis is leetle Fred," she said, sweetly.

"Your doll?" asked Sarah, a deep glow spreading over her face.

"Yees," said Margaret, simply, looking at the little bundle affectionately and stretching out her hand for it. She laid the little wooden head on her shoulder and patted it gently. A great lump rose in Sarah's throat. She tried to speak, and could not. At last she asked, "Have you no doll?"

"Yees; this is my doll, my baby," and Margaret smiled contentedly.

"I must go now," said Sarah, hurriedly.

"Ah! no," protested Margaret. "You stay my mudder comes?" she added, beseechingly.

"I must go to our club. It is time," and Sarah hastened toward the door.

"Club! What is dat?" asked Margaret.

"Just a lot of girls like me who go to our club-room, and play and sew and sing with two lovely ladies. I wish you could go," she added, wistfully. "It's beautiful."

"Ich cannot," Margaret said, simply. "I do nicht walk."

The tears sprang into Sarah's eyes, and she hurried down the stairs and into the club-room. Usually she was the noisiest member, but to-day the ladies who were in charge of the club were amazed at her quiet manner. Something was wrong. They did not question Sarah, but played the games, sang songs, and made arrangements with the members to meet the next Saturday for their sewing-class.

"And now, children, I want to tell you of a little plan I have," said the young lady in charge, who seemed to the children only a big girl who knew how to do hundreds of lovely things. "So many of you have learned to sew neatly that I have decided to bring down a doll I had when a little girl." At this announcement there was great excitement. "A doll! a big doll! How lovely!" The little girls could hardly sit still.

"I will bring down the doll, and you shall make clothes for her all yourselves." The excitement rose higher. "I want you to dress the doll, and make one extra suit, and then I want you to give the doll to some little girl who has no doll, if you can find such an one."

"Please! oh, please! I know her now. A little girl what ain't got no doll but a clothes-pin," and Sarah Black burst out crying as she dropped back in the seat. The young lady sat down beside her, and, after Sarah was calmer, said gently, "Can you not tell us more about her, dear?"

Sarah looked into the gentle face of her friend, and then said, loud enough to be heard all over the room:

"She lives in our house, on my floor. She can't walk; just lays on a board on pillows, all in white like an angel. She smiles just like that one on the Easter card you gave me," and she looked lovingly into her teacher's face. Here Sarah's voice broke down, and she had to wait a little while; then she went on: "She ain't lonesome or nothin'. Her mother never goes and sits with the other women, and her father never gets drunk or swears; but they ain't got hardly a thing, and she ain't got no doll but a clothes-pin," and again Sarah broke down.

The young ladies sent the children home, and in a few minutes they were introduced to Margaret. When they saw the thin little mite of a girl, with her sweet, patient smile, they understood why Sarah could not talk about her; the clothes-pin doll and the tender love little Margaret showed for it made it hard to keep back the tears. They went away, and the next day Margaret thought the happiest day of her life as she gazed in rapture at the lovely lily that came for her. A new day dawned for Margaret. Books and pictures found their way into the barren room. A white net hung over Margaret to keep flies away. Paints and brushes, with outline-books, soon came; but, best of all, once a week the "dear ladies," as Margaret called them, came to see her and teach her many things. Hans and Frederica were happy because the "little maiden" had friends who made her very happy. Frederica had work now that paid; dainty, pretty garments to make, instead of rough, coarse work. Hans got a place in a stable up town. They were so happy, so grateful, that the long, dark years when they scarcely knew how to get enough to eat were like an ugly dream. Hans grew young again, and said Frederica was prettier than ever before.

At the club-rooms nothing was thought of but Margaret's doll, as it was called. Never were hands more clean or fingers more patient. Wednesdays as well as Saturdays were given to sewing for the doll, and in a surprisingly short time it was ready, and the trunk, which contained a number of pretty garments, was packed. At last the day came when Sarah carried the trunk, and another girl who had become Margaret's friend carried the doll, and the ladies who were Margaret's weekly visitors as well as teachers went up the stairs. The trunk was placed in front of the door, and the doll on a clean paper beside it. There was a knock at the door, a scampering of feet, and when the door was opened only the doll and trunk were to be seen. Frederica looked bewildered, and then picked up the doll. A paper pinned on it, written in German, said: "For the Little Maiden, from her friends."

Frederica's eyes filled with tears, and then she laid the beautiful doll beside the "Little Maiden," who gazed in wonder at it, and who could not comprehend that it was for her. The trunk was brought in and opened, and then Frederica and the Little Maiden both cried with joy. While their eyes were still wet, Sarah burst in, crying, "Now you've got something besides a clothes-pin."

"It was you, you goot maiden, who brought this pleasure to my precious one," and Mrs. Hans kissed Sarah and pressed her to her warm heart. Sarah choked for a minute, for she was more used to blows than kisses, but she controlled herself and said, awkwardly, "Do that again, Mrs. Hans." A new light dawned in Frederica's eyes. And kisses were given morning and night to the strange wild child, who grew gentle and womanly, and who found a second home with Margaret, Hans, and Frederica.

And pretty soon the good father and mother will come from Germany, and the family will move into the

country, where friends will find them work, and Margaret will have a place to lie under the trees, and a chair in which she can wheel herself about.

COLORED FISHES.

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

THE sense of the beautiful seems to run through all living creatures, no mattter how small and insignificant they may appear to us. The little boy or girl who likes to put on a new dress or hat every few months, because it adds to his or her looks and appearance, is not different from the birds of the air, who love to display their new, bright plumage every spring and autumn. Every one who is familiar with the country knows how the birds change their dress once or twice, or even three times, a year; but it is only of late that definite information has been received that the fishes of the sea and lakes also change the color of their dress, and in a way more marvelous than that of the birds.

Fishes are attracted by color, and it is very rarely that one is found to be color-blind. When an expert angler goes to a stream or lake to have some sport, he is always very careful about his flies, selecting certain combinations of tints for one locality, and changing them for others when he moves to another place. He even alters the color of his bait for different times of the day. In the middle of a bright, sunny day, the large, gaudy-looking flies or bugs are put on the hook, and the fishes will usually snap at them quicker than at the dull, colorless ones. Toward night, or on a cloudy day, the very reverse is the case; the common, homely-looking flies are then the most greedily sought for by the fishes.

So far as their habits are concerned, fishes can be divided into two classes: those that travel about in the night time, and those that are found swimming around only in the daytime. The former are usually of a dark, dull color, so that their bodies cannot be distinguished from the water a short distance off. These usually consist of voracious fishes, that do not live upon flies, bugs, and worms, but upon their own kind. Like the owls and bats, they attack their prey during the darkness of the night, when the innocent and peaceable fishes are in repose. Their dark, leaden color serves them a good purpose in this work, for they can creep close up to their prey before their presence is discovered. It is now generally believed that these night travelers have the power of changing the color of their dress at will. They also have the power of making a peculiar noise, which is thought to be made to attract others of their same species. The sounds are made during the breeding season, too, when the fishes make love to each other. The day fishes, however, are voiceless, and they make love to each other by changing the color of their bodies.

When one of the voiceless day fishes wants to attract the attention of a mate, it puts on its prettiest dress, changing the hue of its body until it is as many colored as the fan-like tail of the peacock. There is no resisting such beautiful displays of tints, and the anxious lover soon finds one who is willing to become a partner for a season with him. Then, like two doves cooing, they will go through a series of changes, the bodies becoming almost inky black, then pale, then streaked and spotted, and finally of a golden hue. These continual and significant changes seem to be under the complete control of the fish, and there is no doubt but they are due to inward emotions.

The common sunfish is the one easiest to observe and study in this respect. Most fishes, when they allow you to get near enough to them to notice their habits, will become frightened, and will not act at all naturally. It is impossible then to see the changes in their color. But the sunfish is such a gentle creature that one can study it without much difficulty. On a warm, sunny day, if you throw yourself down on the bank of a mill-pond, and remain there patiently for a few minutes, you will be rewarded by seeing a few of the sunfishes coming out. Across the backs of these fishes black bands are very noticeable. If left undisturbed for a few minutes these will fade away until they become very faint streaks. The fish itself will hardly be visible. But now let other fishes come on the scene, and the sides will suddenly glisten like polished silver, and the bands over the back will become as black as coal. If food is suddenly pushed toward it by the current of water, it will also resume its bright colors.

This power of changing its own color seems to serve the day fish another purpose. A great many of the larger kind have to depend upon the small fishes for a living, and, as many of the latter are frequently faster swimmers than their clumsier enemies it is often necessary to capture them by deception. For this purpose the large fish approaches the school of small ones in a very cautious way. If it is passing over a sunny, sandy place, where everything is clear and bright in the water, it will change its body to a pale color, until it is scarcely distinguishable from the sand. Then, as it passes through bogs or vegetation, its body will become inky black, so that it will resemble a piece of stick. When close to the school it will float about in an unnatural position, the same as a piece of grass or twig would do, until some of the fishes approach close to it. Then, with great rapidity and unerring certainty, it will dart toward its prey, and secure the innocent swimmer before it has time to escape.

Some naturalists have come to the conclusion that the fishes also change their color merely for the pleasure that they derive from it, and the gratification that they give to others. They love to display their finery as well as boys and girls; and if this is the case, the inhabitants of the water do not spend their lives in as pleasureless and machine-like a way as is often imagined. Beneath the bogs of the banks bordering the streams they have their little homes, where they probably enjoy life as much as we do. They have the power of making themselves pleasant or agreeable in their homes in the same way that all other creatures have, and it is not likely that they keep their bright, shining dresses for the public highways of the streams only.

INSIDE THE HOME GATES.

MRS. LUCY LILLIE'S charming story in "Harper's Young People," called "Glen Holly," contains a conversation that has such a lesson for sisters and mothers that we print it, knowing it will set some of us thinking. The sisters of Glen Holly have started a *crèche* that has absorbed their time:

"Cecil," said Gerald, one afternoon about a week after the events last recorded, "do you think if I were to put on a long white dress, and do my hair up in a little curl on the top of my head, and howl or bang the table with a spoon, I could induce you to give me a few moments of your valuable time?"

"Why, what on the face of the globe do you mean?" inquired Cecil, not knowing whether to laugh or not.

"Well, it's just this," said Gerald; "I've been thinking whether in that way I could appeal to your heart. Those miserable little infants take up so much of your time that there is no such thing as getting even an eye-wink out of you. Now I don't suppose you remember that there are such beings as Combers."

"Oh, Gerald!" cried Cecil, shrieking with laughter, "do you suppose I haven't been anxious for a spare half-hour? but you know—"

At this point the older sister is seen returning from the *crèche*, and Gerald continues his conversation with her:

"Well, then, what, I say, is the oldest age at which you feel that you could allow another little darling wuzoo to enter your valuable institution?"

"Oh!" said Lindsay, much relieved, and with the air of desiring to state the limit as closely as possible, "I should say"—

"Linnet," said Gerald, sternly, "no hesitation."

"I will not," said Lindsay, laughing, but really anxious, "for we decided definitely. Four years old."

"Then all this talk has been mere waste of time," exclaimed Gerald, with so much vexation in his tone that Lindsay said, quickly:

"Why, Gerald, do you know any little poor child?"

"Do I? Yes, I know one who is in great distress—needs anything and everything a fond father and sisters could give; but, alas! he is neglected on every side. His one hope of having his wants attended to was to reach the institution in Mill Street; there he might get an occasional button on, a stocking darned, or the sympathy of a sister or two, sadly needed at this important period of his school career; but now, of course, his age will go against him. I must—"

"Gerald," called out Cecil, who had been watching this scene and the changes on poor Lindsay's countenance with huge relish, "you are too silly for anything! Lin, don't you see he is the poor, needy infant himself? He declares we pay no attention now to things at home."

I wonder if there are not a good many brothers who feel that the sewing schools, day nurseries, and other organizations monopolize the sisters' time and interest in a way that interferes with the home life!

It is very hard, when we enter into a new work, not to let it fill our thoughts to the exclusion of our home interest, particularly if we have no special responsibility at home. And then the fathers and the brothers miss the many little things that go to make the sum of family life what it should be, a warm personal interest in each member of the family in the pleasures, interests, friendships, of the other. Let us be careful that the effort to save our neighbor does not give the opportunity for the exercise of the neighbor's philanthropy on the boys in our own home.

You never find in the Bible any scornful despising of human wealth. Our Saviour was poor and his first followers were poor, but is he not spoken of as rich and becoming poor for our sake?—[Thomas T. Lynch.

Sunday Afternoon.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.[1]

By Lyman Abbott.

ART and literature have often lingered over the physical tortures of the crucifixion. It possessed a bad pre eminence of cruelty in an age when gladiatorial combats furnished a humorous entertainment to fashionable ladies of the Roman capital. Its anguish was that of a lingering death, lasting always many hours, sometimes several days. Hanging between earth and heaven, the victim's naked body and unsheltered head exposed to the hot rays of an Oriental sun, the ragged edges of his undressed wounds sending waves of increasing anguish thrilling through the body, every attempt to secure relief from the unnaturally constrained position increasing the torment, the impeded blood flowing in slackened and laborious currents, consuming fever burning with internal fires the frame, and parching the throat and lips with intolerable thirst, no vital organ touched, and life left to ebb out in a tide so slow that death was longed for with a delirium of anticipation—such were some of the elements that conspired to make crucifixion the most barbarous of punishments in a most barbarous age. So pitilessly slow was it that almost universally the executioners wearied of the long delay, and ended their own tedium and the sufferer's torment with the thrust of a spear or the blow of a club.

To these physical tortures in Christ's case were added the savage exhilaration of priests and people, thrusts of derision more cruel than that of the merciful spear, blows of tongues harder to be borne than blows of club. Yet crueler than cross or contempt was the anguish of suffering love, that looked upon a people whom he would fain have saved, and in prophetic vision beheld them given over to destruction, and their doomed city environed with crosses, multiplying in hundreds of victims of Roman remorselessness the anguish which Jewish hate now inflicted upon him; that looked upon frightened and awe-struck disciples huddled together in the distance, and upon the anguish of mother and adopted son praying, with a hope deferred making the heart sick, for some divine deliverance from the awful catastrophe that shattered their faith and whelmed their souls in despair. Yet all this accumulated load of suffering, in body and in heart, Christ bore without a murmur, without an outcry. His one prayer was for divine mercy on his crucifiers. The silence with which he received the taunts of his enemies was broken only by his promise of Paradise to the repentant robber at his side. The only utterance of his anguished love was to commend in faltering and broken sentences his mother to her adopted son, the beloved John. Once and only once did he break the silence in an outcry for himself; and this was wrung from him, not by the nails piercing his hands and feet, not by the fever burning in his veins, not by the taunts of his enemies, not by the heart torture of his friends, but by the cloud that seemed to pass between him and his God, and leave him at the last supreme moment alone indeed, without help, human or divine. This cry—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—is as a plummet which sounds a sorrow absolutely fathomless. Only as we faintly catch the echo of this cry in our own soul's experience can we approach an understanding of the divine mystery of our Saviour's travail of soul in this birth-hour of a new-created world.

> "But, O my God, my God! why leav'st thou me,
> The sonne in whom thou dost delight to be?
> My God, my God—
> Never was grief like mine."

1. In the interpretation of the uninterpretable experience out of which this cry was wrung, we are to discard absolutely all those interpretations which either forbid us to study it, or which make it plain by making it shallow. He who secures an understanding of Christ's experiences by denying their spiritual depth pays a large price for a small acquisition. The heavens are infinite, and any astronomy which endeavors to comprehend them by obliterating their unmeasurable depths is false. I mention but to condemn—without argument, nay! as scarcely deserving argument—the interpretations of those who would have us believe that we are not to attempt to enter into the meaning of this transcendent experience; or that it is simply the utterance of human agony, couched in the devout language of Scripture by one familiar with Scripture from his youth; or that it is spoken in our name and for us, to teach us a lesson of undespairing faith, as though the crucifixion were but a sublime Passion-play and Christ the hero of its stage; or that we are to substitute for this sublimely simple and solemn cry the mere utterance of astonishment at the baseness of the reviling crowd, "My God, my God! to what sort of persons hast thou forsaken me?" All

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for June 3, 1888.—Matt. xxvii., 33-50.

these are evasions, not interpretations, of the final agony of the cross. They bar the way to an understanding; they belittle that they may make plain.

2 It is often said that sorrow drives us to God. Sorrow rightly taken does at last conduct us to God; but it is often through darkened and winding passages. It leads us as the Shekinah led Israel, not by a direct road to our haven, but through a weary wilderness. Christ comes to us as he came to his disciples, walking on the wave in the midst of the storm and shining out of the darkness; but this often only after he has seemingly left us to buffet those waves for a time alone in that darkness. In actual experience, the first effect of grief is often to blunt the sensibilities, to daze the soul, to deprive it of the power of receiving not only human sympathy but even divine comfort. Prayer loses its wings and cannot fly. There is no ladder between earth and heaven; no petitions run nimbly up, no angel blessings come smiling down. Our Lord seems to us to be gone; and as we walk solitary and sad, he does not at first disclose himself; he is indeed with us, but our eyes are holden, that we cannot see. In such an hour the greatest anguish of the Christian heart is not in the desolation which death has made; it is in the greater desolation which comes from the seeming exile of the soul from God. This was the experience which Moses dreaded when he prayed, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." This was the experience which weighed down the Psalmist's soul when he cried, "Will the Lord cast off forever? and will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone forever? doth his promise fail forevermore?" This experience Madame Guyon has beautifully expressed in verse—verse beautiful not for its artistic merit but for its life:

"Then saw I Love with dread dismay
Spread his plumes and soar away;
Now I mark his rapid flight;
Now he leaves my aching sight;
He is gone whom I adore,
'Tis in vain to seek him more.

"How I trembled then, and feared,
When my Love had disappeared!
'Wilt thou leave me thus,' I cried,
'Whelmed beneath the rolling tide?'
Vain attempt to reach his ear!
Love was gone, and would not hear.

"Yes! he leaves me—cruel fate!
Leaves me in my lost estate.
Have I sinned? Oh, say wherein!
Tell me, and forgive my sin!
King and Lord whom I adore,
Shall I see thy face no more?

"Be not angry—I resign
Henceforth all my will to thine.
I consent that thou depart,
Though thine absence breaks my heart.
Go, then, and forever, too;
All is right that thou wilt do.

"This was just what Love intended;
He was now no more offended;
Soon as I became a child,
Love returned to me and smiled.
Never more shall strife betide
'Twixt the Bridegroom and his bride."

It was appointed to Christ to know all the experiences of human grief; to taste every cup of bitterness which God's strange providence mixes for human souls. The dulling of spiritual sensibilities, the benumbing of the spirit, the fainting of love, the lapse of faith, the anguish of doubt—doubt of self, of truth, of goodness, of God, of everything—the walk through the valley of the shadow of death, with all which that involves in the common experience of humanity, he was to know. And out of this experience, as much darker and bitterer as our like experience ever can be as his communings with God were more intimate and his walk with God was closer, this cry was uttered. When faith fails us, when the sun sets and the darkness rolls in over our soul, when to us also, in the night of a sorrow which no sympathy can illumine, God seems to have forgotten to be precious, when we also cry out in our spiritual loneliness,

"Have I sinned? Oh, say wherein!"
Tell me, and forgive my sin!"

let us remember that we are passing through the same dark valley our God has passed through before us. Let us hold fast to his prayer, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Let us cling to the faith of Madame Guyon:

"All is right that thou wilt do."

3. There seems to me in this cry a deeper meaning; a meaning which I but dimly see, and cannot therefore hope to clearly express. The penalty of sin—the supreme penalty—is not fire from without nor even fire within; it is separation from God. To be estranged from him is the most awful fate that can befall a human soul. To be forsaken of him is to be cast out from the last possibility of hope. In bearing the sins of an estranged and lost world, Christ bore this experience of separation from the Fountain of his life. God seemed to hide his face. For the hour he seemed to himself to be clothed in the iniquities of those for whom he was suffering; to be their advocate and representative For the hour the whole force of divine abhorrence of sin seemed to be concentrated upon himself. He stood for us; and, standing for us, he seemed to be forsaken of God, as though for him and those for whom he would intercede there was no hope. I despair of expressing to others the thought that is in my own heart; I can only hope to express it for those who already have entertained it.

In a certain sense, undefined and by me certainly undefinable, we all bear the sins of those we love. We are substitutes for them. The mother feels strangely responsible for the sins of her child; the less she is to blame, the more the burden of an almost self-reproach oppresses her; the more faithful she has been, the more she knows an experience which she can hardly distinguish from remorse. She re-examines her own heart and life; she re-questions whether she has done what she ought not, or left undone what she ought. Her conscience acquits her, and yet her love is crucified. The shadow of her child's sin falls upon her; the shame of her child's sin is felt as though it were her own disgrace.

I do not think that any human experience can fathom the mystery of Christ's substitution and sacrifice. It is profound beyond all measurements. But only in some such thought as this can I get even a faint, dim vision of the awful sense of shame and sin and separation from goodness and God which weighed upon the soul of the Sin-bearer in this hour of darkness, and wrung from him the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It was not the fevered blood, nor the throbbing nerves, nor the taunting priests, nor the stolid soldiers, nor the well-nigh fainting mother; it was the inexplicable sense of sin and shame, the world's sin and shame, borne for lost humanity, that seemed to the spiritual consciousness of the Sufferer to sweep him away to take his place among the abandoned of God.

4 And yet all this while he knew that he was God's well-beloved Son. He was not forsaken; for he could cry, with the inconsistency which no philosophy can reconcile, but which human experience illustrates and interprets, My God, my God! His cry was the cry of innocence, surprised, perplexed, distraught, but even in perplexity not abandoning its trust. The lost know why they are forsaken of God, and they do not call upon him as their God. Christ's cry is the cry of faith; faith expostulating, faith almost despairing, but faith that still cries, My God. Though God seems to have forsaken the soul, the soul will not forsake God; and holding fast on him, he brings it out of the valley of the shadow of death into the light again; out of the wrestling with doubt into the calm confidence of hope; out of the despair, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" into the filial assurance, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

O crucified soul, under the shadow of a great grief, perhaps the grief of sin and shame and remorse, seeming to be forsaken of God! hold fast, even in thine hour of despair, to God, thy God; and learn in David's school David's lesson:

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

THE picture of the cross with the cruel nails, the exquisite torture the crucified must endure when the cross was raised to its place and driven into the ground, moves the hardest heart to pity, though it be a Barabbas who hung upon it, steeped with crime against his fellow-man. But when it is a Christ who came into life to show men the glory of a perfect man, sinless, accepting a death most cruel to prove to men the sustaining power that comes to those who bring their whole being into harmony with God's will, then there comes to us a faint glimpse of the spirit of Christ and his love for us. When we remember that he had the power to pass the cup, and yet we see him hanging on the cross, tortured, insulted, treated with scorn beyond expression, to hear him say, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," we cry out in shame that we have understood so little of the grandeur of character manifested in Christ, have come so far short of living out the lessons he so plainly by word and by action taught. They give him vinegar to drink, and as the noble head refuses to accept what possible relief might come from accepting it, there must have come into the mind of every Jew who looked upon him the words of the Psalmist: "They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." As the people pushed him, insulted him, derided him, there came again to the memory of every Jew there, "All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him." They must have trembled with fear even before the awful moment of death, when the veil of the temple was rent, or the sun darkened. When the multitude cried out that he be crucified and Barabbas released, surely the words of Isaiah came to them: "He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not." While to those who saw how the prophecy of man's cruelty and man's blindness was fulfilled, how bitter was the memory of that hour when they kept silence, when they let the Master die without telling him that his suffering was not in vain, that they found in him one who redeemed them from their own cowardice, weakness, sin, and selfishness!

If there had been no Christ who hungered and found only a barren fig tree, how would the hungry know that the divine man pitied them? If there had been no Christ having no place to lay his head, how would the homeless know of the shelter of his love and sympathy? If there had been no Christ at the wedding feast, how would those coming into new relations know of a Christ who sympathized with them? If there had been no Christ weeping at the tomb of Lazarus, how would the mourner know of Christ's sympathetic love and friendship? If there had been no Christ to say, Arise and walk! how would those who never knew one pulse-beat of health know that Christ was ready to make men whole? If there had been no Christ washing the feet of the disciples, how would we know our duty to our fellow men? If there had been no Christ at the supper breathing out only words of help and comfort, how would we know the duty of giving men out of ourselves that which would make them strong for the hour of trial? If there had been no Christ in the garden praying, "Let this cup pass from me," how would we dare beseech the Father to spare us the sorrow that we see we cannot escape? If there had been no Christ saying, "Thy will be done, not mine," where would we find inspiration for submission? If there had been no Christ driven through the streets of Jerusalem crowned with thorns, beaten, insulted, where would we have learned the grand motive of divine obedience? If there were no Christ praying, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do," how would we catch a glimpse of divine forgiveness?

CROWNED SUFFERING.[1]

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THESE events followed the trial of Jesus before the Sanhedrim. He had gone through the suffering of Gethsemane. He had been arrested through the treason of one of his own disciples. He had been examined by his countrymen, and tried. Then, having suffered buffetings and abuse, he was taken to Pilate. There he was questioned, without answering. To please the people, at last, though he publicly declared that he found no fault with him, Pilate gave Jesus to the soldiers.

The Roman ferocity that looked upon suffering as a luxury, that made its joy in beholding gladiators and wild beasts in hideous conflict, here showed itself in characteristic exhibition. The whole band was called together, that not one of them might lose the sport. Then the Saviour was arrayed in purple, a wreath of briers, or small thorns, was "platted," and with this he was crowned. Then they jeered him, and put a reed or cane in his hand for a scepter; and they began, with laughter ill suppressed, to bow, and to worship this man. With a double edged derision, they called him "King," for it was a mockery of him, surely, and to call such a one "King of the Jews" was also an exquisite satire on the nation. It cut both ways.

He had already been spit upon and severely smitten before the Sanhedrim. He spake nothing. His silence was so remarkable that it attracted attention. Pilate, even, noticed it. There was great dignity in it. There was a moral meaning in it that men *felt*, even if they could not understand it. It was not the silence of nothing, but of something too mighty for words. *All that a man hath will he give for his life;* but Christ would not give even a word for his. He now stood among the ribald soldiery. They renew the indignities of the Jews. They empurple him. They nod and beck, and laugh and roar, as the most lithe and mountebank soldier assumes with greatest success the airs of a courtier, and with mock reverence and adroit humility acknowledges the kingship of the silent, thorn-crowned sufferer.

Consider this scene in its external relations. He was a Jew before Romans that despised Jews. He was a Jew rejected of his own rulers and people, and therefore lower than a Jew. Abandoned by his disciples, he was alone. All the laws of his country had profited him nothing. Those whom he had saved were not

[1] From Harper & Brother's edition of Henry Ward Beecher's Sermons, 2 vols., 1868.

there. Those whom he had healed and fed and taught were far away. He was doomed and deserted. Before him was the cross looming up. Solitary he stood, and silent, in utter helplessness. Can anything be more hopeless? Was ever such a life so wasted? And thus it appeared to the Jewish priests, and thus to the soldiers, and thus to his own disciples. They saw nothing but what their eyes could discover, and that seemed the extremity of woe, the very depth of disaster and degradation.

But pierce this external appearance, and what is it? A body weakened, disgraced, suffering, and just coming to more awful agony. Was this all? Within that unspeaking form was the home of a great and suffering love. A nature which time shall never be able fully to interpret was now at its point of greatest grandeur—the full of love. It was not that love which gives and takes, but that love which is the highest ecstasy of mortal life—that love which suffers for another. To say that suffering for another's good is the highest element of deity would be to venture beyond knowledge; but we may say that it is the highest element yet unfolded to us, and that all other conceptions of character are far behind this. A love without self-assertion, without self-thought, with a spirit that takes upon itself another's woe; a love that purposely, consciously, calmly, and long, suffers rather than that another should suffer—this is the very and peculiar revelation of God in Christ Jesus. To be sure, it had been true from the beginning, but it was needful in some way to disclose it to this world. It was needful, therefore, that some one should suffer, that in the example men might have concrete teaching of that love which by mere words could never be made understandable. The secret, the fount, the hidden reason of that influence which the cross has exerted, and the pledge of its perpetual power, is in this love-suffering for others. There is no other power in heaven, and there shall be no power on earth, that, for majesty and productiveness of effects, shall equal or match or shall be mentioned in common with this, when it shall be well understood. Love suffering for others is the highest justice, the highest purity, the highest truth, the noblest government.

If, then, you look within, and see the soul of Christ standing solitary, and suffering silently, and know that he meekly stood bearing a love which for others' sake suffered, and suffered patiently, you will find that your heart is kindled as before an unveiled divinity; and, behold, you will see beneath these mockings really a king; for, though in derision they crowned him, he was crowned, and the thorns are typical of the crown that love wears upon its heart!

He was, the greatest of all his contemporaries, king of the world, of time, and of eternity, just because he was the crowned Sufferer. Other kings there were, but he was the greatest. Other crowns flashed splendor from stones beyond price, but no stone ever yet was to be valued with these spines of thorns for glorious beauty. What is a stone, a diamond, an emerald, an opal, but mere cold, physical beauty? But every thorn in that crown is a symbol of divine love. Every thorn stood in a drop of blood, as every sorrow stood deep in the heart of the Saviour. And the great anguish, the shame, the indignity, the abandonment, the injustice, and that other unknown anguish which a God may feel, but a man may not understand—all these were accepted in gentleness, in quietness, without repelling, without protest, without exclamation, without surprise, without anger, without even regret. He was to teach the world a new life. He was to teach the heart a new ideal of character. He was to teach a new power in the administration of justice. A divine lesson was needed—that love is the essence of Divinity; that love, suffering for another, is the highest form of love; that that love, when administered, carries with it everything that there is of love and purity and justice; and not only that love is the fulfilling of the law, but that God himself is love.

This was the hour, then, of Christ's grandeur. He was king then, and was indeed crowned. No throne was like the steps on which he stood. No imperial person was so august as this derided and martyred Jew. If he had, by a resort to violence, relieved himself, he would have been discrowned. To suffer in sweet willingness; to have the suffering roll to unknown depths and not to murmur—this was to be a king far beyond the ordinary conception of kingship.

Oh, could some prophet's prayer have touched the eyes of those that stood about him, that for a moment they might have seen the sight behind and within the flesh, how strange would have been their gazing! How would the spiritual beauty and power have risen up before them! Once, when they would have arrested him, he said, "I am he whom you seek," and they fell as if struck to the ground; and now, had there been a spiritual unfolding that should have disclosed his real character, and, as it were, declared, "I am he," methinks it would have thrown the soldiers to the ground, or sent them flying everywhither.

Stand by him now, and look down through the times to come. From this point of view interpret the passage, "Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame." Ages are to roll by; nations are to die, and nations are to rise and take their places; laws are to grow old, and from new germs laws are to unfold; old civilizations are to crumble, and new eras are to dawn with higher culture; but to the end of time it will be seen that this figure stands high above every other in the history of man! "A name which is above every name" was given to him—not for the sake of fame, but in a wholly different sense: a name of power; a name of moral influence; a name that shall teach men how to live, and what it is to be men in Christ Jesus. The crown of thorns is the world's crown of redemption. The power of suffering love, which has already wrought such changes in the world, is to work on with nobler disclosures, and in wider spheres; it is to teach men how to resist evil; how to overcome sin; how to raise the wicked and degraded; how to reform the race; how, in short, to create a new heaven and a new earth, in which is to dwell righteousness.

It is this crowned sorrow in Christ which proved him to be a King of redemption. It is the very focus of the redemptive element, that one was found with love enough to suffer remedially for the world. We often contrast law and love; and, in our inferior being, perhaps it is necessary to analyze and take them apart, and contrast them, although in the divine mind and administration they are doubtless inseparably mingled. As presented to us in the human condition, law may be considered rather as a preventive—seldom as a curative Love is both. It prevents, but, still more, it heals, transgression. Law punishes for the sake of society. Human penal laws are devices of human weakness, needful for our state, simply because other and better ways are scarcely within our reach. But while law makes transgressors suffer, love suffers *for* transgressors. Both carry justice; both vindicate purity, truth, mercy; but law, in the whole sphere of human administration, puts the burden, the woe, the deep damnation, on the transgressor. Love, yet juster, higher, purer, takes the suffering and the woe upon itself, and releases the transgressor. Which carries the sublimest justice, law or love? Which rules highest, reaches deepest, spreads widest, and best meets the want of man's whole being—the penal justice that says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," or the disclosed justice of love which says, "I have found a ransom; I bear the stripes; I carry the guilt and the penalty; I suffer that the world may go free"?

Laws are for merely human conditions. As such, they are needful; but they are never to be considered as being perfect; nor, indeed, as being the truest symbols of the perfect administration of divine government. It is folly for us to expect to understand all that is within us and round about us; but of the things that are round about us, we are to take heed which of them are symbols of divine character and divine administration. If there is anything in this world that is weak, it is a human government or human law administered by human beings. Law attempts to supply what it never can—a rule of perfect fairness, perfect justice. Therefore, in a system of law, a thousand things are necessary, simply because you are attempting to do, by external framework, that which God does, with absolute certainty, by knowledge and equity and rightness of spirit.

To reason that God must administer justice with such equivalents as men do, is to reason from weakness to strength, from imperfection toward perfection. As men exist on earth, laws are indispensable; but they are devices to maintain society. There is, however, a view of individual value that sinks all laws and governments on earth into relative insignificance. I can conceive that to the mind of God, looking upon a single soul, and unrolling it as it shall be disclosed through the cycles of eternity, there may come, in the far perspective, such a thought of the magnitude of a single soul as that in the view of God that soul shall outweigh in importance the sum total of the governments and populations of the globe at any particular period of time. I can understand that God may sound a soul to a depth greater than earth ever had a measure to penetrate, and find reasons enough of sympathy to overmeasure all the temporal and earthly interests of mankind. And I can conceive that God should assume to himself the right to execute his government of love by suffering for a single soul in such a way as quite to set aside the ordinary courses of the secular and human idea of justice.

This is, to my mind, the redemptive idea. I do not believe it is a play between an abstract system of law and a right of mercy. I think that nowhere in the world is there so much law as in redemption, or so much justice as in love.

The redemption of Christ is a revelation to men, not that love has triumphed over justice or government or law, but that there was a higher way of justice. There was a conception of justice in love that, when unfolded, would be a power of cleansing and restraining and building up such as belonged to no other period before. And, as I conceive of the redemptive idea, it was a spectacle of love suffering for others in such a way as shall redeem them from the power of sin. This is a higher justice and nobler assertion of purity than any mode of punishing can be. Punishing may be the final alternative, but it is not the divinest method. Penal laws are secondary adjuncts; whereas, towering up, central, and radiant as the new Jerusalem, is disclosed in Christ Jesus the one great divine motive power—that heart-love which is pure and just and true, suffering from those that are impure and unjust and untrue, cleansing them, and justifying justice. Love is fatherhood, justice is kingship, and Christ was the kingly father.

Christ did not come to teach the world the guilt of sin, and its desert of penalty. These the whole world knew before he came; it was the knowledge of these things that was pressing noble spirits down. He did not come to secure punishment. Men thought him to be a judge, like the stern old prophets that came to revolutionize society on account of wickedness; but he says, "I did not come to condemn; I come to save." He emphasizes and repeats that thought. He did not come to teach the fact of guilt, or to punish guilt. There was no need of his coming for either of these. The whole framework of the universe is appointed to secure penalty. There is no man that can hide sin so that God's officers shall not overtake him. There is no need of attempting to secure punishment, for the natural course of things, first or last, will overwhelm every sinner with condign punishment. Rescue, not penalty, was that which needed a divine revelation. Christ came to save, to rescue, and by this vicarious suffering to redeem men from the penalties of their wrong-doing. And when I see men busy about the *method* of atonement, I marvel at them. It is as if a man that was starving to death should insist upon going into a laboratory to ascertain in what way dirt germinated wheat. It is as if a man that was perishing from hunger should insist upon having a chemical analysis of bread. How many books have been written, and how many sermons have been preached, to show *how* God could be just, and yet justify a sinner; how he had a right to do it; and what were the relations of forgiving to law! These questions are not immaterial, but the spirit of atonement is far more important than its method. The secret truth is this: crowned suffering; love bearing the penalty away from the transgressor, and securing his re-creation. Love bearing love; love teaching love; love inspiring love; love re creating love—this is the atonement. It is the opening up of elements which bear in them cleansing power, inspiration, aspiration, salvation, immortality. It is the interior working force of the atonement that we are most concerned in, though we are apt the least to concern ourselves with it.

Our practice and knowledge and intuition of love, and its constituent elements and personal administrative power, are very low. But, after all, love is the blood of the universe. It carries life and repair and healing everywhere, just as our food carries life and repair and healing throughout the body physical. And unless we understand the force of that love in character, in conduct, in our administration over ourselves, in the family, and in our affairs and estate, we fail to appreciate the peculiar characteristics, the internal and distinguishing elements, of Christ's atoning love.

Hitherto religion, considered comprehensively and systematically, has not extended its force enough in the right direction. It has been a means of educating the conscience. Good men have been under the dominion chiefly of conscience since the world began; and although religion has in it, unquestionably, an element of education for the conscience, yet that is not its distinguishing element. Religion has been a code of rules for conduct; it has been a system of ethics or morality; it has been introduced into external laws and institutions and functions, and it is to-day, to a limited extent, an instrumentality for external re creation; but this is only the lower and earlier development of religion. Religion, as a Love, taking precedence of all the other elements of the soul, asserting its authority, and compelling everything else to bow to it, and to take law from it, has hardly been known, except in single individuals. It has been but little known as an idea, and still less as a practical matter. We have had sporadic cases, but it has never been to any considerable degree wrought into the public sentiment of any age. The active force of the world has never been this great motive power of the divine government. Religion has spent itself in marking out right paths for conduct, or securing penalties, or building churches and ecclesiastical institutions; religion has spent itself in worship, in minor charities, in refinements, in a thousand beneficent ways, but it has not thus fulfilled its whole mission. The day, however, is coming when the church, when religion itself, is to take on the form of suffering love.

Men seek to shield their love from suffering, or, if it must suffer, they seek to reap the field for themselves. A love that suffers for others, not once, and by a heroic struggle, but always, and easily and naturally, is almost unknown. But there is a new disclosure in this matter. Much light has dawned; more is yet to dawn. And it is to come, not by dry mathematical problems; it is to come, not by the text; it is to come by this suffering love of Christ Jesus! The full light is to come by development. Out of a nobler conception of love is to come nobler life—out of the experience of the full, tropical summer of sacrificing, suffering Love! And then the earth will put forth fruits such as were never suspected or dreamed of.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Will you permit one of your old subscribers to say a few words in reply to the strictures of "G. W. J." upon your views of the second coming of Christ, expressed in the International Lesson issued April 5, page 432?

These strictures seem to overlook the division, by some commentators, of prophecy into a primary and secondary interpretation—a division which must be familiar to every student of the Scriptures. The New Testament is filled with quotations of this nature from the Old Testament; a noticeable instance of which can be found in the first chapter of Matthew, twenty third verse. The prophecy is quoted from the seventh chapter of Isaiah, fourteenth verse. It was primarily applied to Isaiah's son, "Maher-shalal-hashbaz," and referred to the approaching events which occurred in Palestine during the reign of Ahaz; but since has been accepted by a large majority of Christians as a prophecy of the birth of Christ.

By this mode of interpretation the prophecies of our Saviour concerning the end of "the age" are supposed primarily to refer to the approaching destruction of the Jewish nation—a most awful end of the world to them—and secondarily to the end of the new dispensation to the Gentile world, or Christian kingdom of religious equality between Jew and Gentile, then just commencing. This second ending was called by Peter "the restitution of all things, prophesied of by all God's holy prophets since the world (or Jewish age) began."

The third era or dispensation, of which you spoke in The Christian Union, may be that of a Christian union indeed, now in preparation throughout the world, and to be openly manifested when, as announced by the angels of the Ascension, "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." There are some admirers of The Christian Union who most heartily thank you for bringing forward this hope of the Apostolic Church; a hope so manifestly the spring of early Christian effort and early Christian endurance; a hope now greatly needed to counteract the materialism which has affected more or less the best and holiest enterprises of the modern Christian Church.

It is certainly a cause of regret that, in consequence of the ill-considered attempts made to assign a special period for its fulfillment, a reproach has been cast upon the inspiring expectation of the early disciples. Indeed, our Lord himself rebuked their eager questioning in regard to the *time* of his reappearance, saying, "It is not for you to know the times and seasons which the Father hath put in his own power" (Acts i., 7). Paul also warns the Christians of Thessalonica thus: "That ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand" (2 Thess. ii., 2).

No! We are not to be troubled or shaken; but, as The Christian Union says, we are to *watch*. First, as individuals who at any hour may by death be called to the Saviour's presence; secondly, as members of the church universal, we are to watch the signs of this wonderful era in which we live, and not incur our Lord's reproach to the Jews: "Ye can discern the face of the sky; can ye not discern the signs of the times?" (Matt. xvi., 3). Or his rebuke to the disciples at Emmaus: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" (Luke xxiv., 25). "A thousand years are with the Lord as one day, and one day as a thousand years." It is with him, then, not yet the third day since the promise given by the angels to his disciples. Who knoweth if, to those who look for him, the third day may not witness his reappearance in that same manner as these disciples saw him go into heaven?

It may be at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning.

"What I say unto you, I say unto all. Watch!"

M. C. W.

A REVISION OF CREEDS.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

In your comments upon the necessity of a change in the Presbyterian creed, you say most truly that "the nineteenth century needs a nineteenth century creed, not a sixteenth century creed pruned and grafted."

But are you not aware that there is a wide difference in the development of different individuals living in the same century? There are many people who in their religious development are scarcely further advanced than some who lived in the sixteenth century, while there are others so far in advance of their generation that perhaps another century may pass before the average development reaches their present position. The standard of orthodox belief is constantly shifting; the heterodoxy of one age becomes the orthodoxy of the next. How, then, is it possible to formulate a dogmatic creed which shall be true both for the present and all succeeding generations? Men's ideas regarding predestination and probation, original sin and redemption, heaven and hell, and all the other dogmas of the church, must vary with their varying knowledge and spiritual development. Why, then, should they be made a part of the creed? Experience has proved that men may surrender many beliefs which were once considered orthodox, and essentially so, without in the least degenerating in Christian character.

Even so late as 1773 the Presbytery of Scotland declared its belief in witchcraft, and in 1768 John Wesley wrote: "Giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible;" and yet all mankind have given it up. Men no longer believe that the earth is flat, that the world was created in six days, that the story of the Garden of Eden, Jonah and the whale, Joshua and the sun, are literally true; yet are they therefore any the less Christians? Will they be any less so when they abandon many of their present notions in regard to other doctrines which are now considered orthodox? Why, then, should they be made a part of the creed and thus serve as a barrier to keep progressive men out of the church?

If the best Christian is he who is most Christlike in character, why do we impose any other test of discipleship than a sincere belief in the spiritual teachings of Jesus and an earnest endeavor to practice them?

Spiritual truth never changes; the precepts of Jesus will never be surpassed; it always was and always will be true that we should love our neighbors and forgive our enemies, that the poor in heart shall see God, that it is more blessed to give than to receive; the spirit of self-sacrifice, of love, of forgiveness, of mercy, of charity, is, and always will be, the spirit of Christ, and whoever has this spirit is a Christian. Why, then, should not the belief in these be our only creed, and the manifestation of them in our daily lives be the only test to which applicants for admission to the churches should be subjected? Such a creed and such a test would be applicable to all ages. They would leave no room for dissensions or divisions among Christians; they would commend themselves to every reasonable and reasoning man as a true criterion of Christianity, and would range upon the side of the church many who now stand without her pale, a drawback rather than a help in the work which she aims to accomplish.

VERAX.

QUINCY, Ill.

IN DISSENT.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

As the period approaches for renewing my subscription to your valuable paper, of which I have been an interested reader for many years, I beg to say that I have, with some notable exceptions, generally concurred with the views expressed in its columns; have been instructed and edified in perusing its varied and highly interesting contents; and have been gratified also in observing the interest manifested by my family in its pages, feeling assured that nothing would be presented that could vitiate their taste or tend to corrupt their morals, that the barriers which the Christian Church had erected to save the young from evil example and vicious influences would not be ruthlessly thrown down and our children invited to cast themselves into the arms of a bewitching enchantress to lead them captive at her will. It is a fact lamented by many that private members of the church, and Christian ministers sometimes, visit the theater—thus by example scandalizing their more conservative professional brethren, and bringing reproach upon their holy calling. But, further yet, for ministers of the Gospel to openly advocate and urge attendance of Christians upon theatrical performances seems to be taking up arms in defense of an institution heretofore supposed to be antagonistic to the cultivation of pure and spiritual religion, thus descending from their lofty position as watchmen upon the walls of Zion to become the mere whippers-in of the theatrical profession.

The attempt on the part of Christians to purify the stage is a hazardous experiment, likely to prove a failure, as heretofore, with damaging results to those who engage in it. Surely few can imagine that the church and the theater can be successfully harnessed together to co-operate in the triumphant march for the conquest of the world to Christ.

This is a practical question. The theory of the stage being a school for morals or a help to piety has broken down in all ages of the past when put to the test. Are not the churches practically a unit on the subject that the theater has been and is demoralising in its tendency and influence, that indulging the taste for such performances is not likely in the remotest degree to increase love for or attendance upon the services of the sanctuary of the Most High?

In a long experience I have never known play-going to promote piety, nor card-playing and dancing to conduce to love of prayer or growth in grace. Like all questionable amusements, it is safe to severely let them alone, and wise "to avoid the very appearance of evil."

J. T. S.

BALTIMORE, Md.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

1. Have toadstools any seeds or spores? 2. How is it explained that after a forest is burned down, trees of an entirely different genus will grow in their place?

1. Yes, spores, within the folds on the under sides of the broad top of the "stools." 2. The seeds were carried to the grounds by winds, birds, and other animals, and various natural agencies, often remaining in the soil for many years, and only germinating and vegetating when the conditions of sunshine and atmosphere are made right for their development by the removal of the preceding forest growth. Moreover, only those kinds will thrive which are adapted to the soil and location, which accounts, for example, for the appearance of a pine growth after oaks, to the exclusion of other species.

Can you tell me the origin of the term frequently used "to the manor born"? Would it be more correct to write "manner"?

M. E. D.

Shakespeare wrote (Hamlet i., iv.):

"But to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance."

The meaning is perfectly clear, and there seems no good reason for the prevalent idea that Shakespeare might, could, would, or should have said "to the manor born." You will find this well put in one of Richard Grant White's essays.

How long, according to the latest and best authorities, does it take the human body to undergo a complete change of matter by the process of "wearing out and renewing"? SUBSCRIBER.

We suppose that there is no foundation for the old idea that in seven years a complete change of particles takes place. We doubt if any one pretends to be able to fix the exact time. Perhaps some reader can throw light on the subject.

1. Please allow me to ask whether the inscription on the stone shaft in Central Park that was brought from Egypt has been satisfactorily deciphered, and where is the inscription published. 2. Is it a fact that it shows signs of crumbling (or decay) in its new location? If so, has there been any effort to preserve it against the encroachment of mildew, moss, or frosts?

1. Yes; the inscription was published in many papers when the obelisk was brought here. You can find an account of its history in the "International Cyclopædia." 2. It has shown signs of decay, and two or three years ago was coated with a preparation of paraffine.

A subscriber of ours, an old lady of eighty-two, is very anxious to find a poem by Tourguéneff on "Gratitude." She says that she saw it once in the Boston "Advertiser," and considered it the most beautiful piece of sentiment she ever read.

H. W. M.—Johnston's Half-Crown Historical Atlas is the cheapest for England alone. Scribner & Welford would probably have it. Good general historical atlases are Freeman's and Labberton's.

M. T. asks who the character is referred to in Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" in fifth stanza from the end. It is Eleanore of Castile, first wife of Edward First of England. The incident happened in the East before he became king. Dickens gives it in his "Child's History," and Agnes Strickland mentions it in her "Queens of England." L. S. B.

Is there any danger to health or house by using flowers of sulphur as a moth preventive under carpets? L. S. H.

Not if used in moderate quantities.

G. R. G., who inquires the title of some book of simple prayer for every-day life, I think will find "The Book of Private Devotions," by Hannah More, published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, what is wanted. P.

In what poem can be found these lines:

"Giving, we retain the births of intellect,
When dumb forgot"?

C. P. B.

"Why thus Longing" may be found in the "Household Book of Poetry," compiled by Charles A. Dana. There are six verses; M. B. has quoted two, but not quite correctly. The author was Harriet Winslow List. M. B. W.

STATE CONGREGATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE New York State Association has just concluded its fifty-fifth anniversary, held in this city (Buffalo, N. Y.), in the First Congregational Church, from Tuesday until Thursday. The Rev. E. B. Furbish, of Lockport, was elected Moderator. The annual sermon was by the Rev. H. C. Riggs, D.D., of Binghamton, from Ephes. iv., 14. It was a calm and vigorous argument for a symmetrical and manly Christianity. While recognizing the docility and faith of childhood piety, as qualities which should be retained by all, as not only charming graces but essential qualities, he demanded the self-poise and direction which only come with maturity of knowledge and experience. The Bible was exalted as containing all the materials necessary for the development of such ripe character. It affords the ground for stability. Errors and heresies need not trouble the diligent student of God's Word. Growth and development are provided for by the depth and variety of this knowledge. The unsettled Christian does not grow in knowledge or service. Foundation truths must be held as a condition of growth. The American people have great faith in contrivances. We must go deeper. The church must concern itself with every-day life, temperance, purity, and all other reforms. The celebration of the Lord's Supper followed, conducted by Dr. Behrends, of Brooklyn.

At the Wednesday morning session, in addition to routine business, the Rev. Frank Russell, D.D., Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, by invitation presented the methods of work recently undertaken by that society. It does not seek the organic union of the Protestant denominations, but such forms of organized and co-operative work as will mass these forces, in securing a better observance of the Lord's Day—in preventing the encroachments of the Jesuits and in city evangelization, and the abolition of control of the saloon in politics. In the afternoon the Rev. E. N. Packard, of Syracuse, read an essay on "The Limits of Ministerial Responsibility." In this he did not seek to excuse the clergy from any of the great work put upon them, but to have their duties so defined and directed as to secure the greatest efficiency. The work is so great and so delicate as to demand the highest degree of self-discipline and self-direction. There is too great a tendency on the part of the laity to delegate to the pastor these activities which more properly should be distributed. The minister is expected to secure the payment of church debts and to direct the spiritual activities of the society. He is not responsible for the acceptableness of his message save to God. The deepest opposition which he will meet will be that which arises from sinful hearts. Is there any God? If so, does he make personal demands of us? Such fundamental questions as these are our problems, rather than any mere surface movements of skepticism.

The most original and stimulating essay of the whole session was that given by the Rev. E. A. Lawrence, of Massachusetts, whose recent trip around the world and special studies of missionary problems on the ground have fitted him to speak as an expert. His theme was, "The Spiritual Expansion of Christendom." He prefaced the discussion by calling our attention to some of the allied forces of our civilization:

(*a*) Political—two-thirds of the land and one-seventh of the population of the globe are under the control of Christian States.

The Turkish Empire is doomed. Japan is knocking at the door of Christian nations, asking instruction and recognition. China alone among the nations of the earth remains stolidly without desiring change. Hers is the greatest empire ever known, and the last stronghold of heathenism.

(*b*) Industrial expansion, both mechanical and commercial. This diffusion is universal. Trade leads the flag. Our material civilization is being appropriated everywhere. The commerce and industry of Christian nations are found in every harbor in the world.

(*c*) Intellectual expansion. The school follows closely the flag, especially under English rule. The adoption of the arts by all these nations requires the importation of the teacher of physical science. Literature and history soon follow, and by degrees all the influences of our civilization. There is, for the most part, no conscious plan to secure anything more than external benefits.

(*d*) Moral expansion. Christian rule and Christian science carry with them their laws, their sense of justice, their social customs, and finally international law—which is more thoroughly Christian in its essence than local legislation.

With these allies spiritual expansion easily goes forward. The use of the Bible, the school, the church, Christian literature, and Sabbath observance follow. The universal diffusion of the substance of Christianity is simply a question of time. Under this influence the early breaking up and reorganization of heathen society is to be expected and provided for. Heathenism is in a molten state now, and if we do not cast it into Christian molds it will soon harden into forms of peril. There is danger that they will slough off merely their superstitions and grosser forms of immorality, and then under new forms appear as a scientific heathenism or a heathenized Christianity. The Greek Church, Mohammedanism, and Mormonism were given as illustrations in point.

This paper furnished an excellent text for an earnest address on missions by Secretary William Kincaid, of New York.

On Wednesday evening we were delighted to hear Dr. William M. Taylor, of Broadway Tabernacle. His texts were two—Luke vii., 37, 38, and John xii., 3; his theme, the two anointings of our Lord, and their lesson of the method in which we should present to our Lord our offering of activity.

The withdrawal of Secretary C. C. Creegan to become the Field Secretary of the American Board, and the appearance of his successor, the Rev. A. G. Upton, was the occasion for appreciative resolutions concerning the work of the former, and of welcome to the new Secretary. The Association held its last meeting in this city eighteen years ago. During these years eighty churches have been added and the membership increased from 26,133 to 38,500, a gain of almost fifty per cent.

The hospitality of the good people of this substantial and wealthy city has been generous and delicate, and we have all been drawn to Dr. Smart by the grace and love which have characterized his every utterance. He is an ideal host, and we hope for an early return to this fair city.

F. S. F.

ANNIVERSARY OF YALE SEMINARY.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

YALE Theological Seminary completed last Wednesday (the 16th inst.) another year of very successful work. The Seminary has now existed as a separate department of the University for sixty-six years; and on each recurring anniversary its alumni and friends have occasion to note and to rejoice in the evidences of enlarging prosperity and usefulness. The attendance of students during the past year has been 117; fourteen of these have been enrolled in the post-graduate department, which was originally begun as an experiment for the benefit of the graduates of the Seminary who might want a fourth year of study, but which now attracts to itself students from other institutions, and pastors desirous of additional opportunities.

The graduating class numbered twenty-seven. Two of them are soon to be ordained, and two go as missionaries of the American Board, one to India and the other to China; most of the other members of the class have already received and accepted calls to ministerial labor at home.

Twelve of the class appeared on the platform of Battell Chapel Wednesday morning, before a good-sized audience, and delivered addresses. All of the class, with one exception, have received collegiate training. Five are graduates of Yale, five of Amherst, and two of Carleton College; the institutions named are the only ones contributing more than one each to the membership of the class. The speaking of the young men was exceptionally good, both as regards thought and style. The most noticeable feature about the performance as a whole—a feature which has characterized the anniversaries of Yale Seminary for several years, but which seemed more marked on this occasion than ever before—was the independence of thought shown by nearly all the speakers. Hardly one of the twelve failed to let fall some expression, or to lay down some general principle, or to follow some train of thought, manifesting his freedom from traditionalism, and his sympathy with a liberal and progressive theology. These young men believe in the vital power of Christian truth, in the function of the Christian consciousness as a test of truth, in a growing church, and in the developments of Christian theology, by which it shall continually readapt itself to the demands of the changing life of the church.

Twenty-eight of the alumni have died since the last anniversary. The list includes a large number of well-known men who have been prominent in the councils and labors of Congregationalism. Dr. Peter Parker, Dr. Langworthy, Mr. I. N. Tarbox, Mr. Eustis, Dr. Burton, were among them, with others whose names I cannot stay to quote. In reporting the necrology to the alumni, Professor Day alluded, as he has done before, to the advanced age attained by clergymen. The age of twenty-seven of those dying during the year was known, and the average was seventy-one and one-half years. Professor Day thought the insurance companies ought to take cognizance of this fact and give ministers lower rates. A very interesting incident in the alumni meeting Wednesday afternoon was the reading of a letter from the oldest living alumnus, the Rev. D. A. Tappan, of the first class (that of 1825), who, at the age of ninety, is now residing in Massachusetts. His letter closed with a few stanzas of original verse. Ex-President Woolsey, of the class of 1826, is the next oldest of the alumni.

The subject appointed for discussion at the alumni meeting was "The Need of an Educated and Learned Ministry." The alumni were quite prepared to agree with the Rev. W. B. Wright, who opened the discussion, that it was hardly a question which needed to be discussed, especially at Yale. Yet he illustrated forcibly the need of such a ministry by reference to the wide and growing demand for knowledge among the people—a fact which renders an ignorant ministry powerless. He thought that Mr. Moody's influence was largely due to the fact that he has studied much since he began preaching.

Dr. Woodworth, of Berlin, made a ringing speech, greatly enjoyed, in which he told the young men that their education had only just begun at graduation, and that they must keep studying and keep growing. He was in his seventy-fifth year, he said, and he had laid it upon himself to read his Greek Testament through twice and his Hebrew Bible through once during the year. Professors Harris and Fisher spoke, alluding especially to the prejudice against an educated ministry which sometimes is found, and which is due to false methods of education, or to education in a wrong direction. They drew largely on history to show the need of education.

President Dwight is always warmly greeted. But his remarks at this time were of a personal nature, reviewing briefly the thirty years which had elapsed since he became connected with Yale Seminary as a professor.

A collation and a pleasant hour of social intercourse in the evening, in East Divinity Hall, brought the anniversary to a close.

P.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

RELIGIOUS CONVENTIONS.

REPORTS will be found elsewhere, from our special correspondents, of the proceedings of the Methodist Quadrennial Conference, and of those of the Centennial General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (North) at Philadelphia.

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIANS.

The two most important subjects before the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, which met at Baltimore last week, are those of organic union with the Northern branch, and the hearing on appeal in the case of Professor James Woodrow, of the Columbia Theological Seminary. As our readers will remember, Dr. Woodrow was cited before the Presbytery of Augusta for beliefs and teachings which were not orthodox, and which did not conform to the tenets of the Southern Presbyterian Church. The Presbytery of Augusta sustained Dr. Woodrow. The case was taken before the Synod of Georgia, which declared in November, 1886, that the finding and judgment of the Presbytery in the case of Church against James Woodrow were contrary to the evidence and law, and ordered that the verdict be annulled. This rules Dr. Woodrow from his chair in the Seminary. He did not submit to their ruling, but took his case before the last General Assembly. When the Assembly met, Dr. Woodrow was just recovering from a long spell of sickness, and was unable to attend. The consideration of the matter was then postponed till this session.

As to the question of organic union, the sentiment already developed shows that there is an overwhelming preponderance of feeling against the movement. The reasons were very clearly expressed by the Rev. C. R. Vaughan, D.D., in a pamphlet from which we quote:

"If we go into it, our autonomy is lost; we are merged absolutely in a body so overwhelmingly superior in numbers that we shall be constitutionally subjected, absolutely, to their control. They will have the settlement of questions vital to our interests, not only in the ecclesiastical but in the social sphere, altogether in their hands. Our relations to the negro race, the control of all our property, the right to determine all questions of ecclesiastical usage and policy, the propriety of a rotatory eldership, the examination of ministers, the relations of women to the public work of the Church, the question of a mixed Church of whites and blacks—all such questions will be determined for us by the overwhelming majorities of a Northern body. We have these questions now, so far as our own ecclesiastical life is concerned, in our own hands. Some of them are vital to our social existence. Some of them involve principles which we have long held with cordial unanimity as matters of conscience before God. Some of them are so vital to our covenanted creed that we shall be compelled to abandon it if we merge ourselves in a Church standing on the present basis of the Church of the North."

The sessions of the Convention were held in the Franklin Street Church of Baltimore. The annual sermon was preached on Thursday by the retiring Moderator, the Rev. Dr. G. B. Strickler, of Atlanta, Ga. In the following session the Rev. Dr. Strickler, of the Committee of Conference on Organic Union, read the report of that body, which gives the correspondence of the two branches of the committee at Louisville in November last. As soon as the report was read a motion was made to take no action. After some discussion the entire matter was referred to the Committee on Bills and Overtures. One speaker said that he believed in the oneness of the Presbyterian Church, and it should be one. He had carried his musket for four years, and all he got for it was a hole in his bosom and a Mexican dollar,

and he cherished both. But this question will have to be met, and it should not be avoided at any time. The Committee on the Centennial Celebration presented a report accepting the invitation to join the celebration, and expressing the gratification of the Assembly at the many expressions of good feeling which have been received from Philadelphia. The report was adopted.

At the election of officers the Rev. Dr. J. J. Bullock, of Washington, D. C., was elected Moderator, having 78 votes, as against 26 for Dr. J. R. Graham and 24 for Dr. S. A. King.

The Rev. Dr. Houston, of the Committee on Foreign Missions, presented the twenty-seventh annual report. During the past year four new mission stations were established, and the means for their support was at hand. The receipts were $88,040, an excess of $3,967 over the receipts of the preceding year. The report stated that the missions are in a healthy condition, especially those in China and Japan, Italy, Brazil, and Mexico. An appeal is made for Indian Territory, where the report stated an effort is being made by the Romanists to get control of the schools. The Rev. Dr. Craig presented the report of the Home Missionary Committee. The receipts were $71,813 47, and the disbursements $58,048 39, leaving a balance on hand of $13,765 08.

A hearing in the Woodrow case was set down for Monday of this week. A committee on temperance was appointed to report at the next annual conference, that the Assembly might put itself on record on the question. Chattanooga was selected as the next meeting place.

THE BAPTIST ANNIVERSARIES.

About three thousand delegates and members were in attendance at the series of meetings of the Baptist Societies, in Washington, D. C., beginning on Tuesday of last week. In a document distributed to the delegates it was stated as the outcome of careful inquiry by Secretary Burrows that the colored Baptists of the South now number 1,083,282 in 9,331 churches. The white membership is 1,115,276, in 14,874 churches. The total Baptist membership in the South is therefore 2,198,558, the total for the whole United States being 2,917,315; while the total of Baptist membership throughout the world is 3,506,719.

The five societies which held or are to hold conventions are: The Women's Baptist Home Missionary Society, the Baptist Educational Society, American Baptist Home Mission Society, the American Baptist Publication Society, and the American Baptist Mission Union. It is through these five organizations that the 3,000,000 communicants of the Baptist Church put before the world their work of evangelization, education, and extension. Through these, missions are founded and sustained at home and in heathen lands; through these, Bibles, books, papers, and tracts by the million are sown broadcast.

One of the most important discussions of the week was that of the movement to establish a Baptist Educational Society which is to aid in many ways in the propagation of Christianity in this country under the auspices of this Church. It is hoped to establish fellowships and lectureships in existing institutions to encourage higher education in new colleges, and in every way to promote the general interests suggested by the title of the proposed society. The constitution was adopted by a unanimous vote, and the Hon. Francis Wayland, of Connecticut, was chosen President; L. B. Ely, of Wisconsin, and the Hon. G. A. Hillsbury, of Minnesota, Vice-Presidents; Lansing Burrows, of Georgia, Recording Secretary; the Rev. F. T. Gates, of Minnesota, Corresponding Secretary; and Joshua Levering, of Maryland, Treasurer.

At a meeting of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society, an interesting paper was read by the President, Mrs. J. M. Crouse. She said that from the small beginnings of eleven years ago, when the Society was organized, there are now 1,624 branches, and 626 life members. The receipts last year were $40,933, and contributions have been received from thirty seven States and Territories. "Never in one year," she added, "has so much been accomplished in the mission field." In view of the work to be done, and even with the gratifying result of the past, it is felt that the society was making haste too slowly. Greater efforts should be made. What was needed was more women who were willing to engage in active work, and she urged Christian mothers to properly train their daughters.

At the meeting of the American Baptist Publication Society, President Crozer referred to the fact that the Society was born in this city sixty-four years ago, and two years later removed its headquarters to Philadelphia. The Secretary read the report of the Board of Managers, which shows that the cash receipts of the book department for the year amounted to nearly $459,000, besides credit sales amounting to nearly $53,000. The total receipts from all sources amount to $537,491. The net assets of the Society are $711,805. Col. James A. Hoyt, of Greenville, S. C., read an address upon the subject of separate Bible work by American Baptists. The Rev. Dr. Simmonds, of New York, spoke of women's Bible bands, and urged the formation of a small society in each church to collect funds for the translation and wide distribution of the Bible. He was followed by the Rev. S. L. Clanton (colored), of New Orleans, who spoke of the work among the freedmen. His address was received with long-continued applause. The last address of the session was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bickel, who reviewed the work in Germany.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE.

This body has just held its session in Indianapolis, Ind. The important subject of the discussion was that of union with the Canada Church. The press reports say: "A series of resolutions were read declaring the union consummated and all the conditions fulfilled, and that the General Conference will support it as strongly as possible. When the vote came to be taken by yeas and nays, many voters desired to explain their position or to favor the union, but not the clause of the resolutions which said that all the conditions had been fulfilled. The audience was in a continuous uproar, and, owing to the number of explanations made, the vote proceeded slowly. When Bishop Payne was called he said the union was based on deception, suppression, and absolute lying, and voted against it. This created a sensation, and some hisses were heard. All the rest of the bishops voted yea, and the resolutions were adopted."

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—St. Paul's Cathedral of Buffalo, N. Y., one of the very finest Episcopal churches in the country, was destroyed by fire on May 10. The fire was caused by an explosion of natural gas in the basement of the church. The gas was supplied to the furnaces. The church was valued at about $250,000. The insurance on the building is $55,000.

—The second anniversary of the John Street Business Men's Noonday Prayer-Meeting in this city was held on Thursday noon of last week. The Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, N. J., and Bishop Fowler, of the Methodist Church, made the principal addresses.

—A meeting was held on May 14, in the Broadway Tabernacle of this city, in behalf of the American church in Berlin, of whose work we lately gave our readers some account. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, Dr. J. M. Buckley, Dr. Schaff, and Mrs. J. W. Stuckenberg were the speakers. The meeting was the first of a series to be held in the great cities of the land. Mrs. Cleveland has given her cordial indorsement of the effort, and consented to receive contributions. They may also be sent to the Holland Trust Company, No. 7 Wall Street.

—The annual meeting at Philadelphia of the Diocese of Pennsylvania (P. E.) was held last week. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. W. N. McVickar. The annual address of Bishop Whitaker referred touchingly to the death of Bishop Stevens, commended the use of the Prayer-Book in its revised form, and urged the importance of adopting the recommendation of the Board of Missions, which in 1886 expressed the view that missions and congregations be not organized as parishes and be not admitted to union with the Convention until they shall be self-supporting.

—The Episcopal Diocese of Newark, N. J., held in Orange, N. J., last week, proposed several important amendments to the canons for consideration. Among others was one stating that it was the judgment of the committee that the word "parish" has had its day, and "is inapplicable to the present condition of American society, and is a hindrance to the progress of the church." The report urges the repeal of the canon on parish boundaries. It also dwells on the insufficiency of the authority vested in the bishops in several particulars.

—The splendid new edifice of Christ Church (P. E.) of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was dedicated on Tuesday of last week. The sermon was preached by Bishop Scarborough, and Bishop Potter assisted in the ceremonies.

—At the Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church under the Diocese of Long Island, held in Garden City last week, the Rev. Dr. Snowden offered a resolution that the Bishop be requested to appoint a committee to lay before the proper committee of Congress the facts in regard to the present want of religious services at the various garrison posts of the United States army, and petition them to see that a sufficient supply of chaplains be provided for at once.

—The New York State Sunday-School Association will hold its thirty-third annual Convention in the city of Rochester, commencing Tuesday morning, June 12, 1888, and continuing three days. An excellent programme is being provided, and a meeting of interest and profit is anticipated. Pastors and delegates from county, city, and town associations and Sunday-schools throughout the State are invited and hospitality extended to all.

—The Particular Synod of New Brunswick declines to favor the proposed union between the Reformed (Dutch) Church in America and the (German) Reformed Church in the United States.

—A council of Congregational churches in Brooklyn is to meet this week to consider the trouble existing between the Rev. J. W. Brooks and his church.

NEW ENGLAND.

—Mr. Harold Brown, of Newport, has just given $100,000 for the missionary work in the Episcopal Church. It will be used for the endowment of the Missionary Episcopate of the Church. The only condition is one that is curiously interesting—that whenever, after the date of the gift, any missionary jurisdiction shall have raised within itself $5,000 or more, and shall have been recognized by the General Convention as a diocese, it shall be entitled to receive from this fund dollar for dollar, up to the limit of $10,000. About the spending of the money, Mr. Brown says, "The sooner the fund is distributed, the better."

—The sixty-fourth anniversary of the American Sunday-School Union was held in the First Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., last week. The opening address was from the Rev. George F. Bishop, D.D., of Orange, N. J. The following statistics show the standing of the Society March 1: Schools organized, 1,502; teachers in them, 6,326; scholars in them, 54,129; schools aided, 1,548; teachers in them, 13,617; scholars in them, 137,438; Bibles distributed, 6,568; Testaments distributed, 10,302; visits to families, 31,666; addresses delivered, 9,848. By this it appears that there were twenty-eight fewer schools organized than in the previous year, while there were 117 more old schools aided, and 752 more instances of aid given to schools previously reported.

—The Rev. Dr. Edward S. Atwood, for more than twenty-three years pastor of the South Congregational Church of Salem, Mass., died on Sunday of last week, after an illness of but a few hours, from paralysis. He was born in Taunton on June 4, 1883. He graduated from Brown University in the class of 1852, and studied for the ministry at the Andover Theological School, graduating in 1856. His first charge was at Grantville, now Wellesley. He continued with this church until called to the South Church in Salem, where he was installed as colleague with the venerable Rev. Dr. Brown Emerson. Two years ago, at Des Moines, he was elected to succeed Professor Smythe as a member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Missions.

—The Rev. George B. Adams has been chosen to succeed Professor Franklin B. Dexter as Professor of American History in Yale College. Mr. Adams is a graduate of Beloit College, class of '73, and of the Yale theological class of '77. While at Yale the Rev. Mr. Adams made a special study of history. After leaving Yale he pursued the same studies in Germany, and is at present a professor in Drury College, Missouri.

—The New Haven (Conn.) Congregational Club held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday of last week. The subject discussed was "The History of Congregationalism in New Haven." Historical sketches of several churches were given by their pastors. Professor George P. Fisher represented the church of Yale College. Dr. Fisher said: "The church of Yale College was established in 1757, on account of the controversies concerning revivals in 1740. President Clapp was then President of the College. He expelled two brothers for attending a revival during vacation. These young men were in their native town and went with their parents, but the measures were very strong against revivals then. He decided to establish a church of Christ in Yale College. He offended the clergy very much by saying that the college was an ecclesiastical society of a higher order. Dr. Daggett was the first pastor of this church. There has been a vast number of young men converted while in college, and many have afterward devoted themselves to the ministry."

—The Union Congregational Church of Providence, R. I., the Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, pastor, has received one hundred and twenty-five new members, and others will unite—a result of the work begun under the Rev. B. Fay Mills.

THE WEST AND SOUTH.

—The sixtieth annual Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church Diocese of Louisville was in session last week. Bishop Dudley's report shows 564 communicants confirmed on sixty-six occasions. The Church is shown to be growing throughout the State, but only 6,000 members are enumerated for Kentucky, and half of these are in the ten churches of Louisville.

—Dr. Washington Gladden has been appointed to represent Ohio Congregationalists at the World's Missionary Conference in London, in June.

—The annual Conference of the Dunker, or German Baptist Church, is being held at Cerro Gordo, Piatt County, Illinois, on May 20.

—The First Congregational Church of Whitewater, Wis., dedicated its new building on May 11. The sermon was preached by the Rev. F. A. Noble, D.D., of Chicago. The church cost $30,000.

—The Congregational church at Lyle, W. T., has just dedicated a new house of worship, free from debt.

—The anniversary exercises of the Oberlin Theological Seminary are to be held on May 31 and June 1.

—In the Virginia Protestant Episcopal Convention, held in Staunton last week, resolutions were adopted vigorously protesting against any proposition to change the name of the Church by expunging the word "Protestant." On the question of the relation between the white and colored races in the Church, a committee reported changes in the Constitution by inserting the word "white" before the word "ministers" wherever it occurs, and "white" before the word "layman," so as to make the constitutional provision given to the Diocesan Convention a composition of white ministerial and lay delegates. Upon a vote by order the report was adopted as follows: Clerical—Yeas, 63; nays, 19. Lay—Yeas, 67; nays, 11. This alteration must go to each parish to be acted on by them, and comes up for final action in the next Council.

—The Grand Avenue Congregational Church of Milwaukee dedicated their new house of worship on Sunday, May 13. The former place had become too small, and business blocks had been built in close proximity. The population has been rapidly drifting westward, away from the old church. The new building and lot cost about $60,000, and the location is central to the parish. An interesting fact is that it was dedicated free from debt and the contribution box was not passed. The building seats 1,500, and was crowded at both services, afternoon and evening. The church is prospering greatly under Dr. Ides's ministry.

—The Rev. M. M. G. Dana, pastor of Plymouth Church, St. Paul, Minn., has issued a letter to members of his church regretfully asking for release from his pastoral position. Dr. Dana has recently received a call from Lowell, Mass. As we pointed out recently, Plymouth Church has greatly increased in numbers and activities during Dr. Dana's pastorate.

—The race question still continues to agitate church circles in Charleston, S. C. The latest action taken is that of St. Mark's Episcopal Church (colored), which has resolved to maintain an entire independence in the diocese. At a recent meeting of the congregation resolutions were adopted expressing gratification that, after thirteen years of patient efforts, the constitutional rights of St. Mark's had been recognized by the Diocesan Convention in admitting the Rev. J. H. M. Pollard, its colored minister, to membership in the convention without question or objection, and in acknowledging that the convention had no right to enforce its legislation on any parish not in union with the convention.

Books and Authors.

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?[1]

It was a remark of Dr. Whewell that "every new view of science had to pass through these three stages: First, it was absurd; second, it was contrary to the Bible; third, 'We always thought so.'" The remark is equally true when applied to the development of theology and Biblical criticism. Professor Ladd's work, "The Doctrine of Sacred Scripture," published in 1883, encountered the full force of the first two phases of this protest, but public opinion has so changed during the past five years that this recent volume, which is but a reduction and popularization of his larger work, bids fair to fall into the third division of this category of progress. It is certain, at least, that it will not meet with the blind and violent condemnation visited upon the earlier work by the Bourbons of theology. The present volume is more fortunate in the audience it addresses. That met a quiet yet generous response from scholars who saw in it an earnest and able effort to harmonize recent criticism and discovery with a real inspiration of the Scriptures, but the self-constituted guardians of orthodoxy found in it a congenial theme, and visited it with the usual cries and epithets. This book will fare better, both because of change in the times and because it is addressed to the people at large, who are always more tolerant in their opinions, being sincerer in their desires.

This volume of about five hundred pages contains the substance of the two large volumes of 1883, freed from the scholastic form of that work and made brief and simple for the average reader. It is not, however, an elementary book, but is fit for the student and the preacher. Any one capable of feeling an interest in the question of the title, "What is the Bible?" will find the answer given in an intelligible and attractive form. Professor Ladd's method is entirely scientific. He comes to the Scriptures with reverence and sympathy indeed, but guided and determined at every step by a purpose to get at the facts, and in fulfilling this purpose nothing in recent criticism and investigation seems to have escaped him. The book has both the reality and the air and temper of true scholarship.

The author traces the history of the Scriptures from the Rabbis down through Philo and the Fathers of the early Church, a somewhat uniform history, until Origen, when a tendency to a critical and speculative interpretation first showed itself. The general course of this history from the first to the present is a progress from mechanical, mystical, and superstitious views of inspiration to views that are scientific and rational. The early chapters trace the gradual but slow elimination of the fanciful and allegorical features of the first centuries, and later of the no less blinding influence of dogmatism, legend, and fable of the Dark Ages until the Reformation, when the age of criticism may be said to have fairly begun. This history ought to be summed up as a search after the Bible—a search filling all the Christian centuries, and hardly yet ended. Professor Ladd's book is an effort to throw off the accumulation of misinterpretation that has rested so long upon the Bible that it has become almost of one substance with it. All along from Philo down we see that the Bible has been made to conform to some philosophy or dogma, and has never been read in the simple light of the question, What does it teach? The book before us is preliminary to this question, and asks in its title, "What Is the Bible?" It is most timely, not only in meeting scientific inquiry, but also that higher spirit which longs simply to know the mind and will of God as contained in the Scriptures. Dogma no longer has the power it once had of coloring interpretation, and there is less and less disposition to put fanciful and allegorical meanings upon certain passages, and an increasing readiness to say with Wycliffe that "all things necessary in Scripture are contained in its proper literal and historical sense." Being ready to believe the Bible in a rational, direct, and natural way, it becomes very important that we should know what the Bible is. To this end Professor Ladd conducts us through its history, treating with full learning, and yet in a reverent and conservative spirit, the composite character of the Pentateuch, the authorship of the Books, the canon and the text, the moral and religious teachings of the Bible in connection with the various stages of its composition, the quotation of the Old Testament in the New, the nature of the prophecies, and the subtler questions of inspiration and the authority of the sacred writings.

The book has special value as the work of a writer who is at the same time a thorough scholar in the department of Biblical history and a profound student of philosophy. The question, What is the Bible? pertains almost as much to psychology as to history, for the action of the mind of the writers is as important a factor as the matter recorded. The reader, however, need not expect to find himself swamped in a flood either of scholastic or metaphysical learning. Rarely has so successful an attempt been made to put the results of critical learning within the easy reach of the unlearned reader. The book is an entirely successful effort to reduce and popularize a large and very learned work on the same subject. Frequent foot-notes refer the reader to the larger work in case he desires fuller investigation. The book is entirely within the scope of the average reader, and may be most earnestly commended to the busy pastor, to the Sunday-school teacher, and to all students of the Bible. Much is to be expected of this book toward allaying apprehension as to the effect of recent criticism. Professor Ladd writes in the scientific spirit and method, allows full weight to modern thought, and not only holds the Bible intact, but gives it to us, as it were, new and as when first produced. The influence of the volume will be to strengthen faith by removing difficulties, by answering questions now filling the air, and by letting the light of facts in upon the sacred Book. Some idols are shattered; some readers will need to adjust themselves to the positions taken and proved, but we are mistaken if this work does not strengthen the faith and deepen the reverence of every reader who follows its delightful pages.

[1] *What is the Bible?* By George T. Ladd, D.D. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF PLANTS.[1]

Although far from being an essay in "light science," Sir William Dawson's work is sufficiently intelligible to the veriest layman of science. Besides being easily the first in this branch of paleontology, the author has the valuable characteristic, not too common to scientific writers, of conservatism. There is, in consequence of this trait, a strong fiber of good sense running throughout the work. Two points are aimed at in a clear manner. The first is the description, location, and classification of fossil plants. Sir William distinguishes apparent from true fossils—a difficult and important duty. For example, he shows how the tracks of marine animals have been mistaken for fossil plants; how the burrowings of aquatic insects of geologic ages have led to the same error. The next stage of the work is to exhibit the evolution of plant life. This is not so easy as it may seem to one who has not examined into the subject. Indeed, there are not wanting those who remain convinced that the flora of the globe was not obedient to the same law of evolution which expresses the development of the fauna. There certainly are gaps in the history of plant life in the geologic ages which we cannot yet fill up. There are phenomena seemingly directly contradictory of all evolutionary law; but this much may be truthfully said: if it be difficult to explain the geologic history of plant life upon the supposition of evolution, without that theory any explanation is wholly impossible. In point of fact, a rough scheme of the evolution of plants can be provisionally sketched. In the lower strata of eozoic rocks are found the first vestiges of the rhizocarps, aquatic plants; these increase in perfection and varieties through the Cambrian, Silurian, and into the Devonian ages, when their highest degree of development was attained. An imaginary scene of this vegetation is given on page 40. The ferns followed, and were dominant, as every one knows, in the Carboniferous and Jura-Triassic periods which followed.

Contemporaneous with these giant ferns were the enormous species of club moss and mares-tail which grew rankly in thick forests. Succeeding them early in the Mesozoic period appear numerous varieties of screw, pines, grasses, palms, with modified forms of ferns and mosses. Following these are the pines and other cone-bearing trees, which cover the earth during the Cretaceous period, yielding toward the end of this age some place to palms and like exogens. Not to touch upon the Eocene and Mio-pliocene periods, because of the countlessness of the varieties of their angiosperms, we can in this rough outline see the working of a process of evolution under the changing conditions of environment. Further into the matter it is at the present impossible to go. We can only wait until investigation has furnished sufficient data for sound theorizing.

The other great point established in this volume is the prior antiquity of arctic and subarctic flora. This point must now be regarded as settled. It was perceived almost simultaneously by Sir William Dawson, of Canada, and M. Heer, the Swiss palæbotanist, in his investigations at Spitzbergen. It may be accepted as probable that the oldest land upon the globe is Southern Greenland, Labrador, Newfoundland, and the Appalachian ridge. Here is the territory of the primal flora. Here, therefore, between 1860 and 1870 the author labored, and with most fruitful results. Independently of Heer and Lesgarereux, he established and defined a pre-carboniferous flora, which is now accepted and studied. A curious question arises when we are brought face to face with tropical flora in arctic regions. How are we to account for the change? Has the earth shifted its axis from a change in the center of gravity? Astronomical and geological facts are against the supposition. Has the heat of the earth and sun diminished enough to cause the difference? Physical and geological facts again declare that the diminution has not been sufficient to account for the change. Has the earth traversed heated zones of space? There is no ground for imagining the existence of oases of heat in space.

To come to the point, the cause may more probably be assigned to several non-miraculous conditions, some of which recur periodically; to wit, the precession of the equinoxes, which alters the trade winds, ocean currents and emergence of land from water, retardation of earth's rotation, humidity of atmosphere which was charged heavily with carbonic acid gas.

The objection of the lack of light during the long arctic night disappears when brought to the test of experiment, for it is found that not light but warmth is all that is necessary to make roses and geraniums blossom in the houses of Iceland and Greenland. There is no work of which we have any knowledge that gives results in the science of geological botany which are more recent than those of the author of this work. It is simple justice to say that the difficult and somewhat new subject is presented with a completeness of scope and detail and with a clearness of definition and of literary arrangement which make the book answer the object of the works of this series, which is to inform the general reader of the best and latest results in that department of science of which it treats.

[1] *The Geological History of Plants.* By Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S. With Illustrations. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

MONSIEUR MOTTE.[1]

Miss King is one of the latest comers in the field of Southern fiction; a field which discloses more promise of original literary work than any other in this country. The younger Southern novelists are not without their faults, and they are in some danger of suffering from overpraise and overstimulus; but they have a practically virgin soil, and they are inspired by a vital rather than an academic impulse. They are in immediate contact with life in some very interesting phases, and they have written for the most part because they have been moved to write by a genuine sympathy with humanity about them. Those who recall the interesting article on these young writers which appeared some time ago in "Harper's Magazine" will remember the fine, sensitive face of the author of "Monsieur Motte," indicative alike of susceptibility to the appeals of life for recognition and expression and to the claims of a high standard of workmanship. In "Monsieur Motte" one finds both these qualities. Miss King has evidently made a thorough and loving study of that picturesque and semi-foreign Creole life with which, in other forms, Mr. Cable has familiarized us. "Monsieur Motte" is an American novel; but it is the America of the subtropics, not of the temperate zone, which is described in its pages. Life is less rationalized, but more intensely felt; emotions are quicker, more passionate, and more dominant. On the Creole plantation or in the Creole quarter in New Orleans one feels the absence of the wide horizons of modern life. There is no suggestion of the turbulence of this restless, tempestuous century in which we live. It touches the Creole only as the more progressive methods and spirit of the day force him to modify his habits and to accept the use of new inventions on his plantation. But the cosmopolitanism, the universal quality of thought, which is in the air of our time, the eager curiosity to see and know things other than those among which we were born, are entirely absent from the life described by Miss King. The charm of that life lies in its provincialism, its local color and local accent, its narrow but sharply defined types of character, and in the unbroken tradition which unites it to the past. These people charm us because they are so unlike ourselves; so impulsive, so improvident, so unthrifty, but so affectionate, so courteous, so emotional. It was certainly a charming background for a story which Miss King has used with such effectiveness—the story of Marie Modeste, the orphan girl who became the voluntary charge of the quadroon Marselite, whose school days are charmingly described, and the great changes, and finally the supreme happiness, of whose fortune are all set forth with the utmost vividness and picturesqueness. Miss King has conceived her story in an intensely sympathetic mood, and has written it while her imagination was under the spell of the life she describes. The story is told with a certain tenderness which adds an exquisite quality to the literary workmanship, and it is told also with a delicacy and refinement of feeling which give the book a pure and poetic atmosphere. The opening life of the young girl is profoundly felt and vitally portrayed. One is made conscious by brief suggestion and comment of the depths

[1] *Monsieur Motte.* By Grace King. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

below depths which lie in every woman's nature, and of the rich unfolding through fancy and imagination and heart which marks the transition from girlhood to womanhood. Miss King's thought easily takes wing and lifts her narrative into the region of poetry. The workmanship of "Monsieur Motte" is not only full of promise, but reveals elements of present and positive strength. It is not without its defects; there is an occasional loss of clearness, an occasional lack of distinct and natural connection. But it must be remembered that the story follows the mood of the life it portrays. Its conversations reflect the disjointed, impulsive, emotional talk of its characters; and in this very fact is to be found one evidence of its fidelity. Keeping this in mind, one finds little to criticise in form of "Monsieur Motte" and much to commend. The story will take its place with the best which have recently come to us from the South, and will be welcomed, not only for what it is, but for what it promises.

The Disciples. By Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King. Ninth Edition. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph.) When the "Sermon in the Hospital" was published as a sample of Mrs. King's long poem, "The Disciples," expectations were aroused which the present issue of the complete poem does not satisfy. The author was a devoted personal friend of Mazzini, the Italian patriot, and has written the volume as a monument to his memory. The struggle for Italian unity and freedom colors brilliantly the page of modern history. It by no means lacked elements of special grandeur. The heroic paced throughout it, to and fro. But Mrs. King's genius does not permit her to write an epic. Instead she has composed an epitaph to Giuseppe Mazzini. Now, without in the least belittling the travail and triumph of Mazzini, one cannot but perceive that the grand central figure in the contest was Garibaldi. With all his lawlessness and ferocity, Garibaldi was the motive power which made for Italian independence. It was impossible for the author, whatever her disposition, to make clear Garibaldi's relative importance, since it was Mazzini's eulogy which she had set herself to write. This is unfortunate, since it took away from her the ability to tell the story in a heroic fashion. The result is that, in not an extremely bad way, nor in positively atrocious verse, she has told a tale that will keep no one awake o' nights, that will not arouse any morbid emotionalism or wild fanaticism. It is obvious, from the superiority of the episode of the "Sermon in the Hospital," in what direction Mrs. King's poetical abilities point. We feel compelled, though with reluctance on account of many small bits of beauty here and there, to express our conviction that to sing of arms and the man is not the *forte* of the author of "The Disciples." And this we say in the face of a ninth edition.

The charming sentiment and the equally charming literary quality which pervaded the little volume of poems published by Mrs. Margaret Deland some time ago attracted the attention of the most intelligent lovers of poetry in this country. Mrs. Deland has now followed her success in this field by a venture in fiction. The title of her story, *John Ward, Preacher* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), suggests its leading motive. John Ward is a man of simple-hearted earnestness and integrity of character. He holds as, we venture to say, no man of his intelligence now holds, the old Calvinistic doctrine in its entirety. Faith in that doctrine is to him a matter of eternal life and death. When, therefore, he marries a charming woman, brought up in a more liberal atmosphere, who rejects the doctrine of eternal punishment, a tragic struggle inevitably follows. The motive is worked out with a good deal of power, and the interest of the story is sustained throughout. The criticism which one unconsciously makes as he lays down the book is that such a man as John Ward is to-day impossible. No person with his greatness of nature and largeness of mind could hold with such tenacity a creed so repugnant to the highest conceptions of God prevalent among thoughtful people. The story throws charming side-lights on New England life and character, and is full of delicate and discriminating comment, criticism, and suggestion.

Mr. William Morris's graceful tales in the spring-tide volume of *The Earthly Paradise*—namely, "Atalanta's Race," "The Proud King," and "The Writing on the Image"—have been adequately edited by Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, assisted by Mr. William J. Rolfe. This volume, which is published by Ticknor & Co., of Boston, in a shape uniform with the Rolfe edition of Shakespeare's plays, is a seasonable publication, because Mr. Morris's poetry can never be read to better advantage than out under the apple trees in full bloom, where you can look up to the fresh spring sky and the delicate young leaves against the tender blue, while the warm sun makes your heart sing doxology. Mr. Morris's poems have not, we believe, been known except to a somewhat limited circle of readers. Their elegance and smoothness of diction, the purity of their English, which is so marked as at first to seem like affectation, and the musicalness of their meter, fit these poems to be early introduced to the student of English literature.

Four Ghost Stories. By Mrs. Molesworth. (New York: Macmillan & Co.) These ghost stories do not belong to the category of those which end in burlesque, or in some ingenious scientific explanation; neither, on the other hand, have they that mysterious and indefinable atmosphere of the unseen which has been used with such remarkable literary effect by Mrs. Oliphant. They are extremely plain, straightforward narratives of instances of the supposed return to this world of disembodied spirits, or of the transference of the spirit from one country to another while the body remains unchanged. One sometimes almost believes that the writer is narrating what is to her actual fact. There is no particular ingenuity or literary excellence in the narratives; their chief merit is that they are so simple and apparently accurate that they have a decided air of reality. The design on the cover is original and neatly suited to the character of the book.

Universalism Asserted on the Authority of Reason, the Fathers, and Holy Scripture. By the Rev. Thomas Allin. (Elliot Stock, London. Scribner & Welford, New York.) The object of this book is to show that Scripture and the testimony of the early church sustain belief in the final restoration of all men; that the larger hope is not merely a hope, but a faith supported by tradition, Scripture, and philosophy. We do not accept the author's conclusion; neither do we propose in this paragraph to discuss the question. It must suffice to say that those who hold to the doctrine of endless punishment will find in this work, and especially in the chapters on the teaching of the Bible, some considerations and some massing of Scripture teaching which certainly deserve their careful attention.

One Thousand New Illustrations for Pulpit, Platform, and Class, by the Rev. H. O. Mackey (New York: James Pott & Co.), is a fair specimen of books of its class. That is to say, the illustrations are not worn and trite, and not too far-fetched. The only fault that we could find is in the somewhat limited range of the author's reading. However, the value of a book of this class depends in great measure upon the ability of the user. No mass of illustrations can help a preacher or lecturer who has not the brains to appropriate and assimilate the examples and incidents till he makes them his own. There are two full indices to this volume, one of subjects and the other of texts; and these two indices are great practical helps toward making the book handy for rapid reference.

The new edition of *Green's Short History of the English People*, which has recently been issued by Harper & Brothers, has been thoroughly revised by Mrs. Green, and contains an extremely interesting introduction from her hand descriptive of the intellectual influences which were most potential in the life of her husband and of his general methods of work. In this revision care has been taken not to interfere with the plan of structure, save in a few exceptional cases. Mistakes of detail have been corrected, and the work is now put in the form which may be regarded as final.

Driven into Exile. By A. L. O. E. (London: T. Nelson & Sons.) The historic truth of this story, and the heroic elements of character in those who were "driven into exile," make it a worthy book for the hands of the boys of the household. The Huguenot youth who was so steadfast under persecution and temptations is a noble model for the young Christian.

MINOR POEMS.

To have the ability to write verse is not in every instance identical with being a poet. Here we have four handsome volumes of verse bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons, and each and all not without some beauties of thought and diction. *Andiatorocté*, by the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, of Albany, takes its title from the Indian name of Lake George. The titular poem itself contains some interesting passages; one in particular is a notable description of the initiation of an Indian warrior. The other poems are chiefly of a religious or a theological nature, such as, for example, metrical versions of psalms, Te Deum, the Angelus, etc. The final ten pages are occupied with meditations upon the "Inner Life of God." Though distinctly speculative theology, these seem to be in Mr. Walworth's most congenial line. *Cloudrifts at Twilight*, by William Batchelder Greene, shows considerable facility in verse-making and an active fancy. Now and then a regrettable blur occurs upon the fair page of Mr. Greene's poetry. But the volume contains bits which go far to redeem some tasteless burlesque. "The Lights of the Night," "The Beckoning Depths," are thoughtful and poetic. "Laryat," the long poem of the book, is in the style of the Tannhäuser legend, and exhibits considerable metrical variety. Mr. David Skaats Foster's volume entitled *Rebecca the Witch* is a pleasing collection of narrative poems. Rebecca was a Salem denizen, and so the story tells itself. The interest in most of these poems is not left to the poetic phrase and the meter alone, but is helped on by the story. It is well. In Mr. Thomas Brower Peacock's *Poems of the Plains* we meet with more decided poetic talent. "The Ryme of the Border War" gave Mr. Peacock the right to be called a poet. There is a strength, a vigor, a sweep of mental vision in these poems which incontestably show an insight into the realities, a faculty which is never absent from true poetry. Take this, not the best, but most easily excerpted scrap—"More Light" is its title:

> "O wilderness of worlds! ye stars!
> Could man but read you once aright,
> The mystery that ever mars
> Our hopes would clear—lo! God and Light."

There is, to be sure, a reminder of Kant's famous declaration, and a hint, too, of Lord Tennyson's "Flower in the Crannied Wall," yet in itself it is original and good. For ourselves we are willing to admit that we feel pleasure in reading Mr. Peacock's verses.

About *A Story of the Sands, and Other Poems*, by Dr. E. L. Malcomb Bristol, we are somewhat at a loss what to say. If the author intends them for a joke, we candidly confess that we do not find the verses sufficiently funny. On the other hand, if the book is meant seriously, it strikes us as extremely amusing. The volume is prefaced by the author's portrait, under which in autograph are these characteristic lines of the self-styled "Flower Poet:"

> "Like incense of a flower in noonday's sun
> Is Love's intimate subtlety spun."

The preface also is far from a common level:

> "Like seaweed floats upon the brine
> The prismatic hues of the sun doth shine.
> Will this little volume float or sink?
> Will you uphold? What do you think?
>
> Faithfully, THE AUTHOR."

LITERARY NOTES.

—Stopford A. Brooke has recently published a collection of poems.

—A volume of lectures on "International Law" by the late Sir Henry Maine will shortly be brought out in England.

—Macmillan & Co. will shortly issue a volume of Clough's prose works uniform with their edition of his poems.

—Dr. Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell University, will sail for Europe early in June for a year's rest and study abroad.

—Dr. Abbott's articles on the International Sunday-School Lessons are being republished in the English "Sunday-School Times."

—Henry Holt & Co. announce a cheaper edition of Spielhagen's novels. These interesting stories are to be brought out in the "Leisure Moment Series" at fifty cents apiece.

—Edward Everett Hale, in the "Critic," favors the theory that America, so far from having taken its name from Americus Vespucius, gave a name to the navigator.

—Mr. Browning has thoroughly revised all his translations from the Greek. The new edition of his poems has been a great success in England; all the large-paper copies were taken at once.

—Mr. Edmund Gosse is engaged upon a volume of critical studies, which is probably the substance of the lectures lately delivered by him at Cambridge, and is to be entitled "Eighteenth Century Literature."

—Charles Godfrey Leland, the manuscript of whose "Origin of American Popular Phrases" was burned some years ago, has put into the printer's hand a new collection of American colloquial expressions, newspaper peculiarities, current jokes, etc.

—Cassell & Co. (New York) have begun the publication of a series of weekly novels under the title of "The Sunshine Series of Choice Fiction." The first issue is a story by S. B. Alexander, in which, under the title of "The Veiled Beyond," the principle of metempsychosis is worked out in modern form.

—A recent visitor to Count Tolstoi denies the report that he has lost his mind. "The table in his study," says this informant, "is covered with English, German, and French reviews, while on the shelves of his book case may be seen, among others, the works of Shakespeare, Goethe, Voltaire, Spinoza, Rousseau, and Emerson."

—The friends of Mrs. Craik have decided to erect a memorial of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," in Tewkesbury Abbey, that place having been the place selected by her as the home of her best known hero, and having been the last place she visited before her death. The memorial will take the form of a marble medallion.

—We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of "Ten Years' Work for Indians at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Virginia" (price 15 cents). This timely history is edited, and well edited, by Miss Helen Ludlow, one of the teachers, and is "Printed by Colored and Indian students trained in the office of the Hampton Institute." The typographical execution of the book reflects credit upon the industrial training afforded by the school.

—The first volume of the "Bankside Shakespeare," which is issued under the auspices of the Shakespearean Society of this city, reproduces the "Merry Wives of Windsor" with the text of the folio and quartos of 1602 printed on opposite pages. Mr. Appleton Morgan furnishes an introduction which deals with the play in his usual pungent and unconventional fashion. The volume is beautifully printed, and will excite wide interest in this latest and very elegant edition of Shakespeare. The agent for the publication in New York is Brentano.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston) have recently added to the multiplying Shakespearean texts a variorum edition of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." This volume presents a fac-simile of the folio, with changes in spelling and punctuation in the quartos of 1600, from copies in the Barton collection, and with such emendations as have been agreed upon by leading commentators and editors. The little volume contains about all the information the student needs for the thorough study of this play, collecting as it does the variations in the text which could only be found in a large Shakespearean library.

—"The inclosed facetious advertisement of 'Books Wanted' deserves," says a correspondent, "to be placed on record in your columns. I have seen several suggestions for titles of library dummies, and some on Mr. Hartley's list would answer admirably for that purpose—'H. H. Hartley, second-hand bookseller, will give good prices for copies of the following books: "The Art of Turning, by Handel," "John Knox on Death's Door," "Malthus' Attack on Infantry," "Macadam's Views in Rhodes," "Pygmalion, by Lord Bacon," "Memoirs of Mrs. Mountain, by Ben Lomond," "Boyle on Steam," "Lamb's Recollections of Suet," "Peel on our Pavement," "Johnson's Contradictionary," "Freeman on Inclosing Waste Lands," "Dr. Kitchener's Life of Captain Cook," "Mr. J. Horner on Poet's Corner," "A Pinch of Snuff, by Dean Swift," "Ode to Cologne, by U. Smellie," and "The Corn Question, by John Bunyan."'"—[Pall Mall Budget.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

The most important news this week is that the new Local Option law in Michigan, which within the last few days had gone into effect in thirty-six counties, has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court without a dissenting opinion. The point upon which the decision is based was, the Constitution provides that no law shall embrace more than one object, which shall be expressed in the title. The object of the Local Option law, as passed, was clearly to prohibit the sale and manufacture of liquor. The title of the law was "An act to regulate the manufacture and sale of malt, brewed, fermented, spirituous, and vinous liquors in the several counties of the State." This defect in the title alone was declared fatal to the law, though there were others in the body of it equally unconstitutional.

The fault found, therefore, is not with the principle of the liquor law, but with the manner in which the Legislature undertook to accomplish its end. The decision is extremely discouraging to all temperance people, except the party Prohibitionists who want State prohibition or nothing.

The "Voice" attempts to show that if the $1,735 000 invested in the liquor business in Kansas City were invested in manufacturing useful articles it would give employment to 2 200 men instead of 300 as at present. It deduces this interesting calculation from the statistics given in the first annual report of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bureau of that city. The result is a little too much for credence. It is very true that the capital employed in manufacture of liquor is unusually great as compared with the number of hands employed. Yet if the "Voice" had noticed what other businesses employ an unusually large amount of capital, it would not have deduced its very startling conclusion. In the flour and grist mills the proportion between the amount of capital and the number of laborers is the same as in the liquor business. But this does not mean that if the flour and grist mills were closed the capital in them would probably employ four times as much labor. A large part of the capital in them would be completely lost. The reason that the capital invested in these two industries is so great is that flour manufacturers and whisky manufacturers generally own their own buildings and land instead of renting from others. The argument of the "Voice" in favor of prohibiting distilleries in order to employ more labor would apply with still greater force to the railroads. Here the capital employed is nominally $25 000 to each employee, and is really (letting out all the water) $12,000. Yet the "Voice" would not argue that the railroads "rob the workingmen" of eleven-twelfths "of the opportunities to labor." The fact that the fixed capital in any industry is unusually large is no argument in favor of its prohibition, but rather against it, since a part of this large capital must be lost. The temperance cause is too strong to be strengthened by false logic.

The new law in New Jersey is working admirably. Everywhere they have one day of enforced prohibition. On Sunday, May 13, the rum-shops were all closed in Jersey City, with possibly a dozen exceptions, and there was a particularly noticeable absence of drunken men in the streets. The law was strictly obeyed by the liquor dealers themselves, and they acted as spies upon each other. Only two arrests were made in the morning, and in each case the "tip" was given to the police by liquor dealers.

It is said that the Liquor Dealers' Association intends adopting extreme measures to coerce non members to join the organization. Among other plans it is proposed to demand from the Democratic Board of Aldermen that no license be granted under the new law unless the application for it is indorsed by five members of the Association. As the organization wields a powerful influence in politics, it is probable that the Aldermen will not dare to refuse compliance with the demand.

To all appearances every liquor shop in Newark was closed also. The Law and Order Association announced its purpose to enforce the law against all traffic prohibited by the statute, and, as a result, many druggists refused to sell soda water, some confectioners closed, and many cigar shops ceased business. The outlying parks, which are usually crowded, were shut, there being no business. A strict watch was kept by agents of the Law and Order Association, and complaints will be made of violations of the law. If the working men will now join in the campaign to secure one free day to every member of their order, there will be no danger of retreat.

The Philadelphia judges are still keeping up their war, and are making the new High License law a restrictive instead of a revenue measure. A dispatch from that city gives a number of interesting incidents connected with the campaign.

One of the applicants for license was asked if he did not keep "a pawn office," and it then appeared that he was in the habit of loaning money on clothes and other articles, or receiving them in pledge for liquor.

A police lieutenant who testified to the good reputation of a certain place was sharply rebuked by Judge Gordon with the remark: "If you say the reputation of this place is good you are wanting in the knowledge of your own district which a lieutenant of police should have."

It is asserted that no local option elections can be held in New Jersey until after the Presidential election. The law allows a certain period to elapse between the petitions for election and the issuing of the order when the election shall be held, and further requires that the special elections shall be held at least sixty days before the general election.

——The Prohibitionists of Maine held an enthusiastic State Convention, and declared in favor of reducing the tariff on necessities and repealing the internal revenue taxes.

MUSIC AND ART.

Concerning woman in art, the "Magazine of Art" for June has this to say: "The particulars of the last candidates' examination for admission to the Royal Academy schools shed some light on the capacity or otherwise of women to become artists of real eminence. Of the eighty seven candidates who presented themselves, only a round dozen succeeded in forcing their way into the fold of the 'probationers,' while of these twelve no fewer than ten were women, and women for the most part—in all gallantry be it said—no longer in the first hot flush of ambitious youth and inspiration. Thus, indeed, it must be always under the present Royal Academy rules, whereby is demanded in the probationary drawings a high degree of patient imitativeness—a simple and touching devotion to stipple and shadow—rather than true artistic power and breadth of any kind. In this sort of work, indeed—that of patient, dexterous manipulation—woman may always be depended on to assert her power of *execution*; but it is in *invention* and *originality*, or the realization of them, that the failure of the sex in art becomes apparent. Hence it is that the artists of first-class ability produced by the country are furnished by the small minority of male passed candidates; the women usually relapse into obscurity, after achieving a partial success—they win the minor scholarships, and then lose themselves into the Nirvana of artistic mediocrity. The generally accepted principle that imaginative creation is out of the range of feminine capacity is nowhere more apparent than in art, and the sooner the truth of this is recognised by the sex, the better it will be for those who, thirsting for fame and fortune, adopt the light and ladylike profession of art. History proves that, though the artistic perception is strong in woman, her successful power of realization is, in the vast majority of cases, non-existent; for not one female name can be found worthy to be placed on a level even with the masters of the second rank. Angelica Kauffmann, Mme. Lebrun, perhaps, and, above all, Rosa Bonheur (the latter as masculine in her somewhat narrow range of execution and conception as she is in face and method of dress), are the few distinguished exceptions that emphasize the rule. The explanation of 'repression' and 'lack of education,' always advanced by the champions of the sex in so-called vindication of its non-performance, can hardly hold in the present case; for it has been proved a thousand times that Art, like Truth, will out, despite every disadvantage, every discouragement and lack of opportunity. It surely behooves the Academy, whose province it is to do its utmost to aid the advance of art by imparting proper instruction, and not to act as the amiable *cicerone* of the china painter and the amateur professional, so to alter its rules as to remedy the present anomalous state of things."

The "Saturday Review" gives genuine praise to Millais for his latest landscape painting, which it pronounces thoroughly interesting, and showing the high power of intelligence and earnestness that this artist can bring to bear on his work, after doing much careless commercial claptrap.

Professor Herkomer, according to the London papers, is making an exhibition of forty-three water drawings, descriptive of scenes about his home at Bushey. One critic says: "They are decidedly the best work of Professor Herkomer we have yet seen, and show, not only a richness and vigor of color, but a grave and steadied strength, perhaps not so charmingly apparent in his earlier and more fantastic work. The influence of the master whom this painter loved and followed is instinct and penetrative in these delightful pictures, and it is no exaggeration to say that we hear, as it were, echoes of Walker's gentle voice in many of them. A laughing note of humor is one of Mr. Herkomer's most pleasing characteristics, and even those who may possibly disagree with the sweeping assertions he is sometimes tempted to make in his lectures cannot but recognize the truth, sincerity, and what we may call the frank good nature of these beautiful drawings."

Benjamin Constant, the eminent French painter, has been engaged to come to New York next fall to paint portraits. He is said to be greatly pleased at the idea of visiting this country, where he has a host of friends and admirers.

It is announced concerning the new scheme of opera in English by the American Opera Company that Gustav Hinrichs, the conductor, will be its head, and that he will soon begin a season at the Grand Opera-House, Philadelphia. For a summer season the repertory includes "Martha," "Maritana," "Traviata," "The Chimes of Normandy," "Faust," "The Bohemian Girl," "The Masked Ball," and "Fra Diavolo." Among the company are Louise Natalie, Charlotte Walker, Adele Varena, Clara Poole, Lizzie McNichol, Carrie Morse, Charles Bassett, William Cassell, Alonzo Stoddard, William H. Lee, Frank Vetter, and Edward N. Knight. It is purposed to give short seasons in the big cities next winter, when the repertory will be improved by the addition of "Carmen," "Mignon," "The Trumpeter of Sakkingen," "The Marriage of Figaro," and two novelties, Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers" and Von Weber's posthumous work, "Sylvana."

Sir Frederick Leighton's chief contribution to the Royal Academy Exhibition this year is a large picture of Andromache in slavery.

Mr. Ruskin was present at the recent private view of the English Society of Painters in Water Colors, looking very much improved in health.

A young Scottish pianist, Frederic Lamond, has completed a brilliantly successful tour in Germany, and will shortly reappear in England. German critics speak in high terms of his ability alike as a pianist and a composer.

Joseph Hofmann, the report runs, will spend the summer with Eugene d'Albert, the famous pianist, at Eisenach. Nothing has been arranged about his return to England or America, for Hofmann *père* refuses to sign any contract.

The Tonic Sol Fa methods of instruction will be illustrated by classes of the Ascension Memorial Chapel, at Association Hall, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, in this city, on Tuesday evening, May 29, at eight o'clock. A very interesting programme has been arranged for the purpose of bringing out clearly the Tonic Sol Fa methods. Entirely apart from this object, the programme offers a very agreeable entertainment to lovers of music.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT.

THE arrangements for the National Convention to be held in Chicago, July 5-8, are practically completed. The programme gives promise of one of the most interesting and inspiring religious gatherings ever held in this country. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. James H. Brookes, D D, of St. Louis. The morning sessions will be given to the discussions of the special features of the work, which will bring out the best methods for developing and training the young people for active service. The afternoons will be given to a broader outlook, showing the relation of the Society to the great missionary movements of the times. The Rev Arthur Mitchell, D.D., the Rev. H. A. Schauffler, and the Rev. W. J. Puddefoot will speak in this connection. "The Society as a Part of the Church" and as an "Evangelistic Power" are among the many questions to be discussed. Professor W. R. Harper, the eminent Biblical scholar, will present a plan for systematic Bible study. Mrs. G. R Alden ("Pansy") will read a Christian Endeavor story, and Frances E. Willard will deliver an address. This is but a tithe of the good things announced. The railroads all over the country have made great reduction in their rates, and special trains will be run from many of the large cities. Full particulars can be obtained by addressing U. S. C. E., 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

That the Society is fitted for service in foreign fields is shown by the testimonies paid to its value as an evangelizing agency by missionaries, officers of Mission Boards, and missionary papers. The reports from the Societies already formed are most encouraging. The Rev. J. E. Cochrane, Baptist missionary in Moulmein, Burma, writes: "Our Society now numbers nearly one hundred and fifty. The young people bear frequent and hearty testimony to the great good the Society has done them. The result of their special efforts has been to largely increase the attendance at the Sunday-school and the preaching service. A number of our associate members have been baptized lately." The Rev. George C. Raynolds, missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., writes from Van, Turkey in Asia: "About the beginning of 1886 a copy of the report of the fourth annual conference of the Y. P. S. C. E. reached me from some unknown source. In looking over the constitution, it seemed to me that the form of organization was just about what we needed to get our people into working shape. It was especially desired to make the Society a medium for carrying on the evangelistic work, and hence an evangelistic committee seemed the most important feature of the organization. One grand effect of the Society has been to add greater life to the weekly prayer-meeting. I think that I may say that our Society is emerging from the experimental stage, and becoming a valuable and active factor in our Gospel work."

That the Societies in this country are not behind their sisters in foreign lands in earnest missionary work is shown by the reports that come from various points of work being done. The following is a report of work being done by one Missionary Committee: "We invited to our membership a class of young men, a few of whom were already engaged in the distribution of Christian literature on the wharves. This work was adopted and enlarged by the committee. Starting from the church as a common center, on Sunday morning at eight o'clock from ten to fifteen young men go to one of the wharves, there dividing into convenient companies, and visiting as many vessels as possible. A simple Gospel service is held, any opportunity for personal conversation is improved, and a cordial invitation to the services of the church is extended. Of late a company of young men revisit the wharf in the evening, in order to draw the sailors, by personal persuasion, to the evening service. Other groups of young men start from the church for the horse-car stables, and for engine-houses, for the purpose of holding similar services among drivers, conductors, and firemen."

DEATH OF DR. MORGAN.—The Rev. William Ferdinand Morgan, D.D, died in this city on Saturday last. Dr. Morgan was for over thirty years the rector of St. Thomas's Church (P. E.), and officiated there for the last time on Sunday, May 6. He was eighty-one years old, and was ordained in 1842. He was called to St. Thomas's in 1857; previous to that he had served in Trinity Church, New Haven, St. Peter's Church, Cheshire, Conn., and Christ Church, Norwich, Conn. He was very recently made rector emeritus of St. Thomas's Church, at a salary of $7 000. Dr. Morgan received the degree of S.T D. from Columbia College in 1857. He went to Europe by episcopal appointment in 1864 to preach the consecration sermon at the Church of the Holy Trinity, the American Protestant Episcopal Church in Paris. His sermon on that occasion, describing the historical basis of the American Episcopal Church, and the struggles of religious reformers in France, was published in Paris soon after its delivery.

FACT AND RUMOR.

A Vermont minister has preached 121 funeral sermons, with net returns of two barrels of apples and a silver dollar.

A DIFFERENCE IN DOING.—Doing business in a small way is commendable if the man doing business is not too small in his way of doing it.—[New Orleans Picayune.

At last England is about to be waked from her barbarism in regard to the science of shaving. A New Yorker is about to establish a barber's shop in London on the luxurious principles of America.

A Methodist preacher in the "heart of the Rocky Mountains," in speaking of some man's peculiar trial, referred to it as "that thorn in his flesh which seemed to buffet him on every side."—[Christian Register.

An exchange says: "A good brother recently prayed in meeting for the absent 'who were prostrated on beds of sickness and sofas of wellness.' Another brother, several years ago, prayed for his minister that he might be given spiritual, and especially mental, strength, 'for, O Lord, thou knowest how long we have been fed from an *empty spoon*.'"

The British Museum is about to issue the first part of a series of fac-simile reproductions of some of the best of the drawings by old masters in its collection. The publication is intended for free distribution to provincial art museums and galleries, and the British Treasury pays the expense.

It was in a Boston private school of fashionable repute, and the class of young ladies who had been studying the history and the constitution of the United States were under examination. "How is law made?" said the instructor. "Oh," said a tailor-made damsel, cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it, and then the President has to veto it!"—[Beacon.

Within the Antarctic Circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the Arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers; fifty of these are confined to the Arctic region. They are really Polar flowers. The colors of these Polar flowers are not as bright and varied as our own, most of them being white or yellow, as if borrowing these hardy hues from their snowy bergs and golden stars.

The Roman Catholic priests of the Argentine Republic are said to be on strike. The Government issued an order lowering the rates for masses, marriages, burials, and other ecclesiastical functions, and the priests determined to resist this encroachment upon their income and prerogatives, so the churches all through the republic are closed, and even the ringing of the bells is stopped.

There have recently been discovered in the high Alps, near the summit of the Great St. Bernard, five large granite altars and numerous other relics of the stone age used in pagan epochs for sacrifices. Swiss scientists consider this discovery a proof that Mount St. Bernard was a place of sacrifice in pagan times, and that the canton of Valais must have been inhabited by human beings as far back as the stone age.

Arrangements have been made to celebrate in Scotland the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada and the bicentenary of the establishment of the Protestant succession to the British crown. The 14th of June has been set apart as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and a grand convention of a purely Protestant character will be held during the week beginning that day. The convention will be held in Edinburgh.

An English schoolboy was suddenly and sternly asked by an examiner, "Who signed Magna Charta?" and though he knew very well that he personally was guiltless, he couldn't help trembling at being suspected of anything which could be spoken of in such a tone, and at once renounced the act with alarm and indignation. "Please, sir, I didn't," adding, to make sure of safety, "and if I did I'll never do it again." "Why, you stupid fellow," said the master, "nobody said there was any harm in it. On the contrary, it was a very proper thing to do." "Please, sir," called out another boy "it was me, sir. I done it myself, sir."

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DEFENDED.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

I beg leave to use a little of your space to comment on what seems to me the rather strong language of your Boston correspondent concerning Christian Science, in your issue of May 8. It is not strange that the Medford case alluded to should excite severe criticism, but the very fact of the excitement over this case proves that it is an isolated one, and we must remember that the regular practitioners and their friends are not unwilling to make as much of it as possible. I know no more about the case than I have learned from the papers, but from "Observer's" own statement it is safe to say that something was attempted which is by no means sanctioned by Mrs. Eddy's school at that stage of instruction. Has "Observer" never known of a mistaken diagnosis or an unwise prescription, from an incompetent physician, to result fatally? and has he felt called upon to assail the whole medical fraternity on account of such an occurrence? It is rather late to claim that "there never was a more arrant humbug than the claims of Christian Science," when it is nearly impossible to find a town in Eastern Massachusetts in which a remarkable cure by Christian Science is not known. It was very easy to demonstrate scientifically that a steamboat could not cross the ocean, but the demonstration was worthless after the feat was accomplished; and threatening Galileo failed to prove the world flat or stationary; and in the light of a single undisputed cure the statement of "Observer" proves puerile. I am not a Christian Scientist, and have no special reason for defending the cause, except that it has been my fortune to know of some remarkable cures that have been performed by this much-abused class, and a spirit of common justice compels me to protest against such wholesale denunciation for a single failure, while cures which cannot be disproved are passed by unnoticed.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[See editorial comment in Outlook.—EDS C. U.]

PROFIT-SHARING.

WE are glad to note the continued success of the profit-sharing experiment inaugurated two years ago by the shoe manufacturing firm of Ara Cushman & Co., of Auburn, Me. At the first annual meeting of the operatives and employers a dividend of four per cent. was declared amid hearty demonstrations of delight from the seven or eight hundred people assembled. This year the percentage of profit accruing to labor is but two and one-half per cent. However, this reduction from the previous year does not indicate a less encouraging prospect for the continuance of the plan. There are good and sufficient reasons, satisfactory alike to employer and employee, why the last dividend is lower than that of the initial year of the enterprise. Certainly at the recent conference the utmost harmony and cordiality prevailed. New features were then proposed in extension of the original profit-sharing scheme, while the firm suggested new requirements to their help, and in turn conceded larger privileges to committees of workingmen. A more perfect union and definite organization is projected, and although the annual gathering to hear the results of the year's business was not quite so enthusiastic as on the former occasion, more real confidence appeared on both sides. The senior member of the firm, Mr. Ara Cushman, declares himself willing to make any effort and to undertake all fair measures which afford a fair promise of the vindication of the principle of profit-sharing, in which he so thoroughly believes. And there is but one opinion among all his business partners as to the wisdom of such a course.

CALIFORNIAN FLOWERS.

"J. C. H.," to whom we are indebted for occasional California gleanings, sends us, as proof "that California is a land of flowers as well as fruits," the following report of a unique exhibition at a late Floral Fair in San José, about thirty miles from San Francisco:

"The Floral Fair drew such crowds by the excursion train that, notwithstanding the railway company's previous experience of boom travel, the supply of tickets actually gave out. The Horticultural Hall was all aglow with Flora's lovely favors arranged in tasteful and unique designs. The center piece consisted of a mimic lawn, with mossy sward, trees and flowers, mirrors, lakes, and lilies, surmounted by a cross of silver.

"On the right appeared a model of the projected conservatory of music, toward the funds of which the proceeds of the Fair are devoted, entirely covered with roses, and standing, as it were, in grounds laid out with grass, drives, and flowers. On the left appeared an elevation of the memorial chapel, Stanford University, also composed of various colored roses, standing in appropriate grounds, near which appeared a 'drawing-room,' inclosed by transparent curtains and furnished with chairs, lounge, easels, and ottomans, entirely covered with roses, while the same flowers formed the mats that adorned the polished floor. On the right of the stage an extensive rockery, covered with verdant moss and luxuriant ferns, formed a cool grotto, and on the other side an elegant villa, walled with lace and muslin curtains, tastefully decorated with flowers and foliage, and set with tables, accommodated a portion of the many guests who lunched within the building.

"In front of the stage a gigantic bell was suspended, composed of white flowers, and facing that a design surmounted by a crown.

"Perhaps the most unique arrangement was a few bars of music of 'Home, Sweet Home,' the lines in green moss and the notes in blossoms. A ladder of roses and a painter's palette covered with gorgeous crimson flowers were among the designs."

J. C. H.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THERE are novel features in present temperance movements. The Republicans have passed a high license law, and a law limiting the number of licenses, but neither can take practical effect till next May, as licenses had been granted before their enactment which run a year; and the next Legislature may repeal them. But this action, together with the bill to submit constitutional amendment to the people, which also may fail to pass the next Legislature, may serve the political purpose of keeping down the third party vote.

The municipal authorities in Haverhill, Framingham, and several other towns, in which the people voted to license, refuse to grant licenses, and as the local option law is permissive and not mandatory, there is no remedy in the courts. Municipalities which want license will need to elect boards in sympathy with the vote to license. Mayor Robinson, of Gloucester, has raised a breeze by vetoing the act of the Aldermen granting license. This raises the question as to his authority in the case, which is already in court waiting decision. If the court issues its mandamus to sign the licenses, he will resign; but he may refuse to sign the one which has been made the test case, and go to jail a martyr to principle, in which event he may learn that it is a cheap kind of martyrdom. His able counsel, I am told, do not expect the court will sustain his position, which is purely a case of conscience. As the Board of Aldermen have but one majority in favor of granting licenses, it cannot pass over the veto.

In New Hampshire the prohibitory law is being very effectively executed. The new act, which went into effect at the beginning of the year, avoids the uncertain and tedious process of trial by jury, by making all places where liquor is illegally sold nuisances, including wine and cider. The solicitor of the county is obliged to bring every case before a judge when twenty citizens sign a representation specifying persons and places; and as the law makes a license from the United States *prima facie* evidence of sale, also the finding of spirits, with glasses or cups, *prima facie* evidence of sale, it is comparatively easy to obtain proof. This done, the judge declares the place a nuisance, and both seller and owner of the place are responsible. This summary and effective process is being vigorously worked through the State, with the exception of Portsmouth. In Manchester several hundred liquor places have been "cleaned out."

Boston wholesale dealers made merchants in New England their guests last week, over three thousand responding to invitations, who were entertained at hotels, banqueted, shown about the city, taken down the harbor, and made welcome generally to the sights at the "Hub." A reception at Faneuil Hall gave the visitors an idea how the old Cradle of Liberty is rocked. The Governor, the Mayor, and other distinguished gentlemen enlivened the occasion by short addresses. A musical and literary entertainment by the New England Grocers' Association was held in Music Hall. As the old-time May anniversaries, when Boston entertained guests, have long since gone by, this "merchants' week" is a revival of hospitality on a commercial rather than a religious basis.

The Rev. Nehemiah Boynton was installed pastor of the Union Church the past week, by a large council. Mr. Boynton accepted the creed of the church, which is that of the Creed Commission, and read a paper outlining his views of the Gospel as a religious and social vitalizing force, not touching upon controverted doctrines. When the roll of the council was called, "no question," "no question," rose from the lips of all, with two exceptions. These exceptions were simply a question or two as to church fellowship and the Sabbath. Dr. Meredith responded: "I am more than satisfied. I am delighted; I am happy." People have been so long accustomed to theological catechizing on these occasions that some of the older ones miss the "examination;" they like to see the sparks made to fly by question and answer. To the large majority, however, the practice that is rapidly gaining, of omitting a set examination when the brother is known to be in good denominational fellowship, is a relief and a mark of good sense. There was another departure; instead of "charge to the pastor," "charge to the people," the order of service read, "words to the pastor," "words to the people." Dr. McKenzie addressed eloquent "words" to the pastor, and Dr. Meredith forcible "words" to the people. Dr. Webb preached the sermon—magnificently delivered—from the text, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth;" treating "word" as meaning the Old Testament Scriptures.

The annual report of the State Board of Health, a book of some 400 pages, shows that the past year we have been unusually free from infectious and contagious diseases. The very great utility of this Board to the localities is recognized on all sides. Its conclusion, that free access between the houses of the sick and well when diphtheria was raging was the cause of its spread, is worth hanging up in a corner of your head. As a scientific statement this paragraph is worth saving:

"The almost universal use of milk as an article of food (and that in an uncooked condition), the various processes to which it is subjected in its manipulation from the time when it is drawn from the cow until it is finally received into the digestive organs of the consumer, render it a most probable vehicle for the transmission of infection. The various accidents and conditions to which it is exposed begin with the animal herself, for while the food of the animal has an undoubted effect in modifying the quality of the milk, it is not yet proven that such food is capable of transmitting infectious disease through the animal to the milk. But it is now considered as quite well established that certain diseases, notably scarlet fever (and possibly tuberculosis), may be communicated directly from the cow through the milk which she produces, in consequence of the existence of the disease in the animal at the time of milking. Further than this, other infectious diseases, such as typhoid fever and diphtheria—especially the former—have been repeatedly shown to have been communicated from the family of the dairyman through the medium of the milk to the families of the consumers."

The great reaper has garnered two prominent citizens within a week, Mr. S. D. Warren, a member of the Mount Vernon Church, at the age of seventy, a large paper manufacturer, a man greatly beloved, bright, intelligent, a true-hearted philanthropist, giving bountifully, not caring to let his right hand know the deeds of the left hand. He was one of the solid men of Boston.——Dr. E. S. Atwood, of Salem, and of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, passed away suddenly at the age of nearly fifty-five. He had been in feeble health for some time, but his final sickness was of but a few hours—cerebral congestion. He was greatly beloved in his city and church. He was a graduate of Brown University and of Andover Seminary.

OBSERVER.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—Frank R. Luckey was ordained and installed as pastor of the Humphrey Street Church of New Haven, Conn., on Thursday of last week.

—Henry Hyde has received a call from the Second Church of Greenfield, Mass.

—Erastus Blakesley has been installed pastor of the church at Spencer, Mass.

—Lawrence Phelps has received a call from the Second Church of Bennington, Vt.

—George C. Woodruff was ordained to the ministry in Litchfield, Conn., recently. He is to be superintendent of Sunday-schools in Colorado.

—W. G. Poor was installed as pastor of the church in Paola, Kan., on May 7.

—W. W. Leete accepts a call to Rockford, Ill.

—J. H. Dole has accepted a call to Croton, Mich.

—Jacob Flood accepts a call to Indianola, Neb.

—E. S. Parsons, of the Yale Divinity School, has accepted a call to the church at Greeley, Colo., for one year.

—J. E. Smith, of Hart, Mich., has resigned to accept a call to become assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Chicago.

—F. L. Drew accepts a call to Bluehill, Me.

—G. E. Hill has received a call to North Haverhill, N. H.

—Theodore Bearsley, of Saco, Me., accepts a call to Newburyport, Mass.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—James D. Wilson, D.D., pastor of the Central Church of this city, died on Monday of last week. He had held the pastorate for nearly twenty years. At a meeting of the Presbytery of this city the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby referred to the death of Dr. Wilson, placing a high estimate upon his character and labors; and a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions expressive of the regret of the Presbytery at the loss of their fellow-member, and of condolence with his family.

—A. R. Raymond died in Salem, Pa., lately.

—J. B. Shaw was installed as pastor of the West End Church of this city on May 15. Dr. W. M. Taylor preached the sermon.

—E. K. Donaldson accepts a call from Titusville, N. J.

—Orville Reed, of Springfield, Mass., has received a call to the First Church of Hazleton, Pa.

—Edgar Beckwith, of the Union Seminary, has received a call to Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

—C. H. Miller has been installed as pastor of the church at Halstead, Kan.

—O. C. Lane has become pastor of the church at Flanders, L. I.

EPISCOPAL.

—G. W. S. Ayres has been elected rector of the church at Cheboygan, Mich.

—J. H. Brown, of Grace Church, West Washington, D. C., has resigned.

—F. D. Harriman, of Christ Church, Middlebaddan, Conn., has resigned

—J. W. Paige has become rector of St. Mark's Church, Fort Dodge, Ia.

—C. K. Tenney has become rector of St. James's Church, Ridgefield, N. J.

BAPTIST.

—F. Chatworthy declines a call to the First Church of Jamestown, N. Y.

—E. C. Willetts, of Medina, Mich., has resigned.

—L. B. Goodall, a colored graduate of the Newton Seminary, was ordained in the Twelfth Church of Boston last week.

—W. S. Walker accepts a call from Jamaica, Vt.

Attention is again being called to the movement to secure legislation for the promotion of religion in the United States Army. The movement received the indorsement of the Presbyterian General Assembly of 1887. The need of such legislation as that proposed is very great. At present there are 25,000 men in the army, at 124 posts, but there are only thirty post chaplains and four regimental chaplains. The largest recruiting station in the country, that at David's Island, in Long Island Sound, sixteen miles from New York, has no chaplain.

TEN TIMES ONE.—The Ten Times One Clubs, or Lend-a-Hand Clubs, of whatever name, are notified that a meeting of clubs will be held at Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Wednesday morning, May 30, at ten o'clock. Clubs are requested to send as large delegations as is convenient.

LIST OF THE HOUGHTON FARM HERD OF JERSEY CATTLE.

(ALL REGISTERED IN THE AMERICAN JERSEY CATTLE CLUB.)

OWNED BY

Lawson Valentine, of Houghton Farm, Mountainville, Orange County, New York.

MALES.

H. R. No.	NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	BORN.	COLOR.
4679	RAMAPO	Miletus (3186)	Eurotas (2454)	Oct. 30, 1879	Solid, black tongue and switch.
16609	BRIER'S JOHN BULL	Canada's John Bull (6388)	Sweet Brier of St. Lambert (5481)	March 23, 1886	Solid, black tongue and switch.
.....	RAMAPO'S RIOTER	Ramapo (4679)	Hanover Lass (25825)	Oct. 29, 1887	Several white spots, mixed switch, white tongue.
		Brier's John Bull	Maid of Ramapo	Feb. 18, 1888	Solid color, black tongue and switch.

FEMALES.

14093	TULIP IMP. P. S. 133	Welcome (2 2), F. S., J. H. B., H. C.	Butterfly (658), F. S, J. H. B	Jan'y 20, 1875	Light fawn, white spot each shoulder.
7508	GRISETTE OF THE GRANGE	Imported		Feb'y, 1876	Light brown and white, white hind legs.
6239	MYRA, 2d	Trusty (11 1)	Myra (1480)	March 21, 1876	Solid deer color, black tongue and s.
7177	PRINCESS MAUD	Butterstamp (101). P. S. "C."	Brunon (1515), F. S., J. H. B., "C."	May, 1876	Gray fawn, white spot, black points.
7283	VALLEY QUEEN	Claimant, P. S. (84), J. H. B. "C."	Grune F. S., J. H. B (1059)	1876	Lemon fawn, star, black switch.
9126	SCHUNEMUNK LASS	Eastern Chief, P. S. (171), J. H. B.	Maid of Five Oaks (7178)	May 16, 1878	Fawn and white, star.
10829	SATIN	Duke of Darlington (2460)	Oriole (2563)	Nov. 26, 1878	Solid color, black points.
10508	MIRAMA	Miramon (1451)	Dreadnaught's Hebe (6827)	March 19, 1879	Grayish fawn and white.
12574	VALLEY DUCHESS	Lord Houghton (6287), imported	Valley Queen (7283)	June 13, 1879	Solid fawn, black tongue and switch.
15445	HELFRE	Mercury (432)	Hybla (2091)	Jan'y 24, 1881	Solid color, black points.
1258	MOODNA LASS	Butter Boy (3243)	Moodna Girl (9127)	March 18, 1881	Solid color, black tongue.
18146	LILLE BONNE 3D	Prince Hammond (3672)	Lille Bonne (8168)	Sept. 3, 1881	Solid fawn black tongue, mixed s.
15360	AMALGAM	King Horn (3250)	Hebe 3d (3613)	Sept. 19, 1881	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
25865	HANOVER LASS	Black Prince of Hanover (2878)	Nutshell (10426)	May 11, 1883	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
38852	DALIDA	Lord Dartmouth (6302)	Abbie Berg (18074)	Feb'y 15, 1885	Solid color, black points.
39991	MISEGEN	Lord of Mountainside (7111)	Lady Golddust 2d (19881)	June 12, 1885	Light fawn, star.
42206	MARMADUKE'S GAZELLE	Duke Marmaduke (7413)	Sunny Gazelle (20747)	Jan'y 9 1887	Dark fawn and white.
37562	CHRISTMAS CAROL	Ramapo (4679)	Valley Lady (12575)	Dec. 25, 1881	Solid light fawn, black tongue and s.
19029	MERCEDELLA	" "	Catholique (7281)	Jan'y 19, 1882	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
20050	VALLEY LASS	" "	Valley Lady (12575)	Nov. 10, 1882	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
22258	MAID OF RAMAPO	" "	Maid of Five Oaks (7178)	March 25, 1883	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
22254	MOODNA MAID	" "	Moodna Girl (9127)	March 26, 1883	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
36314	MARIA EUROTA	" "	Maria (14998)	April 19, 1884	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
36315	FIVE OAKS GIRL	" "	Maid of Five Oaks (7178)	April 27, 1884	Dark fawn, white spots.
31655	RHEA RIO	" "	Amalgam (15360)	Sept. 4, 1884	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
31657	ROZEL RAMAPO	" "	Rozel Lass (7280)	Sept. 24, 1884	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
43488	HANOVER EUROTA	" "	Hanover Lass (25825)	Aug. 14, 1886	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
43487	TIDY EUROTA	" "	Farmer's Tidy (14482)	Nov. 1, 1885	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
43489	VALE OF RAMAPO	" "	Valley Lass (20050)	Aug 16, 1886	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
43459	LANGTRY'S LILY	" "	Mrs. Langtry (14994)	Oct. 9, 1886	Solid d'k squirrel gray, b'k tongue and s.
45525	MAY CALAMA	" "	Calixte (4011)	May 11, 1886	D'k gray and white, white tongue and s.
45526	CALYPSO OF RAMAPO	" "	Valley Duchess (12574)	Sept 25 1886	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
45527	RAMAPO'S MYRA	" "	Myra 2d (6289)	Oct. 21, 1886	White belly, white legs, spots on withers.
45528	RAMAPO'S SULTANA	" "	Princess Maud (7177)	Nov 6, 1886	Solid color, black tongue and switch
45529	RAMAPO'S BLACK PRINCESS	" "	Hanover Lass (25825)	Nov. 11, 1886	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
45530	RIOTOUS BUTTERFLY	" "	Paget's Butterfly (25810)	Dec. 6, 1886	Solid color, black tongue and switch
45531	VALETTO RAMAPO	" "	Valley Queen (7283)	Jan'y 11, 1887	Solid color, white tongue and mixed s.

FEMALE CALVES.

Ramapo (4679)	Grizette of the Grange (7508)	Aug. 1, 1887	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
Ramapo of St. Lambert (17857)	Rozel Ramapo (31657)	Aug 2, 1887	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
" " " " "	Five Oaks Girl (35315)	Aug. 4, 1887	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
Ramapo (4679)	Mrs. Langtry (14994)	Sept. 20, 1887	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
" "	Valley Duchess (12574)	Oct. 6, 1887	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
"	Myra 2d (6289)	Nov. 25, 1887	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
"	Schunemunk Lass (9126)	Dec. 19, 1887	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
Brier's John Bull	Christmas Carol	Feb. 14, 1888	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
Ramapo	Satin	March 17, 1888	Solid color, black tongue and switch.
Brier's John Bull	Tidy Eurota	March 24, 1888	Solid color, black tongue and switch.

The above herd is for sale, in part or whole. For particulars, address
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Connecticut General Life Insurance Company.

23d ANNUAL STATEMENT,

JANUARY 1st, 1888.

(Condensed.)

Receipts in Year 1887,	$296,061 08
Disbursements "	204,412 98
Assets, Jan'y 1st, 1888,	$1,716,606 23
Liabilities, " "	1,296,365 36

Surplus to Policy-Holders by Conn. and Mass. Standard, $420,240 87

Of which $181,001.44 is a special reserve due to Savings Endowment policies.

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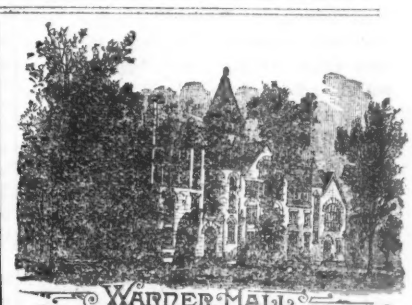

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Summer Schools of Hebrew
1888.

1. TIME AND PLACE.

(1) *Newton Center, Mass.*, May 22—June 12.
(2) *Philadelphia, Pa.*, June 13—July 3.
(3) *Univ. of Va., Va.*, July 26—Aug. 15.
(4) *Chicago* (Evanston) Aug. 16—Sept. 5.

[Two Schools will be held also at Chautauqua, N. Y.: the first, July 5—25; the second, July 26—Aug. 15.]

2. COURSES.

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3. EXPENSES.

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PHOTOGRAPHING BOOKS.

A syndicate of publishers has perfected arrangements that are calculated practically to give a monopoly of the business of reproducing here European books. The names of the members of the syndicate are kept secret at present, but it is expected that they will soon be known by the stupendous surprises they propose to flash upon their business rivals. The syndicate has made a three years' contract with a company controlling a process for reproducing books for all that they can do in that time, and the company is fitting up an expensive plant for the carrying out of the work at 18 Reade Street. No other work is to be done here during that time for any other persons than those belonging to the syndicate, and it is understood that if the publishers had had their way about it they would have made the contract for ten years instead of three.

It is asserted that fac simile plates ready for printing can be made by the company at a cost at three and a quarter cen's a square inch, and could be profitably furnished as low as one cent a square nch. One of the company, Mr Penfold, says, "The amount of matter that a compositor would charge six dollars for setting we can furnish, blocked and ready for the press, at a profit, for fifty cents."

In a general way the process is understood by many, but the especial features that make it valuable are secrets carefully guarded by the three gentlemen who constitute the Hollis Phototype Company. As far as they are willing to make it known it is as follows:

The instant that a book for reproduction is put into their hands it is ripped apart and its pages are put in fixed places before half a dozen cameras simultaneously operated. No time is lost in focusing, and the making of negatives of the pages is a matter of only a few moments. Each negative is transferred to a transparent rubber film, which is stripped from the glass and used to print from, after which it is laid away, like a sheet of paper, and can be kept indefinitely. The printing is done upon heavy sheets of gelatine, from one-thirty-second to one-sixteenth of an inch thick, prepared with bichromate of potash and other chemicals. Ten pages are thus reproduced at once upon each sheet of gelatine, and, as there is space on the roof for laying out at once forty of these sheets in their printing frames, one hour of sunshine will give 400 pages printed on the gelatine. The portions of the gelatine upon which the light has not acted are easily washed out with brushes and warm water, leaving the letters, pictures, or other photographed images in bold relief, and only six to eight hours are required to dry the plates perfectly. The plates thus prepared are blocked to type height, and it is affirmed that as many as 200,000 clear impressions can be made from them, if they are not touched by water or subjected to excessive heat Their relief is equal to that of ordinary type at least, and the outlines are sharp Engravers are ready to carefully overlook and repair each plate should a spot appear in which the printing has been defective but so cheap is the work of reproduction that if it is found that more than five minutes will be needed to make a plate perfect it is simply tossed aside and a new one is made in its stead.

It is evident that important details are missing from this general recital of the process, but those are the secrets of the gentlemen who do the work, and their security against rivalry. Enough has been told to demonstrate how cheaply and rapidly the work can be done, and to show how purely mechanical is the whole business, that it will cost no more by it to reproduce a page of agate or of rule and figure work than a page of two line pica, which would not be the same in typesetting, and that it will be just as cheap to reproduce in this way the finest "éditions de luxe" of European works as the commonest "penny dreadfuls." Furthermore, it is averred that any illustrations printed with type in the original can be perfectly reproduced, no matter how delicate they may be, for no more cost than plain type.—[Sun.

MARRIAGES AND MARRIED LIFE IN CHINA.

The instances of marriage where the bride brings her husband a *dot* are not so frequent as formerly. Almost always the wooer in reality buys the wife from her father. In addition to this the parents of the girl receive from those of her affianced more or less valuable presents of rice, wine, or silks. Children are often betrothed at a very early age. Sometimes friends agree, even before the birth of children, that, in case they are of different sexes, on reaching the proper age they shall be married. Such agreements are religiously regarded

In general, betrothal negotiations are conducted by a third person not belonging to either of the families concerned. The same custom is found among the Jews in the many German cities. The matrimonial agent takes a card to the family of the intended bride, giving the name and age of the young man. If willing to consider the implied proposal, the maiden's father sends back a similar card with the name and age of the girl on it. Then the negotiations begin in earnest, are prolonged over three days, and, usually, matters are conducted with great ceremony. If the affair is formally agreed upon, the actual betrothal follows. This is as binding as marriage itself.

The day before the wedding the maiden clothes herself as a bride, and exhibits her trousseau before her female friends and relatives. Persons in mourning are shut out from this ceremony.

When the marriage day arrives, the young man clothes himself as elegantly as his means will permit. The family assemble with him around the household altar. He kneels down and throws himself upon the earth. Spices are burned before the ancestral tablets. The marriage is formally announced to those present. The master of ceremonies conducts the father to a special seat of honor, and hands a goblet of wine to the bridegroom. The young man bows himself four times before his father, pours out a few drops of the wine on the floor as a libation, and drinks the remainder. Then the father says, "Go, my son, bring thy wife, and in all things conduct thyself wisely and prudently." The son throws himself four times on the ground, says that he will obey, and mounts a stool by the door. Friends and acquaintances march by him with lighted lanterns—a relic of the time when all marriages were celebrated at night. The procession then proceeds to the house of the bride, where the groom awaits her at the gate.

On her part, the maiden rises early on her wedding morning, bathes while a band of musicians outside discourse alleged music, clothes herself and breakfasts on food sent by her intended parents-in-law. She only takes a few bites, however, as it is considered a good omen for her to eat abstemiously Before she takes her place in the sedan chair it is her duty, in company with her mother, to weep copiously. This part of the ceremony is frequently observed even in more civilized lands. As soon as the women have seated themselves in the palanquin a strange scene takes place. A member of the family takes a bed coverlet and holds it up with two corners folded in each hand. Another throws into the air four hard cakes (which the bridegroom has sent for the purpose) so that they fall into the coverlet; during this ceremony the bride murmurs good wishes for the future. The procession, including both bride and bridegroom and their attendants, then moves off, accompanied by music and fireworks. Red-capped servants carry along the articles of furniture to be taken from her own home for the use of the bride.

It is an unwritten law that every one, poor and rich alike, must remain standing while a wedding procession passes, as it was recently the universal custom in Italy to remove one's hat as a funeral went by. In China even a Mandarin must observe this custom, and if he meets the poorest wedding train, even though he be on horseback, it is his duty to dismount and show this honor to the young couple.

When they arrive at the house of the bridegroom, the young man alights and invites the bride to follow him, and leads her into the inner court of the house, where the banquet is laid. Here the maiden removes her veil; the couple greet each other and wash their hands, he on the north and she on the south side of the court. She makes four courtesies to him, and he two to her, and then they sit down on opposite sides of the table. The man stands up and invites the maiden to drink with him, and sits down; then she rises, invites him to drink with her, and takes her seat. They then drink, first out of separate cups, and afterward from the same glass. Meanwhile in one room of the house the father of the young man dines with his friends, and in another the mother with the female guests.

The company remains a day and a night. During the whole time candles are kept burning in the bridal chamber, and it is an ill omen if any of these are extinguished, foreshadowing the early death of the bride or bridegroom. On the following day the pair go into the second court of the house, where they are received by the parents of the groom. The couple greet them, throwing themselves upon the ground. The young man then withdraws, and the wife makes all sorts of little presents to her husband's parents. During the next few days the wife calls upon all her husband's relatives, and he pays the same courtesy to hers. With this the ceremonies are at an end.—[Ex.

APOLOGIES.

The word apology was originally used to denote a written defense of some person unjustly accused, or some belief firmly held, as Plato's Apology for Socrates, or the early treatises styled Apologies for Christianity Now, it has come to mean something almost directly opposite—the acknowledgment of a fault, and the effort to palliate it. Whatever is firmly believed in and highly honored is now thought to *need* no apology, and the former use of the word has almost entirely died away.

The most significant of all apologies are those made to self. Out of these spring all others, and by these is the character of the rest determined. Very seldom does a man strive to vindicate his conduct to his neighbor or to the public who has not first striven to vindicate it to himself.

The willingness to admit the actual wrong or injury to the full extent that truth can demand is always the best apology, and often the only reparation that can be made, while the discipline thus afforded is an important part of self-culture and improvement.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

JOHN WESLEY ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—A curious and characteristic letter of John Wesley, bearing date June 14 1775, has been discovered by the Historical Manuscript Commission among the family papers of the Earl of Dartmouth. It is addressed to Lord Dartmouth, at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies, and is an energetic and passionate protest against the war in America. "All my prejudices," says the writer "are against the Americans, for I am a high churchmen, the son of a high churchman, bred up from my childhood in the highest notion of passive obedience and non resistance. And yet, in spite of all my rooted prejudices, I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, that an oppressed people ask for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner which the nature of the case would allow. But, waiving all considerations of right and wrong, is it common sense to use force toward the Americans? Remember Rehoboam, remember Philip II, remember Charles I."—[St. James's Gazette.

SUMMER TOURS.

Round-trip excursion tickets at low rates are now on sale via the Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., from Chicago, Peoria, and St. Louis to Denver, Colorado Springs Pueblo, Salt Lake City Ogden, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and resorts West and Northwest. The "Burlington" is the only line running sleeping cars from Chicago to Denver without change. It is the only line by which you can go from Chicago to Denver and be but one night on the road It is the picturesque line to St Paul and Minneapolis. It runs daily "fast trains" to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, Cheyenne, and Denver. Fine Government Lands are located on its new lines in Nebraska. It is the best line by which to reach all principal land points in the West and Northwest. Tickets via the Burlington Route can be obtained of coupon ticket agents of connecting lines. Send in postage to Paul Morton, Gen'l Pass and Ticket Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill., four cents for a copy of the Burlington Route Guide, or six cents for an illustrated book about Colorado and the Garden of the Gods.

FOURTH WEEK IN MAY.

Gentle Spring has now come in good earnest, radiant with sunny skies and balmy with flowers. But gentle Spring is a treacherous beauty. She makes us believe that the sun is as powerful as in midsummer. We toss away our overcoats and wraps too soon, and lay away our heavy underclothes, because we think summer has come. Instead of summer there comes an army of spring diseases. We are attacked by biliousness, bowel disorders, and a dozen other ailments which might have been avoided.

The next question is how to get rid of these spring ailments, and to purify the blood, and to put the system in prime order for summer.

Instead of trying to find out some new way, try an old one; a way which, by steady use for over forty years, has been proved the very best. No unpleasant dosing with nauseous medicines, but simply taking a delightful draught of the most sparkling effervescent beverage in existence. This is Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient, the best spring medicine in the world. It purifies the blood of all the winter accumulations. It helps the liver to do its work thoroughly. It puts new life and vigor into the languid system, and prepares you for the enjoyment of a joyful summer. Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient is for sale by all druggists.

NEW SLEEPING CARS.

Fifteen new and magnificent sleeping cars have just been delivered by the Wagner Palace Car Company for daily service between Chicago, New York, and Boston, and between St. Louis, New York, and Boston, over New York Central Railroad and connections. These cars are the first installment of seventy in the course of construction, and the second lot of new cars will be delivered early in April, and the third in May. The total order for new sleeping cars will represent a total expenditure on the part of the Wagner Palace Car Company of nearly a million dollars, and all the cars are intended for service over the Michigan Central, Lake Shore and Bee Line in connection with the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

WESTERN MORTGAGES AGAIN.

There has been considerable discussion recently in the public press as to the merit of Western real estate mortgages. One of the strongest evidences of the esteem in which they are still held, however, is the fact that the Commonwealth Loan & Trust Company of Boston and Kansas City has just negotiated a single loan of $100,000, real estate bonds, on property in Kansas City, and that one-half of the entire issue was purchased by one of our oldest and wealthiest New England savings banks. So long as such institutions deem these investments safe and desirable, they certainly ought to be worthy the consideration of smaller investors who are looking for a remunerative rate of interest.

TO INVESTORS.

We may properly call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of the well-known and reliable firm of brokers and bankers, Messrs. Harvey Fisk & Sons, of this city. They make a specialty of the exchanging of Government bonds—now paying at market prices only two and a quarter per cent.—for safe and better paying railroad bonds and mortgages. Messrs. Fisk & Sons also do a general banking and brokerage business, and are to be depended upon to transact all such business with promptness and accuracy.

GOOD NEWS FOR ST. LOUIS TRAVELLERS.

The Vestibuled Limited now leaves Grand Central Station daily at 9:50 A M, and arrives St. Louis at 7:40 P M next day, by New York Central and Bee Line. This is the easy riding route to St. Louis on account of low grades, and this service is inaugurated to meet the demand for better facilities to the Southwest by the New York Central.

DIED.

At 52 South Portland Avenue, Brooklyn, Sunday evening, May 20, Alfred Cary, only son of Alfred A. and Rebecca G. Peck, aged twenty-one years and ten days, of class of '89, Stevens Institute.

FINANCIAL.

The Bank of England has again raised its rate of discount one-half per cent., which makes the present standing three and one-half per cent. A continuous loss in its reserve led to this advance. The rate of money on call in the London money market, however, hardly changes, and stands at about one and one-half per cent. on call.

The bankers having in charge the negotiation of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway Co.'s loan for $7,500,000 advertised it this week, and within forty-eight hours had received subscriptions from the other side and from home investors amounting to over three times the amount asked for.

In the coming week the Reading Railway Co. will probably offer in the London market its new four per cent. loan for over $30,000,000, with the proceeds of most of which it will redeem bonds falling due in July. The eagerness of investors for the Baltimore & Ohio Co.'s debentures promises a complete success for this latter negotiation It is the purpose of President Corbin, of the Reading Co., who has just arrived in London, to negotiate directly with London bankers, and it is believed success is already assured in placing the whole proposed issue. The importance of success in both of these negotiations just at this time is not confined to the financial standing and requirements of the corporations in question alone, but to the fact that these are the principal important negotiations to be made abroad this season on behalf of our railways, and the proceeds arising from the sale of these bonds, will furnish exchange in our favor sufficient to offset our commercial requirements, and will probably prevent any actual exportations of gold, or, at least, it is reasonable to estimate that such considerable sums as these named will provide for any deficit arising during the season from our foreign mercantile trade. Ordinarily the extreme ease in the money market here would lead to a foreign demand from us for funds the moment any money activity developed in the London money market, but as yet no marked change from ease over there is anticipated, notwithstanding the present drafts from the Continent and from the interior on the London market; yet, even if it comes, we seem to be protected by this new special resource referred to, and this fact, together with the large purchases of bonds by the Government here, doubly assures great ease even for the whole year in our own market. The Government has purchased, in the month or less in which it has been offering to buy bonds, nearly $30,000,000, at a money value, of course, exceeding the face value of the bonds; another month—if the Government should make equally large purchases—it will have reduced its estimated surplus revenue receipts from $140,000,000 at the close of its fiscal year, June 30, to about $80,000,000 or $90,000,000. This vast displacement of funds invested in our Government debentures, and by these purchases now released, will more and more enter into our bond market, and to a certain extent into our stock market, seeking new investments; for it is certain that people in these days do not bury their ducats or hide them in napkins. This powerful lever, therefore, at work anew and with ever-increasing power in the market, will soon prove irresistible in raising their level. The man who sells his best class of bonds will buy something else cheaper, and so on, until all classes and grades of securities and shares will be make to float on a high tide of speculative prices. This condition is to be anticipated all the more if railways continue to improve in business and to show increasing earnings as they are doing now, and if the crop prospects continue; for although the 1st of May statistics showed a backward condition in April in winter wheat, the rains and conditions since have proved very favorable, and we hear now, from various sources, not only of improvement in the winter plant, but of a very flattering promise for the spring plant of wheat.

The movement in the stock market, with some few exceptions, has been toward improvement this week; especially have the coal stocks shown this, Reading in particular, while the downward tendency has exhibited itself in a very limited way in the Northwest and St. Paul stocks The Vanderbilt and Gould shares, Lake Shore, New York Central, Michigan Central, Canada Southern, Missouri Pacific, Western Union, Manhattan, and others, have maintained their prices of a week ago The phenomenal earnings of the Northern Pacific Co. and the Union Pacific have made the stocks strong, with a rising tendency. The bond market is more active, and higher prices are ruling for the more speculative issues. The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$2,603,600
Specie, increase	5,302,000
Legal tenders, increase	1,023,800
Deposits, increase	3,768,500
Reserve, increase	5,508,675

Money one to one and a half per cent. at close on call. The city bank surplus reserve is now about $27,700 000. WALL STREET.

MARION HARLAND'S OPINION OF BAKING POWDERS

Our readers have doubtless noticed the numerous discussions by the scientists and hygienists as to the relative value of the various baking powders. A careful sifting of the evidence leaves no doubt as to the superiority of the Royal Baking Powder in purity, wholesomeness, and strength, from a scientific standpoint. An opinion, however, that will weigh heavier than any other with our practical housekeepers is that given by Marion Harland, the best known and most popular of American writers upon matters pertaining to the science of domestic economy, of housekeeping, and home cooking. In a recent letter to the Philadelphia "Ladies' Home Journal" this writer says:

"I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market, so far as I have any experience in the use of such compounds. Since the introduction of it into my kitchen, three years ago, I have used no other in making biscuits, cakes, etc., and have entirely discarded for such purposes the home-made combination of one-third soda, two-thirds cream of tartar.

"Every box has been in perfect condition when it came into my hands, and the contents have given complete satisfaction. It is an act of simple justice, and also a pleasure, to recommend it unqualifiedly to American housewives MARION HARLAND.

"BROOKLYN, N. Y., NOV., 30, 1887"

RUSSIAN RELIGIOUS PESSIMISM.—Isakni, a Russian writer, gives some astounding cases of religious pessimism in that country. Sects have repeatedly arisen that teach suicide, and practice it wholesale. One night eighty-four persons met in a cavern that had been filled with straw. The police discovered their intent and pursued them. But they fired the straw, and those that were not burned killed each other with hatchets—one only excepted. The Jumpers have a chief priest whom they call God. They do nothing but pray, jump, and contort themselves, closing service with an all-round kiss. One group adds scourging. They eat as little as possible, often letting their children die of hunger, and they forbid the simplest amusements. They believe that they only are true Christians, and affirm that Christ will come to set up a kingdom of a thousand years. Their extravagances have often been duplicated in our own country. Bigotry and conceit are equivalent to deceit at all times. Probably the law of temperance, justice, and industry contains the best salvation.—[Ex.

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UNITED STATES 4½ % BONDS

PAYABLE IN 1891

may not be aware that, at present market prices, their investment is only paying them two and a quarter per cent. per annum We are busy supplying such as desire to secure the present high prices, while the Government is buying, with other first-class investments, in place, paying 4½ to 5 per cent. per annum. We now have to offer

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER DEBENTURE 5s,

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC EXTENSION 5s,

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL 5s OF 1926,

taking in exchange the Government 4½s at full market price

At our office will be furnished full particulars of these bonds, with terms of exchange.

We are also prepared to make exchanges for the other Government Bonds, the 4s or currency 6s, or to buy any of the issues at current market prices, for cash.

Harvey Fisk & Sons,

Bankers and Dealers in Bonds,

No. 26 Nassau Street, New York.

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MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Capital Stock, Paid up - $600,000

6 PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE BONDS

and Mortgage Notes Guaranteed. Interest payable at National Bank of the Republic, N. Y. Under same supervision as Savings Banks. Chartered 1872. The amount of outstanding obligation Limited by Statute. Offices: Boston, 54 Equitable Building; New York, 11 Wall St. Philadelphia, 512 Walnut St.

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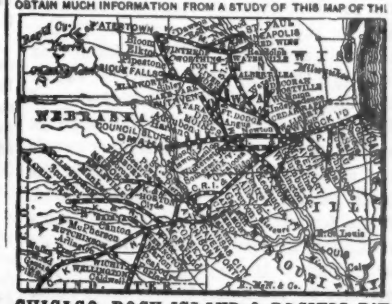
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



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And get their *Investors' Guide* free, and read the profitable experience of the patrons of this House.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1888.

FENCE OR NO FENCE?

NUISANCE OR BEAUTY?

If we have not yet repaired our fences, let us consider if we cannot save the cost and trouble of doing so now and in the future by taking away the whole fence. What are fences for? If in town, they do not keep out intruders, for people without sense enough to pass through the gates are not usually allowed at large. As a boundary line between lots, a few stones well enough placed to be permanent are worth more than the tightest and highest board fence that can be built. If our neighbors persist in keeping dogs or fowls that are nuisances to the neighborhood, they should be compelled to restrain them. In less populous districts is it not better to have the pasture walls or fences in such good order as to keep the cattle in, rather than have fences everywhere to keep them out? The damage a runaway horse or stray cow occasionally does is most annoying, but it is a small price to pay for the beauty and satisfaction we get from open grounds. In a wild and rude age fences were necessary for protection and a mark of civilization, but, as Lord Bacon said many years ago, "Fine gardening marks the progress of civilization;" it can be said in our day that absence of fences marks the progress of fine gardening in a true and broad sense. Consider for a moment how much of the attraction of a place like Newport, for instance, is due to the open grounds. What would the elegant houses and costly grounds avail if fenced in so that we could not see them? Where had we rather live, where the grass and trees are in view, or in that part of the town where high fences and small yards abound? We cannot all go to Newport, but many of us can bring the freshness and air about the places where we live that delight us there. Even a blind man once saw the folly of building an expensive fence in front of his residence and then leaving the gates of his carriage entrances open all the time as other people did, so he had none, and his home is the most beautiful in the neighborhood. Some fences we must have, as we need a roof over our heads at times, but what do we amount to if we keep one there perpetually? Trees and bushes make better screens almost always; and when we look into the fence question in all its bearings, we will come to the conclusion in most cases that the fence had better go.

[If the reader has a well-defined opinion on the question, let him express it, clearly, concisely, pointedly. This is an educational question, and women may vote! —PUB. C. U.]

THE YALE FENCE DOOMED.

In our no-fence campaign we have been joined by a most unexpected and most distinguished ally. In the new war the corporation of Yale University has been the first volunteer to enlist. With the impetuous enthusiasm common in disciples, it has gone even further than ourselves, and ordered the destruction of a fence which served at least one useful purpose —it could be sat upon. The fences against which we are making war—the paling fences, the high board fences, the rail fences, the iron fences, the barbed wire fences—are generally even more painful to sit upon than to look upon. However, we forgive our ally for the intensity of its zeal, especially as its action has secured it a $125 000 building.

Those who take up arms in a new cause, whether firearms or firewood arms, must expect to arouse the hostility of Bourbons. Yale is now passing through the ordeal. Naturally enough, the most violent criticisms come from our political leaders who owe so much of their success to their skill in "keeping on the fence" and "looking after their fences." The "Herald" dispatch from Washington says:

"Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, who is an alumnus of Yale, regards it as a great hardship upon the boys that the historic old fence should be torn down for any purpose whatsoever. One of the ladies of his family, who enjoys the reputation of being the cleverest woman in Washington society, said:

"'Senator Dawes did not put it half strong enough. You may say, as coming from him, that I regard the action of the corporation as a great outrage. What kind of a person is it, I should like to know, who would make the destruction of this time-honored landmark one of the conditions of his bequest? The fence is worth more to the boys than a dozen new buildings would be. The corporation have committed a great injustice, and I hope you will say so.'

"Secretary Whitney, who was the orator of his class in his graduation year, said:

"'I do not wish to sit in review upon the action of the Yale authorities. I have had many delightful associations with the old fence, and should be sorry to see it go. The departure would be like the loss of an old friend. I shall sit on it next month, I suppose, and it will be the means of bringing back faces that I loved, and of recalling the most cherished recollections of my life.'

"Congressman Charles A. Russell, of Connecticut, said: 'My desire to see the old fence preserved is, of course, a matter of sentiment, which ought not to weigh against any proposition of practical benefit to the college. I should regret, however, to see it removed. It is endeared to us all, graduates and undergraduates, by many pleasant memories. It has been a social rendezvous for many decades. I shall miss it when I attend my class reunion this year. I shall feel lonesome without it. Its absence will detract greatly from all our pleasures when we return to the familiar shades of old Yale. I presume, according to the terms of the bequest, that the fence will have to go, but I regret it exceedingly.'

"'Did I ever sit on that fence?" said Delegate Fred Dubois, of Idaho, repeating the 'Herald' representative's inquiry. 'Why, it's about all I remember about the institution!'"

THE PRIZE MOTTOES.

I. Christianity knows no truth that is not the child of love and the parent of duty.—Phillips Brooks.

II. The instinctive feeling of a great people is often wiser than the wisest men.—Kossuth.

III. Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

USES FOR PAPERS, BOOKS, ETC.

By MARY FERGUSON.

There is one inalienable characteristic of the printed page—no number of readers extract from it its power to give of its contents to another. In this sense the power of paper or book is endless and incomputable, so long as it remains existent. One person may take thence all that interests himself, and another may still find therein more than the first reader dreamed of.

Good reading may take the place, often, in some degree, of other companionship.

It may inspire or instigate to renewed life and action the rusty and unused mental faculties; it may keep alive and stimulate an interest in and love for humanity, and in the doings, achievements, and progressions of the world; it may lead one away from selfish and narrow aims, thoughts, and purposes, into the purer air of self-surrender and of knowledge.

Those who have plenty of reading matter cannot conceive of the grievous want and longing of those who have not.

There are some, I know, to whom the expense, when such matter must be sent by mail, is, small as it seems, more than they feel justified in incurring. But there are many, I ween, who would gladly share their treasures if they knew where to send them; to whom they would be most acceptable.

There are places, I have learned, where they receive and distribute such matter. I have been making some inquiries, the responses to which may be of interest to many.

"There are many," wrote one who has had much experience, "who are in need of reading matter, who would be glad of anything. I know that at Blackwell's Island barrels of good literature would be heartily welcomed. I have taken quantities of it there, and have also sent a great deal to the chaplains of the Charity Hospital, the Almshouses, and the Penitentiary. The late Rev. Mr. Morse (of the Penitentiary) once told me that there was a large amount of intellect in the prisons, and the convicts were greedy for reading matter."

In these cases there would be not only the relieving of the sad monotony of ill-conditioned or imprisoned lives, but the possibility that the books or papers might become instruments for redemptive purposes.

Good reading matter may also be sent to the Paper Mission, 26 Reade Street, New York, and to the Charity Aid Society, 21 University Place, also in New York.

And there is the Society of the "Shut-Ins," now numbering its members by thousands, many of whom are unable to supply themselves with reading, and who are "grateful indeed" to those who thus remember them. They hail with delight anything, however small, that makes a pleasant break in the monotony of the daily suffering, isolation, and loneliness. Names of those who would be glad to receive such gifts may be procured by addressing Miss E. E. Burge, 370 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHERE TO SEND READING MATTER

The number of reading-rooms which have applied to the Desk for back numbers of the magazines and of The Christian Union is surprising. Those who wish to help others with what has helped them may send to any of the following addresses:

Plainville Reading-Room, Plainville, N. J.

Youths' Christian Association, Dodge City, Kan.

W. C. T. U., 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

Free Temperance Reading-Room, Manistee, Mich.

Congregational Church, Sherman, Conn.

W. C. T. U. Reading-Room, Ironton, Mo.

Y. M. C. A., Red Cloud, Neb.

The Sage Library, Osage, Iowa.

W. C. T. U. Library, care Hattie Naye, San Leandro, Alameda County, Cal.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE FRIVOLOUS GIRL.

Her silken gown it rustles,
As she goes down the stair;
And in all the place there's ne'er a face
One-half, one-half so fair;
But, oh! I saw her yesterday,
And no one knew 'twas she,
When a little sick child looked up and smiled
As she sat on my lady's knee.

Her fan it flirts and flutters,
Her eyes grow bright, grow dim;
And all around no man is found
But thinks she thinks of him.
But, oh! to her, the best of all,
Though they be great and grand,
Are less than the sick whose smiles come quick
At the touch of my lady's hand.

Her little shoe of satin
Peeps underneath her skirt;
And a foot so small ought never at all
To move in mire or dirt.
But, oh! she goes among the poor,
And heavy hearts rejoice,
As they can tell, who know her well,
To hear my lady's voice.

Her glove is soft as feathers
Upon the nestling dove,
Its touch so light, I have no right
To think, to dream of love.
But, oh! when clad in simplest garb,
She goes where none may see,
I watch and pray that some happy day
My lady may pity me.

—[H. C. Bunner, in Puck.

SIFTINGS FROM THE MAIL.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN.

Dear Christian Union:

You head a page with the excellent motto of Bacon: "Decision is the soul of dispatch."

This is *all* true; also is this true:

Right decision demands preparation.

The prepared person only is ready for emergencies and opportunities.

ST. LOUIS.

GOOD! WE APPRECIATE IT.

The Christian Union:

GENTLEMEN,—I wish to apologize for my delay in sending in my renewal.

A few months since I started in business and felt I must curtail all possible expenses, and had decided to stop my Christian Union. I kept putting it off week after week, until I find I have not the heart to do it. Each issue serves to strengthen the ties with my household. We shall strive to save $3 some other way and retain our old friend. Yours truly. M.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

MOTTOES.

"All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good." C. F. B.
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

"To serve the present age."
It is light that brings life.—[Mulford.
ANN ARBOR, Mich. L. A. D.

"The food of Hope is meditated action."
TROY, N. Y. MRS. P. M. LANDON.

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—[James Martineau.
NEW BRITAIN, Conn. MRS. C. D. L.

Without earnest convictions, no great or sound literature is conceivable.—[Lowell's Essay on Dryden. B. E. S.
WINDSOR, Conn.

This incessant and Sabbathless pursuit of a man's fortune leaveth not the tribute which we owe to God of our time.—[Bacon

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.—[Milton.

For opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.—[Milton.

There is no great action but hath some good pen which attends it.—[Bacon. O. M. S.
STEUBENVILLE, O.

Fraternity, Liberality. Truth paramount.
ROCKVILLE, Nova Scotia. W. H. M.

Life is doing the work God put you into his world to do.—[Edward Denison. E. L. C.
BANGOR, Me.

Fee all, nor be afraid.—[Browning.

The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.—Browning.

Plain truth from man to man.—[Browning.

Progress is *man's* distinctive mark alone.—[Browning.

Let our eyes the good behold
In everything but sin.—[Whittier.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. M. F. J.

"How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure!"

FUGITIVE POEMS.

TRUST.[1]

I.

Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him, whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;
Who trusts in God's unfailing love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

II.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

III.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent.
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for his own.

IV.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as he sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And art made free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care.

V.

Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest is of Him preferred;
Time passes and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

VI.

All are alike before His face;
'Tis easy to our God most high
To make the rich more poor and base,
To give the poor more wealth and joy.
True wonders still by Him are wrought
Who setteth up, and brings to naught.

VII.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways!
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

—[George Neumarck, 1657. Translated by Catherine Winkworth.

ZACCHÆUS.[2]

By George Macdonald.

The Lord gaed wi' a crood o' men
Thron Jericho the bonny;
'Twas lil the Son o' Man to ken
Mang sons o' men sae mony.

The wee bit son o' man Zacchay
To see the Maister seekit;
He spelit a fig-tree, bauld an' shy,
An' sae his shortness ekit.

But as he thoucht to see his back,
Roon' turut the haill face til 'im,
Up luikit straucht, an' til 'im spak—
His hert gaed like to kill 'im.

"Come doon, Zacchay; bestir yersel;
This nicht I want a lodgin'."
Like a ripe apple doon he fell,
Nor needit ony nudgin'.

But up amang the unco guid
There raise a murmurin' won'er:
"This is an unco want o' heed!
The man's a special sinner!"

Up spak Zacchay, his hert a bleeze,
"Lord, half I hae, the puir they hae it;
Whate'er I got by tellin' lees,
Fourfauld for honesty I pay it."

Then Jesus said unto the man,
"This day here comes salvation:
For this is ane o' Abraham's clan,"
—Wha soucht the true fundation.

"I cam the lost to seek an' win."
Sae here was ane he wantit!
An' to the man that left his sin
He grace nor glory scantit.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

By Lizette Woodworth Reese.

The poplar shows its white teeth to the gust
Driven out the east and up the still highway;
The alders bow like reeds. A cloud of dust
Whirls by, and with it scents from hollows gray,
Scents from a hundred fields, the petals fair
Of blossoming brambles 'long the fence a-row.
The wind passes, and, lo! each bush is bare.
There at the gate, the one rose late agrow
Lies in the path, a little quaking heap
Of crimson leaves. The lily there is now
A small handful of snow, blown through the deep
Dry grass. Soft sounds haunt blade and bough;
Once more that stir, that rush: silence again.
Then sudden sweet great drops of silver rain.

—[Traveler's Record.

[1] Printed by request.

[2] This poem, one of a series of "Godly Ballants" in the Scotch dialect, is sent us by a subscriber with a request that we reprint it.

THE COUNTRYMAN.

By A. W. R.

They never should suspect, not they,
From anything he did or said,
While staying in the city there,
That he was country born and bred.
They'd find it hard, he guessed they would
To make him wonder at the show;
He'd not admire a single thing,
But take good care no one should know
He was a country bumpkin.

He walked across the Brooklyn Bridge,
He saw the Park, and gravely went
To panorama, theater,
And Greenwood, on grim pleasure bent.
He ordered at Delmonico's
Buckwheats and sirup—good ones, too!—
But never once did he admire
Or praise a thing. And so we knew
He was a country bumpkin.

—[Harper's Weekly.

TELEGRAPHIC SIGNALS.

There is nothing that gladdens the eyes of the telegraph editor quite so much as the magical "30." The compositor at the case likes to see it, too, for he knows it is the end of telegraph copy for the night. The telegraph operator has a fancy for "30" also, as, indeed, has every one who has had anything to do with a telegraph or a newspaper office. This "30" means literally "the end," and is the signal that the telegraph report is complete for the night; but just why it should be so, or how this came about, no one can probably tell with any accuracy, but it is a part of a code of signals adopted by telegraph operators long ago. They hit upon it at random, doubtless, and it serves its purpose satisfactorily. By the same token, the figure "1" is used as the signal, "Wait a minute;" "2," and sometimes "12," means "Answer how you understand me;" "3," and sometimes "13," means "I understand;" "18" means "trouble;" "25" is "busy on another wire." These are the signals most commonly used by operators engaged on ordinary business or dispatches intended for the newspapers, but signals and ciphers are used in a thousand occupations. The train dispatcher has his code, and the signals therein save him a world of work and pounding of the key. For instance, "7" may mean "train orders," and "9" be the signal used by the President of the road. When "9" flashes along, everything on the wire gets out of the way, just as everything is sidetracked when the President's car comes whizzing down the rails. It can be readily understood how these signals save time and labor, on the principle that stenography is better adapted to the condensation of phrases and sentences than longhand: in a single figure a world of meaning can be expressed; but to the overworked telegraph editor, who has been slaving all night with his head close to a gas lamp, and whose brain is buzzing and sizzing, the signal "30" is the sweetest and dearest of them all.—[Kansas City Journal.

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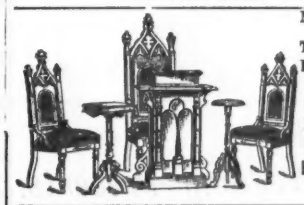

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OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, January 24, 1888.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1887.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887		$3,642,969 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887		1,417,600 13
Total Marine Premiums		$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887		$3,672,331 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,599,468 95	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$788,846 38	
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:		
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks		$3,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise		1,559,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at		474,439 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable		1,362,986 07
Cash in Bank		218,192 40
Amount		$12,237,283 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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